

Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review.

Vol. II, No. 6 "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. June, 1889

This, the June, number of *Current Literature* completes the second volume. The publication has lived "the fatal year." It comes to its first birthday healthy and prosperous—firmly on its feet. This condition it owes to public appreciation, support, and hearty good-will. The cordial reception given the idea from the start has been phenomenal. The newspapers have been particularly appreciative of the work, and more than generous in helpful suggestion and praise. The ultra-literary hesitated at first as to the subject matter being termed literature, but finally accepted the broad interpretation of the word as justifiable and correct. While the magazine has been edited for the average man and woman, professional people have taken to it with enthusiasm. The endeavor has been to be universal in range, liberal in tone, careful in credit, honest in respect to copyright, instructive and readable over all. What has been done within these bounds is a matter of record for readers to review. In the West and South, the publication is being used as a reading book in the country schools. Literary Societies in all the States have accepted it as a source of recitation and discussion. It is mental life and light to the frontier post, and a wonderful compendium of modern thought to the literary toiler in the million-peopled town. The readers of *Current Literature* are as eclectic as the magazine. This was the one sign watched for in the progress of the undertaking. It is the satisfaction of hard work faithfully done.

The literary feature of the month is the European progress of the doctrine of theosophy. The news from London is that Madame Blavatsky's new book, *The Secret Doctrine*, has made a sensation among the cold-blooded English reviewers. They have not taken the mystical Madame seriously before. The impression having been, writes a correspondent, "that if the enlightened Occident could not scientifically develop a new religion, it was no use to go to the semi-barbarous and semi-civilized Orient in search of it. Now, however, she appears to have sailed over their heads, and they speak of her book as a tremendous one in its scope, exemplifying the wonderful subtlety of Hindu thought and opening up a remarkable and novel field to human investigation and speculation." If this be true, the persistent Russian is fairly in the critical camp. It has become a literary fad to discuss mysticism and theosophy. The Whenceness of the Who has ceased to be a guy. The fine point, the delicately spun theory, the ambiguous moral definition have come to be a source of contemplative anxiety. The young Boston woman at a late civil service examination illustrates the latest mental tension. On her examination paper she found herself confronted with the ques-

tion: Are you of good moral character? Calling the examiner to her desk, she said to him: "I have the reputation of being of good moral character. But you know reputation is what people think of us, while character is what God and the angels know of us, and that I don't want to tell." She was a real theosophist.

Laura C. Holloway, a Brooklyn disciple of Blavatsky, and a literary woman of wide ability, asserts that theosophy has been marked in fiction since the publication of Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs*, which novel followed Mr. Sinnett's *Occult World*. The latter, though not a novel, reads like a romance, and was the forerunner of a large crop of books on magic and mysticism, mesmerism and theosophy. Mr. Crawford is a professional writer who has produced many stories, but it is a noticeable fact that his two novels of a mystic character have been more popular than his other works, albeit they are not his best literary efforts. His *Zoroaster* was the second of his novels which has the occult coloring. Mr. Sinnett became a novelist after writing his remarkable work on *Esoteric Buddhism*, and his story *Karma* is read in every English-speaking country. The interest in this novel is augmented by the fact that the characters all represent well-known theosophists and mystics, and the central figure of the group of characters, Baron Mondstron, the learned occultist, is no other than the widely known Mme. Blavatsky. No writer has had a better opportunity than Mr. Sinnett for forming a correct judgment of this remarkable personage. He first met her in India when he was the editor of an English newspaper, and he and his gifted wife saw much of her while they lived in Allahabad. This novel was followed by a later one, entitled *United*, in which mesmerism played a leading part. *Karma* treats of the psychic powers in man and is more interesting in every respect than *United*. Mr. Sinnett, who is an English gentleman, is the author of an indefinite number of essays on theosophy, and, as the President of the London Lodge, delivers addresses on this and allied subjects, which are printed and widely circulated.

"The majority of the writers on occult subjects are Hindus and English, and the best theosophical works are issued in London. Among the many are Marie Corelli's *The Romance of Two Worlds*; King Solomon's Mines and She. These latter have made their author, Rider Haggard, famous. Mr. Anstey's *Fallen Idol* has been republished in this country and is widely read, and so also have been Florence Marryat's *Daughter of the Tropics* and F. C. Phillips' *Strange Adventures of Lucy Smith*. Other theosophical novels are Edmund Downey's *House of Tears*, Mrs. Campbell Praed's *Affinities*, and

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The Brother of the Shadow. An American lady is the heroine in both this latter novel and in *Karma*. She is a psychic of some natural power, whose stay in Europe with occultists enabled these two authors to make her acquaintance and utilize material gathered from her experiences. *The Idyl of the White Lotus*, by Mabel Collins, *Mona Leigh*, *Across the Zodiac*, by Percy Gray, *Flatland*, by A. Square, and the *Duchess Amelia* are other theosophical novels of recent years. No list of occult fiction should be made that does not begin with Bulwer Lytton's *Zanoni*, *A Strange Story*, and *The Coming Race*. These are the best occult novels before the public, their distinguished author being an Initiate of the order of Rosicrucians. He is said to have held the highest office of any European in this Eastern order. To this list of books—a necessarily imperfect one—may be added many more of a philosophical order, beginning with Mme. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, just issued. This latter is esteemed the most important among recent publications. It is in two large volumes and is a storehouse of arcane wisdom."

"Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, to which allusion has been made, is considered to be the most important among books of its character. Its teachings are held to be identical with the views entertained by the highest order of mystics in the world, and many of its declarations are made in the name of a teacher who has been more or less associated, though on a higher plane, with the theosophical movement. Another work bearing the same high sanction is, *Man: Fragments of Forgotten History*. It is the production of the pupils of this teacher, and the work was authorized and published with his approval. By way of recapitulation it may be said that *Isis Unveiled*, *The Secret Doctrine*, *Esoteric Buddhism*, and *Man: Fragments of Forgotten History*, are the four leading works relating to theosophy yet issued. The former was issued in this country some ten or a dozen years ago, *The Secret Doctrine* in London last year and was republished in New York recently by William Q. Judge, the editor of *The Path*. *Man* is an English publication, though for sale in all parts of the United States. *Light on the Path* is a much valued manual for students, by Mabel Collins, who is also the author of *Through the Gates of Gold*. These works were also issued by London houses. Mrs. A. P. Sinnett has written a little brochure entitled *The Purpose of Theosophy*, which is an excellent book for those desiring information regarding theosophy. A book entitled *The Perfect Way*; or, *The Finding of Christ*, is a remarkable book by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Maitland, two English writers. A practical work is *Five Years in Theosophy*, a compilation of the best articles which have appeared in the *Theosophist*. It is full of important material for those seeking information on this subject. The list of theosophical publications includes also a work by Col. Henry S. Olcott, on *Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science*. Also a useful little book of *Hints on Esoteric Philosophy*, and the many pamphlets published by the Theosophical Society at Adyar, India. The writings of Eliphas Levy and of Jacob Behme are recommended as theosophical works, and are now in all the large libraries of the United States. In India a number of Sanskrit books have been translated into English by members of the Theosophical Society. There is a general revival of interest in Sanskrit literature, and the Hindus, stirred to activity by the demands of the west, are unearthing their literary treasures and giving to the world some of the

wonderful writings of the Aryans. This revival of interest in Eastern occult works was emphasized by the recent convention held in Northern India by learned Pundits to consider ways and means for translating and printing the Aryan religious books now entombed in the Sanskrit."

"Chief among the works on Buddhism, are, *The Light of Asia*, by Edwin Arnold, one of the great books of the day, *Buddhism*, by Rhys Davids, and the *Bagarat Gila*, which latter, though not a Buddhist book, properly speaking, may be said to be the Bible of the American Buddhists. Patan Jali's *Loga Philosophy* has been republished in New York by the editor of *The Path*, and there is an American edition of Col. Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism*. In the very difficult Pali language are printed the great mass of Buddha's sayings, with commentaries upon his doctrine, and these are being translated for the use of Western students. A list of books relating to Eastern religions and philosophies should be headed by Prof. Max Müller, who has done so much to make the religious thought of the East familiar to the West. His recent work, *The Science of Thought*, is one that increases the debt we owe to him tenfold. From his writings can be learned a wealth of knowledge relating to Vedic and Sanskrit works. It is largely due to his influence that the English universities pay so much attention as they do to the study of Oriental languages and literatures. A list of books on the Yogi philosophy should include Jaccoliot's *Occult Science* and Hartmann's *Black and White Magic*. Other works of value are Mac Gregor Mather's *Kaballa Unveiled*, and the *Metaphysics of the Upanishads*, *The Prayer Book of the Aryans*, *The Vedas* and *The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*. The *Memoir of Mme. Blavatsky*, written by her sister and edited by Mr. Sinnett, and *The Buddhist Diet Book* are to be included among theosophical writings. Of periodicals, the oldest and best known is the *Theosophist*, founded by Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott and issued monthly at Adyar, India, the headquarters of the Theosophical Society. *The Path*, edited by Mr. William Q. Judge, is the New York theosophical magazine. Mr. Judge is the President of the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York. *Le Lotus* is the title of the organ of the French theosophists, and edited by F. K. Gaboriau, of Paris. Another French theosophical monthly is *L'Aurora*, edited by Lady Caithness. The German theosophical magazine is the *Sphinx*, edited by Prof. Hübbe Schleiden. The English monthly is *Lucifer*, edited in London by Mme. Blavatsky and Mabel Collins. It will be seen from this partial list of theosophical publications, that there is much activity among theosophists."

The London theosophic triumph cannot, however, be said to be complete. The *Saturday Review* still politely declines to see the joy of being a theosophist and thus discourses: "Theosophy may be described as a religion with an extremely unattractive heaven and no hell. You begin by being a chela, and to be a chela is uncomfortable as well as degrading. In time you may attain to the glory of solitary residence in Thibet varied chiefly by occasional excursions in actual form to some suburban drawing-room, where you hide a cigarette in the works of the clock for the edification of a few coarse-minded unbelievers. But, in order to reach this dizzy eminence of fatuity, you have to go through a long and painful course of doing nothing amusing and chastening yourself on every opportunity. On the other hand, Theosophy holds out no threat to sceptics or weak brethren, except that they will never, or not for a very long time, be able

to become Mahatmas, go to Thibet, and live in their own stomachs. Therefore it may well be asked, Why should any one ever take the trouble to be a Theosophist? Curiously enough it is precisely in the considerations just mentioned that the attractiveness of Theosophy consists. This will plainly appear to any one who takes the trouble to study an odd yellow book called *Problems of the Hidden Life*, and published, like so much else that is wise and good, by Mr. George Redway. It is said to consist of *Essays on the Ethics of Spiritual Life*, and to be the work of Pilgrim. It sets forth that there is a state of mind called The Higher Carelessness, which is probably the ultimate state realizable by man while still he bears the body—which means, while he is still alive in the ordinary way of mortals of to-day."

Continuing in the same vein this critic discovers that "the main symptom of the Higher Carelessness is perfect indifference as to what happens, or whether anything happens or not. But no one can become More Highly Careless at will. A long course of probation, including chelaship, has to be gone through. It may be imagined that chelaship is not all beer and skittles when we mention that a practice recommended to persons about to become chelas is fixing the mind on the main questions of existence the first thing in the morning. But this is child's play to what follows. Pretty soon the aspiring soul begins to suffer the most indescribable agonies. Think not that thy road will be a pleasant one. . . ." it will lead thee through the torture-chamber, and when thou art led there, thou needest not to stir a finger, for all shall be done for thee, and thy soul shall endure scorching torture. "The duration of these torments may be for years, and it may be forever, and it is just as likely as not that in the course of them the victim may relapse into not wanting to be a chela, and then the gorgonzola will have been unchained all for nothing. If all goes well, it is so exquisitely unpleasant that we curse all the powers of heaven and earth in our anger, with a concentrated bitterness of soul that only those who have experienced it can realize. This is the training which leads the favored few to the Higher Carelessness. When you are once More Highly Careless, you are quite careless, among other things, about what your inferior fellow-creatures do. The evil Karma of the world must work itself out. The unclean man let him be unclean still, let him measure every depth of vice, and taste of every spring of passion, till the hour strikes for him also, and his painful upward progress has to begin. And, meanwhile, the More Highly Careless will not blame any one for anything, or in any way interfere with them. This, then, is the pleasure of being a Theosophist as it appeals to the really thoughtful mind. The virtuous and the impatient go into the torture-chamber and develop—those that do not relapse—into the Higher Carelessness. Meanwhile the easy-going and unprincipled have the highest old time imaginable. They measure every depth of vice. They taste of every spring of passion. The More Highly Careless look on without making any objection. The moderately wicked pursue their evil ways either until they want to be tortured for a change, or until they begin fixing their minds on the main question of existence the first thing in the morning. This is the Theosophistic substitute for hell; and, when once it gets a firm hold on the popular mind, it ought to bring innumerable converts to the Blavatskian standard. Only those who attain the Higher Carelessness will probably be almost as select as they will be careless."

The London Daily Telegraph raises an alarm concerning the Safety of the Queen's English. It says: "Startling news comes from America affecting one of the dearest possessions of the English race. It is not any intention to annex Canada, take over India, sweep our commerce from the seas, or capture the Prince of Wales and run him as president. These are political episodes and would simply lead to a temporary inconvenience for a century or two. Something much more serious is on foot. The American freeman, as a native writer calls him, has hitherto been famous, as we all know, for his short and easy way with the tongue in which Shakspeare wrote. He has turned its nouns into verbs, has invented new adjectives, has manufactured participles, has spelt many words according to old use or new fancies, and has changed into a kind of rough practical medley tongue the oral speech used by diggers, corner-boys, speculators, western pioneers, ranchers, railway men, and gold-finders. We had supposed that this liberal, too liberal, use of the English language had been pushed pretty far; but we now learn that the American people, like Lord Clive, stand astonished at their own moderation. Their champion admits that his countrymen are not readily restrained by considerations of taste and style or by linguistic laws, but in future they intend to take more liberties than ever. 'Our language,' he writes, 'is not lent to us on the condition that it shall not be tampered with, but is our own to mold—he spells it mold, but that is a detail—and forge to all the purposes of her multifarious and peculiar practical and intellectual life.' So that henceforth the banner of freedom is to be unfurled and the free republican is to show his contempt for monarchy by turning the queen's English into whatever 'president's American' he may fancy, at his own free and individual will. He will transmute the old tongue, good enough for Shakspeare, Milton, Thackeray, Macaulay, and Tennyson, into a lingo that will savor of the mart, the exchange, the mining camp, the caucus meeting, and the free fight. He will borrow from Mississippi pilots, backwoodsmen, army scouts, free selectors, and pioneers in the west all their sayings, and call them locutions, incorporating into the language slang words at the rate of about seventeen a week. Then, perhaps—who knows?—in a century or two we shall have an American Shakspeare translated from the original English into the western tongue as spoken by two or three hundred million republicans. There may no doubt be some passages rather difficult to express in the lingua Franca which must finally supersede English, but then so much the worse for the passages. By that time all literature that cannot be brought down to the level of the street-corner shoe-black or the hurried Wall street operator must die out in the keen air of transatlantic life."

"Of course it would be useless to protest that the American people have no right to make a hash of the English language and to serve it up in a republic rechauffée. We also must admit that slang has its own province and use. It is very often condensed metaphor, and is like what Lewis Carroll calls a portmanteau word, in which a great deal of meaning may be packed. The person who first called a man a brick had in him perhaps some idea of comparison. A brick was solid, fire-proof, regular, ready for use, compared with stones that were too small, too irregular, or too soft to be utilized. The epithet was taken up by thousands who never suspected the allusive meaning, but only knew that it indicated all-round eulogy. Where English slang fails is in its monotonousness."

ony. The same words are used for the most diverse persons or things until all sense of distinction in language is lost. In this the Americans certainly surpass us. They are always inventing new words, and some of the expressions are rich in appropriateness and meaning. In many cases, however, they are limited. Some are restricted to special callings. The diggers, ranchmen, pilots, political agents all have phrases of their own as peculiar to themselves as their secret signs and passwords are to London or Paris thieves. A more diffused slang is associated with widely played games like poker or euchre. Frequently we read in the columns of a newspaper or in a campaign speech, sayings and allusions that none but poker-players can understand. If the game ever dies out, which is not likely, such passages of political literature will in course of time require a glossary—just as nowadays there are lines in Swift's and Pope's lighter poems that, alluding as they do to obsolete games at cards, require elaborate annotation. All these importations of the talk of the streets, the saloons, the gambling-houses, and the gutter into the columns of the newspapers and the addresses of candidates is defended by Americans on the ground that they must come down to the popular level. No one must talk over the heads of the people. We believe that this is quite unnecessary. I must follow them, said Ledru Rollin, on one occasion, referring to a mob, for I am their leader; and O'Connell had this theory also; he must feed the populace with coarse comic stories, flatter them grossly, and tell them transparent fictions as to the coming certainty of repeal next month, in six months, or at latest next year. Mr. Parnell is the exact opposite. There never was a leader who so thoroughly despised the arts of the demagogue. He speaks little and always well; is cold, dignified, self-contained, and passionless; tells no comic stories, indulges in no slang, is not familiar with his followers, and is much more like the typical English statesman than his political ally Mr. Gladstone, who has all the fervor of the Celtic blood that flows in his veins. Yet if we look back in our political history we find Mr. Parnell one who has made great progress, not by talking down to the people, but by raising their standard of political speech. Why, then, should American orators be forced to play always to the gallery, to spice their speeches with slang, to catch the ears of the populace by racy allusions? Are their audiences below the level of the unlettered Irish? Are style, stateliness, measure, and appropriateness so completely English that the successful American is forced to discard them?"

"The curious thing is, that in the best literature of the States we find no trace of this proclaimed revolt against the style, the syntax, the spelling, and the purity of the English tongue. Bancroft, Motley, and Prescott wrote perfect English; Longfellow is as limpid as a quiet rural brook; Emerson is as pithy as he is clear; Holmes and Lowell have a most delicate humor; Hawthorne handles the language with a dexterity that brings new shades of meaning into ordinary words; Henry James is refined and distinctive almost to excess; Howells is transparent, if sometimes too thin. Nor have the national orators fallen far below the English standards; the best speeches of Randolph, Clay, Webster, Douglas, Sumner, Benjamin, and Seward can be read with pleasure to this day. The words also in which Lincoln dedicated the graveyard at Gettysburg compose one of the most perfect passages of elevated oratory ever uttered in the English tongue. Therefore, if Americans wantonly distort and

gratuitously adulterate the language they will be committing an outrage, not only against its insular use, but against the best models of their republic. They enjoy a great heritage in a tongue rich, flexible, and elastic. The famous German philologist Grimm, who will not be suspected of any want of patriotism, has given his testimony that the genius of Shakspeare could not have found in German, Italian, or French a fitting vehicle for his many-sided thoughts. The English language alone was the weapon that fully served his purpose. The German has our root, but, unlike ours, it cannot borrow words from other languages and weave them into its own. Nor can the French, which, with all the delicacy of its meaning, is, compared with English, a limited tongue. No doubt Americans may be excused if around their camp-fires and gaming-tables they twist our language, inventing adjectives and nouns as they go along to express new wants or euphemize old crimes. For the basis of their humor is a certain perversity and irreverence—a certain topsy-turviness of expression and idea, sometimes making wanton murder a matter of joke, and applying to the most sacred thoughts of men the standard of a Denver, Dakota, or San Francisco bar. If, however, they are wise they will keep this oral corruption out of their newspapers and books. The literature that will live is not that which picks up current slang as a chariot-wheel does street-mud. Those authors who influence their own and other ages build up their style on the best models of the past, forging the symbols into new shapes in the fire of original imagination. Writers and orators who play down to the level of miners, street-cars, and caucus morality may attain congress, but will not be remembered for a year. We deny the moral right of any person, American or otherwise, to degrade our pure and noble language into the dialect of far-west miners or the slang of the Bowery boys of New York."

Speaking to the toast of Literature at the late Centennial banquet, James Russell Lowell said: I am to speak for literature, and of our own as forming now a recognized part of it. This is not the place for a critical balancing of what we have done or left undone in this field. An exaggerated estimate, and indiscriminateness of praise which implies a fear to speak the truth, would be unworthy of myself or of you. I might, indeed, read over a list of names now, alas, carved on head-stones, since it would be invidious to speak of the living. But the list would be short, as I could call few of the names great, as the impartial years measure greatness. I shall prefer to assume that American literature was not worth speaking for at all, if it were not quite able to speak for itself, as all others are expected to do. I think this a commemoration in which it is peculiarly fitting that literature should take part. For we are celebrating to-day our true birthday as a Nation, the day when our consciousness of wider interests and larger possibilities began. All that went before was birth-throes. The day also recalls us to a sense of something to which we are too indifferent. I mean that historic continuity, which, as a factor in moulding national individuality, is not only powerful in itself, but cumulative in its operation. In one of these literature finds the soil, and in the other the climate, it needs. Without the stimulus of a national consciousness no literature could have come into being, under the conditions in which we then were, that was not parasitic and dependent. Without the continuity which slowly incorporates that consciousness into the general life and thought, no literature could have

acquired strength to detach itself and begin a life of its own. And here another thought suggested by the day comes to my mind. Since that precious and persuasive quality, style, may be exemplified as truly in a life as in a work of art, may not the character of the great man whose memory decorates this and all our days, in its dignity, its strength, its calm of passion restrained, its inviolable reserve, furnish a lesson which our literature may study to great advantage? And not our literature alone. Scarcely had we become a nation when the only part of the Old World whose language we understood began to ask, in various tones of despondency, where was our literature. We could not improvise Virgils or Miltons, though we made an obliging effort to do it. Failing in this, we thought the question partly unfair and wholly disagreeable. And indeed it had never been put to several nations far older than we, to which a Vates Sacer had been longer wanting. But, perhaps, it was not altogether so ill-natured as it seemed, for, after all, a nation without a literature is imperfectly represented in the Parliament of Mankind. It implied, therefore, in our case, the obligation of an illustrious blood."

"With a language in compass and variety inferior to none that has ever been the instrument of human thought or passion or sentiment, we had inherited also the forms and precedents of a literature altogether worthy of it. But these forms and precedents we were to adapt suddenly to novel conditions, themselves still in solution, tentative, formless, atom groping after atom, rather through blind instinct than with conscious purpose. Why wonder if our task proved as long as it was difficult? And it was all the more difficult that we were tempted to free ourselves from the form as well as from the spirit. And we had other notable hindrances. Our reading class was small, scattered thinly about the seaboard, and its wants were fully supplied from abroad, either by importation or piracy. Communication was tedious and costly. Our men of letters, or rather our men with a natural impulse to a life of letters, were few and isolated, and I cannot recollect that isolation has produced anything in literature better than monkish chronicles, except a Latin hymn or two, and one precious book; the treasure of bruised spirits. Criticism there was none, and what assumed its function was a frothy mixture of patriotism and incompetence. Above all we had no capital toward which all the streams of moral and intellectual energy might converge to fill a reservoir on which all might draw. There were many careers open to ambition, all of them more tempting and more profitable than the making of books. Our people were of necessity largely intent on material ends, and our accessions from Europe tended to increase this predisposition. Considering all these things, it is a wonder that in these hundred years we should have produced any literature at all; a still greater wonder that we have produced so much of which we may be honestly proud. Its English descent is and must always be manifest, but it is ever more and more informed with a new spirit, more and more trustful in the guidance of its own thoughts. But if we would have it become all that we would have it be, we must beware of judging it by a comparison with its own unripe self alone. We must not coddle it into weakness or wilfulness by over-indulgence. It would be more profitable to think that we have as yet no literature in the highest sense, than to insist that what we have should be judged by other than admitted standards, merely because it is ours. In these art matches we must

not only expect, but we must rejoice, to be pitted against the doughtiest wrestlers, and the lightest-footed runners of all countries and of all times."

"Literature has been put somewhat low on the list of toasts, doubtless in deference to necessity of arrangements, but perhaps the place assigned to it here may be taken as roughly indicating that which it occupies in the general estimation. And yet I venture to claim for it an influence (whether for good or evil) more durable and more widely operative than that exerted by any other form by which human genius has found expression. As the special distinction of man in speech, it should seem that there can be no higher achievement of civilized men, no proof more conclusive that they are civilized men, than the power of moulding words into such fair and noble forms as shall people the human mind forever with images that refine, console, and inspire. It is no vain superstition that has made the name of Homer sacred to all who love a bewitchingly simple and yet ideal picture of our human life, in its doing and its suffering. And there are books which have regenerated nations. It is an old wives' tale that Virgil was a great magician, yet in that tale survives a witness of the influence which made him, through Dante, a main factor in the revival of Italy, after the one had been eighteen, and the other five, centuries in his grave. I am not insensible to the wonder and exhilaration of a material growth without example in rapidity and expansion, but I am also not insensible to the grave perils latent in any civilization which allows its chief energies and interests to be wholly absorbed in the pursuit of a mundane prosperity. Rejoice, young man, again I say rejoice; let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but remember that for all these things God will call thee into judgment. I admire our energy, our enterprise, our inventiveness, our multiplicity of resource, no man more; but it is by less visibly remunerative virtues, I persist in thinking, that nations chiefly live and feel the higher meaning of their lives. Prosperous we may be in other ways, contented with more specious success, but that nation is a mere horde supplying figures to the census, which does not acknowledge a true prosperity and a richer contentment in the things of the mind. Railways and telegraphs reckoned by the thousand miles are excellent things in their way, but I doubt whether it be of their poles and sleepers that the rounds are made of that ladder by which men or nations climb to the fulfilment of their highest purpose and function. The literature of a people should be the record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and its shortcomings, its wisdom and its folly. We cannot say that our own as yet suffices us, but I believe that he who stands a hundred years hence where I am standing now, conscious that he speaks to the most powerful and prosperous community ever devised or developed by man, will speak of our literature with the assurance of one who beholds what we hope for, become a reality and a possession forever."

The Edinburgh Review gives this uncomfortable opinion of the literature of the age:—"The prime duty and glory of literature is to be the storehouse and the guardian of knowledge. There are thousands of readers who quench their thirst for novelty with the trifles and ephemeral publications of the hour, which are but the surf on the edge of the rising tide; but they forget that the treasure-house of literature lies behind them, and that nothing is worthy of a permanent place within its walls but that which belongs to the records of our race

and the creative powers of wise and far-reaching minds. If we had to speak at large of the current literature of the age, we should be obliged to confess that there has not been for many years a period more absolutely devoid of originality and genius. The fire which burned with such intensity in the earlier half of the present century is in its ashes. That astonishing array of writers of the first rank, in poetry, in fiction, in history, in philosophy—writers so eminent and so original that their fame went forth into all lands and secured them a place in the records of all time—is extinct. Perhaps in science and in history some exceptions may still be found; but even in these branches the most eminent names belong rather to the past than to the present. In the myriad of books which are poured forth in ever-increasing numbers by the press it is rare to meet with one which will outlive the year or which deserves a longer life. The reason is plain: such books are not created by the energy of the mind, but are manufactured from old materials. There is no greater proof of the extremely superficial character of modern education than the superficial character of the current literature. In place of grasping the substance of the great men and the great writers of old, people content themselves with their shadows on the wall. Biography, which is at this moment the most popular form of literature, consists in reducing to the smallest possible compass the heroes and sages of the past, and in inflating the posthumous reputation of the men of yesterday by ransacking their desks and publishing their private letters. Indeed, it is a characteristic of the literature of the day that biography preponderates to an enormous extent over every other branch of composition."

"It would seem as if the present generation had nothing better to write about than the personal lives of their predecessors, and even of their contemporaries. That additional terror of death, which Lord Campbell was said to have invented when he wrote his *Lives of the Chancellors*, has become as inevitable as what is called the debt of nature. No man can be sure that he will escape the insatiable biographer who haunts the graveyards. Ancient and modern, old and young, in books for the library, in books for the railway stall, in reviews and magazines, even in our pages and in those of our most distinguished contemporary, biography claims the first place and reigns supreme. It is a proof that the public care more for persons than for things, for the details of daily life than for originality of thought. In fiction the popular writers who seek to stimulate the jaded taste of their readers are driven from the exhausted soil of nature and reality to the extravagance of a Hoffman or the agitated waters of controversy. Nor is this dearth of a pure, original, and manly literature peculiar to this country. It lies heavy on the most cultivated nations of Europe. There is scarcely an author anywhere who commands an audience beyond his own immediate circle. The international union which made Scott and Byron, Goethe and Schiller, Balzac and George Sand citizens of the world no longer exists. No living English writer excites much attention abroad. In Germany no literary reputation has travelled across the Rhine. The popular literature of France, judging from the volumes which obtain the largest sale in that country, is stamped, under the name of realism, with pestilent indecency and immorality. If the French nation suffers, as we believe it does, from an unjust estimate of its social and moral qualities, that is due to the false and vicious pictures drawn by its own writers. Such is the dark and dis-

pleasing picture which the surface of the current literature of the day presents to our eyes. Unhappily this is the literature most commonly read by the majority of those who think they read at all. It has the attraction of novelty; it affords desultory amusement; and it suits the taste of the times; but it dissipates and emasculates the mind. But if we go below the surface and look deeper into the literary activity of the present time, there is much to correct this unfavorable impression. There may be no genius, there may be no originality, but there is an amount of industry and scholarship employed in storing and reproducing the knowledge of the world which has never been surpassed. So that in our opinion the literature of the age may be presented in two different and dissimilar aspects—a superficial literature, extremely feeble, ephemeral, and worthless, and a substratum reared, like the coral islands of the Eastern seas, by the indefatigable industry of a multitude of workers, whose names do not attract the notice of the world, who labor oftentimes as much for the love of learning as for its rewards, and who succeed in rearing by their associated efforts a useful and lasting monument. The creative power is for the moment in abeyance, but the analytical faculty which dissects the past is in full activity."

The New York Sun editorially declares "that in the whole history of newspaper literature there has been nothing more remarkable than the rapid development of the Sunday newspaper in the United States. It has occurred during the short period of fifteen years only, and has been most marked during the last ten years. Before the Sun began the publication of its Sunday edition, there were few Sunday newspapers of any importance in the Union, and the best of them were insignificant sheets as compared with very many which are now issued in the great towns of the East, the West, and the South. The field was occupied almost wholly by special weekly papers printed for Sunday reading and of little literary or other value, though the New York Herald had long published a Sunday edition containing many advertisements and much news. But there existed a widespread prejudice against such journals, and in most cases their character afforded justification for it. Religious people more particularly were loath to have them in their houses, or even to be seen reading them at any place. This antipathy yielded for the moment to the impatient demand for news during the war, when the daily newspapers generally would sometimes issue Sunday extras; but it was not overcome until within the last ten or fifteen years, when the excellence of the Sunday edition of the daily paper destroyed finally the old-time prejudice. The result is that now the Sunday edition is the most largely circulated paper of the week, and in all the chief towns of the Union, from New Orleans to San Francisco, and from Chicago to Boston, the local journals find it necessary and profitable to make Sunday papers notable for their size and quality, as compared with those printed by them on other days. The Sunday edition of the American newspaper has become a distinct and prominent feature of our civilization, and it is exercising a profound influence on the education of the people. It is true that occasionally individuals and societies representing narrow religious views still rise up to stay its progress, but their efforts are utterly vain. The members of all the great religious communions are as attentive readers of the Sunday newspaper as are the people who are not under the direction of any church. There is no other body of professional men among whom The

Sun of Sunday has a larger proportionate circulation than among the clergy themselves. As men of education interested in following the currents of popular thought and the course of contemporary history, they must of necessity read that paper, in which also they get a variety and a quality of literary reading obtainable in no other periodical and nowhere else. They find also from personal experience that it is of powerful assistance to the church and the school in making the day of rest of moral and intellectual profit to the great mass of the people."

"Twenty-five years ago such a paper as *The Sun* of to-day could not have been produced. It could not have been made at any price, much less for the few cents at which it is now sold. Both the mechanical and the literary facilities were lacking. Improvements in the printing press, which have taken place within a very short time only, were necessary for its publication with the rapidity required by the vast demand, and the recent development of a great body of trained writers in many specialties was essential. Undoubtedly, there were many men in this country a quarter of a century ago competent for first-rate literary work, but very few of them turned their attention to newspaper writing, and fewer still were adapted to it. During that time there has been great progress in collegiate education and the general standard of intellectual performance has been raised. If the great eminences are no higher, the average elevation has been increased. There are far more men capable of intellectual work of a superior quality, work which formerly would have been singled out as the basis for great individual reputations, while now it passes with little remark because of its frequency. Meantime, too, the periodical is commanding the writing which used to be expended on books, and the best intellects of the world are engaged in the preparation of newspapers, as the most remunerative field for which to cultivate their talents. Therefore the publication of such a paper as *The Sun* of Sunday has been made possible. The wonderful growth of its circulation and of its advertising patronage has furnished the means for securing the requisite literary assistance from all parts of the world, and mechanical invention has provided the machinery necessary for its material production. As the Sunday paper is the most extensively and thoroughly read, it of course has become the most valuable for the advertiser. It goes to its readers on the day of rest, when they have leisure to study carefully all its columns, and the extraordinary brilliancy of its general contents gives a reflected importance to its advertising space. For a newspaper without advertisements, no matter how good it may be in other respects, does not represent modern civilization, and does not meet its wants. As indicating the course of trade, the movements of finance, the change of fashions, and the tastes and needs of the people, its advertisements are one of the most important and interesting features of a newspaper. The story told of New York social and business life, in the advertising columns of *The Sun* to-day, is necessary to the completeness of the paper as a contemporary record. It seems as if now the Sunday newspaper had reached its highest possible development, with its enormous mass of matter of a quality so superior; but the work of improvement will go on steadily. Ten years ago *The Sun* of Sunday seemed a wonderful product of modern civilization, and yet it was far behind *The Sun* of to-day. Ten years hence undoubtedly the story may be the same, impossible as it now appears to us to produce a greater paper."

Blanche Willis Howard in a syndicate letter, from Stuttgart, gives interesting information of Baron Tauchnitz, the great Leipzig publisher and his relations with English and American Authors. "The little white Tauchnitz volume in the hands of the ubiquitous tourist has put a girdle about the earth. Its size, its shape, its paper and its type commend it to one's approval, and, after a long and dusty journey, one fortifies one's self with a fresh Tauchnitz for the next pilgrimage as instinctively as one seeks water, rest, and refreshment. It has, in short, become as indispensable as the travelling bag in which it reposes. The Tauchnitz specialty is, as all the world knows, its collection of British authors, but its other ventures are also large and successful. There is a series for the young—well-chosen English and American stories; a student's series for school, college and home, embracing books by Bulwer Lytton, Carlyle, Dickens, Bret Harte, George Eliot, Macaulay, Scott, Tennyson, Thackeray and others, ably edited and with foot-notes in German; a collection of German authors done into English by such translators as Bayard Taylor, Justin McCarthy and other masters of both tongues. These series comprise the Tauchnitz English publications; besides which it issues a goodly number of French, Greek and Latin classics, Logarithm text-books, legal and theological works, dictionaries and Bibles. The above list merely conveys an idea of the enterprise and industry of the firm in directions usually unperceived by the traveller. But the scheme of publication of English books in Germany on so large a scale and for so many prosperous years is emphatically the distinctive and unique feature of the Tauchnitz House. At the close of this year the collection will comprise 2,560 volumes, among which are the works of thirty American authors. The five-hundredth, one-thousandth and two-thousandth volumes, Baron Tauchnitz has designed as memorials, or milestones, indicating the progress of the series.

"In the year 1841, when this enterprise was begun, there was no recognition on the continent of Europe of the rights of English authors. Neither legal protection nor any private treaty guarded their interests. On the contrary, popular English books were constantly reprinted in Germany and France without the author's previous knowledge or permission, still less with any compensation. In 1843 Baron Tauchnitz went to London to place himself in direct relations with the English authors. His proposals were very naturally received by the authors in question, by the press and the most influential publishing houses, with unqualified approval and encouragement. Messrs. Longmans, then publishing Macaulay's and Beaconsfield's works, were strong friends to the undertaking. The Tauchnitz collection was established on this honorable basis, and prospered from the first, even before it was protected by law. In 1846 the first International Copyright law was passed between England and Prussia. Saxony soon followed. France and England concluded a similar treaty in 1852 and Napoleon issued a decree forbidding the sale of unauthorized English books in France. The legal basis was also broadened by contracts between Germany and other European States. For many years then the English author controls his copyright on the Continent as in England. The Tauchnitz edition is as legitimate as the authorized English edition, but, according to the contract, may not be introduced into England or the British colonies, and is rigorously excluded by the British Custom House except in the case of copies sent direct to the author."

CHOICE VERSE—SELECTED FROM THE MAGAZINES

A Butterfly's Soul—T. W. Higginson—St. Nicholas

Through the field where the brown quails whistle,
Over the ferns where the rabbits lie,
Floats the tremulous down of a thistle;
Is it the soul of a butterfly?

See! how they scatter and then assemble;
Filling the air while the blossoms fade,
Delicate atoms that whirl and tremble
In the slanting sunlight that skirts the glade.

There goes the summer's inconstant lover,
Drifting and wandering, faint and far;
Only bewailed by the upland plover,
Watched by only the twilight star.

Come next August, when thistles blossom,
See how each is alive with wings!
Butterflies seek their souls in its bosom,
Changed henceforth to immortal things.

The Vow of Washington—John Greenleaf Whittier

[Read in New York, April 30, 1889, at the Centennial of the Inauguration of Washington as the President of the United States.]

The sword was sheathed; in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O city sitting by the sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told,
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretense that turns her holy truth to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best?—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond;
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

The Troubadour—Kate Brownlee Sherwood—Belford's

With a jaunty cloak and swagger,
And a jewel-hilted dagger,
A guitar swung from his shoulders by a ribbon, blue at that;
And his breeches never bigger
Than would show his shapely figure,
And a fascinating feather in his funny tilted hat;

So he wandered forth, a-warring,
And a-rhyming and guitaring,
And in attitudes artistic tinkled many a tricky air;
And the ladies all adored him,
And the balconies encored him,
And his tunes were legal tender for his welcome everywhere.

Thus a-humming and a-strumming,
And a-wooing and a-cooing,
Droning ditties by the dozen,
Lisping sonnets by the score,
Went the hero of our story
Through its glamor and its glory;
Ah! so mellow and so merry was the gallant Troubadour!

Gardener's Song—Rowland Brown—Gardener's Magazine

Oh! a gardener's life is as pleasant a life
As a workingman's can be:
'Tis a glad pursuit to plant the root,
And nurse the flower and tree.
His life is set to ceaseless song,
Sweeter than poet can sing,
Warbled in notes from the feather'd throats
Of the birds, from summer to spring.
And doth he not make the wildest brake
Gay as a conqueror's fleet?
For his strong right hand is the magic wand
That brings fresh flowers to our feet.

With a sneer or a frown a man may look down
Upon many ignoble trades;
But Purple and Pride even dare not deride
The work of the King of Spades.
The oldest craft known he claims as his own,
The only work Heaven thought well
Should be done by a man ere a trouble began,
Or the "grand old gardener" fell.
Then the men of the spade should be proud of their trade,
Invading no crowded mart,
Whose daily toil gives wealth to the soil,
And joy to the home and heart.

A Morning Walk—The Cornhill Magazine

Though we have said good-by,
Clasped hands and parted ways, my dream and I,
There still is beauty on the earth and glory in the sky.

The world has not grown old
With foolish hopes, nor commonplace nor cold,
Nor is there any tarnish on the happy harvest gold.

Spent was the night in sighing,
In tears and vain regrets, heartache and crying—
Lo! breaks the windy azure morn with clouds tumultuous flying!

Life is not all a cheat,
A sordid struggle trite and incomplete,
When sun and shadow flee across the billows of the wheat;

When upward pierces keen
The lark's shrill exultation o'er the sheen
Of the young barley's wavy fleece of silky silvery green.

Didst think, O, narrow heart!
That mighty Nature shared thy puny smart?
Face her serene, heart whole, heart free, that is the better part.

Are the high heavens bent
A vault of snow and sapphire wonderment
Merely to arch, dull egotist, thy dismal discontent?

Wouldst pour into the ear
Of the young morn the thoughts that make thee drear,
View the land's joyous splendor through the folly of a tear?

The boon thou hast not had—
'Tis a slight trivial thing to make thee sad
When with sunshine and the storm God's glorious world is glad.

'Tis guilt to weep for it!
When blithe the swallows by the poplars flit,
Aslant they go, pied cloven gleams through leavage golden lit;

While breezy purples stain
The long low grassy reaches of the plain
Where when pale the alders quake before the hurricane.

Ah! there are still delights
Hid in the multitude of common sights,
The dear and wonted pageant of the summer days and nights.

The word is not yet said
Of ultimate ending, we are quick, not dead,
Though the dim years withhold from us one frail joy coveted.

Our life is all too brief,
The world too wide, too wonderful for grief,
Too crowded with the loveliness of bird and bud and leaf.

So though we said good-by
With bitter futile tears, my dream and I—
Each slender blade of wayside grass is clothed with majesty!

"A Friend, Lads"—Fred. Langbridge—Leisure Hour

Of all the good gifts that in royalet measure
Drop down to the earth from the beautiful skies,
A friend, lads, a friend is the fittest to treasure—
A friend with a soul in his straight-looking eyes;

A near one, a dear one, a sterling and sound one,
Scarce twice is he found in our life's working day;
Thank God with rejoicing if only you've found one,
And love him and keep him for ever and aye.

Ah, comrades enow (be it said with decorum)
You'll get for the asking in hamlets and towns,
Who gayly will empty the glasses you pour 'em,
And laugh at your sallies and borrow your crowns.
But these jolly birds are of volatile feather;
They fly with the autumn and come with the spring;
If clouds are presaging a change in the weather,
They'll bid you good-by with a flick of the wing.

A friend, lads, God bless him! warm-hearted, stout-handed,
He's loving and loyal and always the same;
But still to your follies he's open and candid—
You prize his approval, you shrink from his blame.
He'll laugh at your side when the Maytime is shining,
But closer he'll draw on the storm-beaten way;
He's like the old coat with the honest warm lining—
You find out his worth in the winterly day.

Look Seaward, Sentinel—Alfred Austin—National Review

Look seaward, Sentinel, and tell the land what you behold.

SENTINEL.

I see the deep-plowed furrows of the main
Bristling with harvest, funnel, and keel, and shroud,
Heaving and hurrying hither through gale and cloud,
Winged by their burdens; argosies of grain,
Flocks of strange breed and herds of southern strain,
Fantastic stuffs and fruits of tropic bloom,
Antarctic fleece and equatorial spice,
Cargoes of cotton, and flax, and silk, and rice,
Food for the hearth and stables for the loom:
Huge vats of sugar, casks of wine and oil,
Summoned from every sea to one sole shore
By Empire's sceptre; the converging store
Of Trade's pacific universal spoil.
And heaving and hurrying hitherward to bring
Tribute from every zone, they lift their voices,
And as a strong man revels and rejoices,
They loudly and lustily chant, and this the song they sing:

CHORUS OF HOME-COMING SHIPS.

From the uttermost bound
Of the wind and the foam,
From creek and from sound,
We are hastening home.
We are laden with treasure
From ransacked seas,
To charm your leisure,
To grace your ease
We have trodden the billows,
And tracked the ford,
To soften your pillows,
To heap your board.
The hills have been shattered,
The forests scattered,
Our white sails tattered,
To swell your hoard.
Is it blossom, or fruit, or
Seed, you crave?
The land is your suitor,
The sea your slave.
We have raced with the swallows,
And threaded the fies
Where the walrus wallows
Mid melting snows;
Sought regions torrid
And realms of sleet,
To gem your forehead,
To swathe your feet.
And behold, now we tender,
With pennons unfurled,
For your comfort and splendor,
The wealth of the world.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Madame de Martell, who signs Gyp to some witty feuilletons, many clever skits, and more deliriously funny society novels, is a pretty young woman with her talent mirrored in her brilliant face, and the smallest hands and feet in Paris. She is an immense favorite socially, and so witty, entertaining, and generally delightful in a salon that she is petted and fêted in the Faubourg and forgiven by society for drawing her sketches from life with such a fatally truthful, and often unflattering hand. Her novel, *Autour du Mariage*, and its sequel *Autour du Divorce*, are undoubtedly the cleverest of modern satires on French society and its system of education of young girls and its method of giving in marriage, and written with a delicate and essentially French touch and sandwiched with such an amount of French society slang that they are the despair of the translator, who shrieks over them in the original and weeps over them in English. Gyp prides herself on her direct descent from Mirabeau, and her ability to floor any conversational antagonist who essays to break a lance with one of the prettiest and the wittiest women in the frivolous Capital.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who declined the appointment of first assistant secretary of state under the new administration, has devoted many years of his life to the study of Russian literature, and is one of the best Russian scholars, as he has proved by his translations of *Tourgenieff*. He is a graduate of Yale and a lawyer by profession, although little of his time has been given to the law—probably not more than five years in all. In 1867 he was appointed to the consulate at Moscow and later he spent six years at St. Petersburg and improved his opportunities for mastering the most difficult of modern tongues. He made a journey to Central Asia, where he spent eight months collecting the material for his excellent work on Turkestan, and his report of the Turkish massacres at Bulgaria, written officially while he was consul-general at Constantinople, proved a powerful influence on the government of southeastern Europe. Mr. Schuyler has also figured in American diplomacy as consul at Birmingham, Rome, and Bucharest, and as Minister to Greece, Servia, and Roumania. For the last four years he has been absorbed in journalistic and literary work and has delivered lectures at the principal American universities on the consular and diplomatic service of America which he afterward published, with copious additions, in book form, under the title of *American Diplomacy*, and *The Furtherance of Commerce*. As a translator from the Russian Mr. Schuyler has scarcely an equal in our country and his original work, a life of Peter the Great, is a fascinating study.

Mr. E. Jay Edwards, the managing editor of the *Evening Sun*, is a graduate of Yale and was educated for the law. His first journalistic work was for the Hartford Press, and shortly afterward he became the Albany correspondent of the *New York Sun*, and reported legislative proceedings from that city during one session. But he dates his active journalistic experience from his appointment to the Washington Bureau, where he remained for four years and witnessed the shooting of Garfield, of which he sent important detailed accounts to his paper and subsequently reported the trial of Guiteau. Mr. Edwards is the successful author of many stories, and writes with the greatest facility. His

office duties as editor at an end for the day, he takes the train for his pleasant home at Greenwich and devotes his evenings to story-writing. At least twenty Revolutionary romances, which appeared in the Sunday issue of the *Sun* shortly after the war, were written in this way after a hard day's work at the office, and something may be gathered of the rapidity with which Mr. Edwards' ideas flow from the fact that, a sequel to *Shad and Shed*, his latest story, being deemed necessary, this clever editor shut himself in his study after dark, and in the morning walked into the office at the usual hour with the sequel ready for press. The story of *Shad and Shed* was the first serial to appear in a daily evening paper. Before its conclusion, Mr. Edwards found a publisher for the tale in book form, but a satisfactory arrangement was not concluded, and the affair rested until the Barnum and Bailey circus of this season, when a chapter from *Shad and Shed*, which had struck the fancy of Mr. Bailey, was borrowed for the circus programme. This very extensive advertising sent Mr. Edwards more publishers than he could in reason satisfy, and closing with one of the first, *Shad and Shed* are now abroad in book form. Mr. Edwards thoroughly enjoys his literary work and calls his evening hours, devoted to plots and characters, his moments of recreation. He is a man of medium size, but powerfully built, with a strong, serious face lighted by a pair of fine, gray eyes. His manner is quiet and unassuming, but qualified by considerable dignity and he speaks of himself and of his work with reserve.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the spiritual head of Theosophy, and the author of *The Secret Doctrine*, is a Russian. She comes of a noble family which has, by marriage, given Czarinas to the Imperial House of Russia. She was born in 1831 and made her peculiarities evident from earliest childhood. She was always rebellious, ungovernable, and imperious—intolerant of restraint and holding conventions in contempt. She led her governesses a life of torment and martyrdom and never bowed to the yoke of authority even when it was held out by her husband—a man of more than sixty at the time of their marriage. After three months of insubordination, she abruptly left his house and in company with a woman friend determined to see the other side of the earth. No amount of persuasion induced her to change her decision or to return to her husband, and she forthwith set out on her travels. That these were far and wide, and beyond the range and possibilities of the ordinary tourists, all the world knows. Her womanhood fulfilled the promise of her girlhood. She continued to despise convention and hypocrisy, but showed always a deep appreciation of the beautiful and the spiritual, and developed by assiduous cultivation her taste for mysticism and occultism. She is a woman of tender sympathies, and has, from childhood, yearned over the poor, the desolate and the oppressed, and with all her intolerance of authority and the outbursts of passion which, of later years, have been less frequent, she is naturally forgiving and bears no malice even toward those she believes to be her enemies. In connection with Colonel Olcott, she founded the Theosophical Society of America in New York City in 1875. She has a strong, deeply-lined face, with a massive chin and strange impressive eyes set beneath perfectly arched brows. She wears her

hair parted and slightly waved back from her forehead, which is broad and intellectual. She lives with the utmost simplicity, and her Bohemianism never takes the form of any sort of dissipation, unless one excepts the little cigarette of Turkish tobacco which is almost always rolling between her nervous fingers.

Mr. Frank Hopkinson Smith seems to be able to do several things at the same time and to do them all well. He is an artist, a society man, a musician, a story-teller, and, above all, a story-writer. Mr. Smith was born in Baltimore and intended for trade, not for a professional career, but having amassed a comfortable fortune as a contractor, he took up the study of art and has become proficient as a water-colorist. He has a fascinating studio in which he spends his Sundays, and evidently spends them to excellent advantage, as he gets his own price for his work. During the week, he is to be seen at every art exhibit or gallery where there is anything worth hanging, and it is a mystery to his friends how and where he found the time to write his clever little book—*A White Umbrella in Mexico*, and all the illustrated articles which are constantly slipping from the point of his pen and pencil into the weeklies. He spends part of his time in Baltimore and the rest in New York.

Doctor Elliott Coues, the founder of The Gnostic Theosophical Society of Washington and the perpetual President of the Esoteric Theosophical Society of America, is a man of forty-two—handsome, brilliant, fascinating, cultured—a man who is described by one enthusiastic admirer as an ideal creature with the tastes of a sybarite, the soul of a poet, and the disposition of an angel, and by another as the type of a Greek god. This very popular gentleman lives in Washington and is married to a woman who, in a feminine way, is as admirable as her husband. They entertain with a magnificent hospitality and their salon is a centre toward which half the clever people in Washington drift at least one evening of the week. Dr. Coues was born in Portsmouth, and passed an examination as medical cadet. He became a surgeon in the U. S. Army, and his medical studies progressed deeper and deeper through scientific channels and led him to study the heart and soul of things human. He is satisfied that Theosophy explains everything, and although an admirer of Madame Blavatsky, some of his views differ from those of the woman Theosophist. He has been engaged for the last few years in editing the department of Biogen in the *Century Dictionary*, and he belongs to more associations, societies, organizations, and bodies than he can remember the titles of, but pursues his individual studies independently of them and is particularly devoted to the subject of geology.

Carmen Sylva, the beautiful, white-haired, talented Queen of Roumania, possesses the rare charm of a musical voice, so sympathetic and melodious that a celebrated French author who heard her read aloud from one of his works declared that she had revealed him to himself. She is a most picturesque figure, always delicately and artistically dressed, and with eternal youth in her smile. Elizabeth of Roumania was educated as befitted her rank and, naturally gifted, she mastered many languages in her girlhood, and now paints her graceful word pictures with equal ease in almost any tongue. She is known in Europe as the Artist-Queen when she is not spoken of as Scheherezade—a name which has clung to her since the season she passed at Westerland, by the North Sea, and every day gathered the children about her on the sands to listen to her tales of

fairies, goblins, elves and gnomes. The children were devoted to her and used to throw up a fortification of sand about her camp chair, plant their toy flags on the summit and defy even the sea himself to lay a finger on their beloved Märchentante (fairy-tale aunt). Carmen Sylva's writings command almost any price from the European magazines and she is besieged with offers from editors, entreating her to name her own terms. In only one known instance did she comply with such a request, and this was in the case of a Styrian editor and her terms for the article were, that he should plant a bed of Alpine flowers in one of the Royal gardens at Bucharest.

Mr. Stanley Waterloo, the accomplished editor of the *Washington Critic*, is a strong and interesting personality in the literary journalism of the day. A successful manager, a vigorous and graceful writer, he has withal the poetic touch and his verse fairly rings with the genius of human nature. Life with Mr. Waterloo appears to have been a quickstep of change. He started out as a reporter on the *Times* and the *Tribune* of Chicago, then he became an editorial writer on the *St. Louis Journal*, city editor of the *Missouri Republican*, and managing editor of the *Evening Republican*. He started the *St. Louis Chronicle*, sold out to be a Park Commissioner, and resigned this position to become managing editor of the *Globe-Democrat* during the illness of J. B. McCullough. His next move was to launch the *St. Paul Day—now Dispatch*—thence he went as an editorial writer on the *Chicago Tribune*, and thence to the editorship of the *Chicago Mail*. He is half owner of the *Black Diamond*, a Chicago coal-trade journal, a publication which makes more money than many dailies, and under his skilful management the *Washington Critic* is prosperous and popular. The evening newspaper is a hobby with Mr. Waterloo. He believes in its future, and is thoroughly alive to the possibilities of its development.

Henri Rochefort, the Paris journalist, and the accomplice—according to the French Senate—of le Général Boulanger, has had a dramatic history of which latter events form only one more interesting chapter. He has been twice married and a tragedy hangs over both weddings. The first wife was the mother of his two sons, and he married her on her death bed. The second wife, young, beautiful and noble, married him against the wishes of her relatives, and was separated from him in less than a year. He has been more than once in exile and while sojourning at New Caledonia, under the particular protection of the law, effected his escape under conditions almost as thrilling as Monte-Cristo's plunge from the prison by the sea. He took a personal interest in the Commune, and paid for it the price of his personal liberty. He belongs to a noble family, nearly all the members of which have been prominent in French history—one or two of them by reason of their eccentricity, as well as by their courage. Mr. Rochefort ignores the many titles which, by right of birth, belong before and after his name, but which can never descend to his illegitimate sons, and is content to be known as M. Rochefort, one of the most brilliant journalists of Paris. He dashes off a leader for the *Intransigent* daily in about ten minutes, never revises copy, nor reads his proof, and at the end of the year realizes about fifteen thousand dollars from the paper. He is an inveterate gambler, fond of sporting and a figure at les Courses, where he bets recklessly and with a fool's luck. He has an unerring taste in all art matters, and his home at Montmartre was adorned with curios

and objets d'art, which by the way, are to be sent after him to Brussels, where he has taken a charming house and surrounded himself with every comfort and luxury that can in any way mitigate the pangs of exile.

Maud Howe, the novelist and the daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, lives in Chicago. She is married to Mr. John Elliott, the artist, and husband and wife have turned the wide front sitting-room of their handsome apartment which looks out toward Lake Michigan, into a mutual studio. The desk is at one side of the room, the easel at the other and, out of regular work hours, the intimates of this delightfully congenial pair find them at home in the workshop. The walls are covered with bits from Mr. Elliott's brush and pencil—among them an excellent likeness of Julia Ward Howe, and Sam Ward—books are everywhere, and there is the reckless profusion of bric-à-brac, and the charming confusion of all countries and all centuries in its selection, to which a studio lends itself with such delightful ease. Mrs. Elliott has just finished a serial to run in the Ladies' Home Magazine and found plot and characters in England during her last European trip with her mother. The scene is laid just out of London, and the story deals with the time-honored subject that is forever new.

Miss Florence Warden wrote her celebrated novel, *The House On The Marsh*, while she was filling an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre in London. The book proved a tremendous success and she received a much larger sum from her publishers than had been agreed upon before its appearance. Miss Warden then dramatized the story and starred for two years in the leading part and devoted her hours off the stage to writing other weird and original tales. She had adopted the stage as a profession simply because she was dependent upon her own efforts for her support. At first she tried the life of a governess as the only path, according to English precedent and example, open to the young Englishwoman who must earn her daily bread, and she found it a dreary enough round of drudgery to which starvation seemed preferable. Her ambition was to write, and the success of her first efforts enabled her to retire from the stage, and devote herself entirely to literature.

M. Ernest Jarrold, the father of Micky Finn, has not walked into newspaper fame over paths strewn with roses. He is an Englishman by birth, but arrived in this country at the interesting age of two. His father was a carpenter, and followed his trade at Cooney Island in Ulster County. This place took its name from an eccentric Irishman who established there a small Fenian colony, and all unconsciously laid the foundation of Mr. Jarrold's fortunes. This successful interpreter of Irish character, with all its finesse of pathos and humor, lived in the atmosphere and absorbed its possibilities long before he dreamed of utilizing them. He received a common-school education, and mooned away his leisure hours over everything readable from dime-novels upward irregularly through Dickens, Bret Harte, Alphonse Daudet and the philosophy of Renan. He was apprenticed to a printer, and until he was thirty he worked at the case in the press rooms of the *Rondout Courier* and *Freeman* at a salary of twelve dollars a week, and adorned the Baptist choir on Sundays with an unusually fine tenor. Then he wrote his first story. This was unpremeditated and accidental, but it was successful. He called it *The Old Man of Leather*, and owed the inspiration to a singular individual encountered on a fishing tramp along the picturesque course of Esopus

Creek. The *Freeman* printed the sketch and the Philadelphia Press copied it. At this spark of encouragement Mr. Jarrold's ambition took fire. He packed his trunks, his wife and his four children, and started for New York City. Here he obtained a position in a printing house, and devoted his evenings to the writing of short stories. For two years he struggled against ill health, insufficient salary, and returned MSS. and then fortune smiled. His Irish sketches appeared one after another in the *Sun*, and eventually won him a position on the staff of the evening edition. Micky Finn and his fellows became dear to the hearts of the short story editors and orders from syndicates and newspapers crowded in much more quickly than they could be filled. Now Mr. Jarrold belongs almost exclusively to the *Evening Sun*, for which he does purely literary work, having, as he says, no nose for news, but some of his work finds its way through Bachelier's Syndicate and the American Press Association. He is a slender man, under medium height, with a sensitive face and expressive eyes. He talks interestingly on literary matters, and although he laughs a great deal over the sort of stuff with which he has filled his mind, what comes out of it is certainly very entertaining to hear and to read.

Mr. Eugene Davis, the Irish poet, who has been of late such a conspicuous figure in London, was educated for the Irish Priesthood, and spent several years at colleges in France, Flanders and Rome. He is a remarkable linguist, an able journalist but a poet par excellence. He is a man of unusual height and huge proportions, a genial good fellow, and an immense favorite in Ireland, which has never forgiven France for her summary expulsion of Mr. Davis, at the instigation of Lord Lytton—then English Ambassador to France and who was incensed against the Irish poet-politician because of his hearty support of Parnell. Mr. Davis has been, for about a year, on the staff of the *Dublin Nation*—a power in politics and literature, at present under the individual management of its owner, Mr. T. D. Sullivan.

Anne Sheldon Coombs wrote her first story when she was nine years old. It was accepted by the editor of *Our Young Folks*, and her literary ambition was appeased for the time being. After her marriage *As Common Mortals* appeared, and a year later she wrote *A Game of Chance* and stepped quietly into the front ranks of women novelists. She is a very handsome woman of the Junoesque type—unusually tall, calm-eyed and colorless, with the stately carriage and fine personal dignity of the New York society woman. She is the wife of Charles Adams Coombs and lives in a handsome apartment on Fifth Avenue furnished from the curiosity shops of Europe. She has travelled extensively, and spent nearly all of last year in Italy to find the atmosphere for her next story. She writes only when the mood comes upon her, and does not labor under the daily necessity of turning out so many words in so many hours. Like the Marquise Lanza, she has a fondness for pink paper, and has fixed her taste upon a peculiarly delicate tint which Tiffany manufactures for her exclusive use.

Mr. George Moore, the man who was born in Ireland, educated in England, and polished in France, and whose writings bear the indelible imprint of all three nations, is the son of an Irish gentleman, something of a political agitator, and heir to an estate in Ireland. He has rather turned his back on the land of his birth since his last visit to France, and has immured himself in chambers in the Temple, London, where he spends night and day

over the preparation of those MSS. which, in book form have so successfully startled his world. Mr. George Moore undoubtedly leads the English realistic school, and although the disapproving voice of the public censor likens his realism unto the French school, no author was ever less French *au fond* than this brutally frank young Englishman. His style has indeed the delicate Gallic sparkle, and his cynicism he learned from Gautier, but he writes neither after Zola nor on Daudet, and although his famous, or infamous, novel, *A Mummer's Wife*, was translated into French and had an immense sale in a cheap edition, it sold rather because the English disapproved of it, than because the French thoroughly understood it. This was the first blow, and he followed it up with others equally heavy until the Londoners professed themselves utterly annihilated beneath the Confessions of a Young Man. The author of this much-talked-of book is said to resemble George Eliot—which precludes all ideas of beauty—and has a long, strong, somewhat serious face with keen eyes and straight brows drawn closely together. He is brilliant and artistic and cultured to his finger tips and his worst literary enemy acknowledges the force of the books which have been so generally condemned, and so largely sold.

Mr. David Christie Murray is one of London's original men. He has a singular fad for personal experiences, and will go through almost any hardships for the sake of "seeing how it feels." Perhaps he has outgrown some of this morbid curiosity, but a literary friend of his tells that when Mr. Murray wanted to write up the adventures of a tramp, he tried tramping through the country without a cent of money—begged his meals or worked for them, according to the character of his host, by the road, and having previously telegraphed money to some point, miles away, pursued this somewhat rocky path, until he reached the place. Then of course he collected the amount and refreshed himself. Mr. Murray began as a newspaper man, and made his first success with an article headed *Impecunious London*. This was the result of personal experience too, but written in the days when there was no money to be telegraphed ahead and the impecunious side of London was the only one presented to a slender young fellow, who had left a poorly-paid position in Birmingham to try starvation in a bigger place. To-day the author of *Val Strange* is one of the most admired and successful literary men in London.

Among the old favorites printed in this number of *Current Literature*, will be found that popular bit of verse *The Children*. It has been widely printed in English and American journals, over the signature of Charles Dickens. The author is Mr. Chas. M. Dickinson, for the past eleven years the editor and manager of the *Binghamton Republican*. *The Children* was written by him while teaching school at Haverstraw on the Hudson. It won instant popularity and has been copied into all the books of selections in all English-speaking countries. Business cares have pressed so sharply that up to the present, *The Children* and three or four few trifles represent the accomplishment in verse of the gifted writer. He has in preparation, however, a volume to be issued by the Cassells during the summer or early fall.

Thomas Chalmers Harbaugh, the poet, was born in the South and educated in a little country town of Ohio, where his parents went to live soon after his birth. Here he received the schooling characteristic of the country village, and no literary inspiration from his surroundings or companions, who were all plain farmer folk. Never-

theless he constantly scribbled verse, and wrote his first complete poem at the early age of eleven—although this was not an especially remarkable production. The War of the Rebellion produced a most vivid impression on his boyish imagination, particularly as he was born on the very spot where the battle of South Mountain was fought, and all his work seems instinct with the martial spirit. It is a singular fact that, although troubled when conversing with a serious impediment in speech, all trace of this difficulty disappears on the platform, and he delivers his own poems in a brilliant and impassioned manner. He is a small man with a slender, nervous, boyish figure, and his full resonant voice is usually something of a surprise to his audience. He has been the chosen orator for Decoration Day for many years, and usually delivers an original composition on that occasion. His soldier and battle songs together with other verse written during the past few years are to be issued very soon in book form and will make a much finer collection than *Maple Leaves* which he brought out about six years ago, for Mr. Harbaugh has worked, studied, written conscientiously in the interval and spends at least four hours every day at his desk, and constant improvement is noticeable in his poems. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, about forty years of age and unmarried.

Mr. Ion Perdicaris, who wrote *Mohammed Benani* and never claimed the much-disputed authorship of that famous book, is a Greek American, born in Trenton, N. J., and lives at Tangier, Morocco, in a picturesque palace, whose wonders unfold before the eyes like a page from the *Arabian Nights*. His wife is a beautiful woman, and idolized by the natives, who sing her praises as *The Queen of Tangier*. The interior of their superb palace is decorated in the style of the Alhambra, and none of the Moorish Kings knew more of luxury than they. Perdicaris is a favorite and confidential friend of the Sultan, and indeed His Majesty owes this much of gratitude to the man who has so disinterestedly fought his battles with the oppressive Consular system and who has even suffered imprisonment for the sake of his people.

Maude Annulet Andrews is a plucky Georgia woman, who has made her way into a prominent place in journalism. She was born in a small village and her education was desultory. The desire to write, however, burned strong in her from earliest girlhood, and when finally she sent her first verses to *Life* and *Puck*, and both papers accepted the MSS. she determined to start for New York and enter the largest field in America. She wrote the New York correspondence for the *Atlanta Constitution*, but the remuneration from these letters alone was not sufficient compensation, and failing to obtain regular work here, she was obliged to return to Georgia. She went to the office of the *Constitution* and asked bravely but modestly for a place on the staff. She was so quiet and courageous that she got what she asked for and she is now one of the best known of women journalists. The trial article which she submitted to Mr. Grady, the editor, was the MS. of the poem of the *Jester*, which was afterward accepted by the *Century*.

Mrs. Eliza Archard Connor, the journalist, known for many years in connection with the *New York World* and who now has as much as she can do to fill orders for literary information from syndicates all over the country, is an unusually pretty woman with a beautiful figure, and a spirited little head. Her beauty is that anomalous kind made up of a young pink-tinted face, and snow white hair. She is just now giving her attention to

oratory and at the last Sorosis banquet read a paper—or rather held one in her hand, and talked over it—on the subject of women orators. She is fitted to support her own theory by practical example, and some of her little impromptu after-lunch speeches which she has introduced by way of illustration at the homes of her friends have won her the title of “the feminine Chauncey Depew.”

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, whose sketch in the *New Princeton Review* was the one step necessary to lift her into literary prominence, has a fine head, a delicately sweet face, and the charm of manner which is the birth-right of the aristocratic Southern woman. Her first literary undertaking was planned and executed on a plantation among the hills of Arkansas, but her home is in New Orleans, where she was born and educated. She is personally very fascinating and cannot count the friends who watch her success with the utmost pride. She is a close student, and although her work is characterized by a certain refreshing spontaneity and naturalness of style, it is the simplicity of art and represents faithful laborious effort and application to the best literary methods. She has never done any newspaper work, and with the exception of her pretty stories for children, *Uncle Mingo's Speculations*, written about a year and a half ago, was her first attempt at fiction.

Mr. Alfred Austin, the English poet, whose latest work, *Prince Lucifer*, has been dedicated, by special permission, to Queen Victoria, was intended for the bar, and received his education at Stonyhurst, and the London University. He was called to the bar, but has never practised law. He developed a taste for literature, decided to make it his profession, and is now editor of *The National Review*. His first success was on the appearance of *The Season*, which immediately became the talk of London. A few years later he identified himself with the *Standard*, and is still a regular contributor to that paper. He works at his house in Ashford, but in his study are wires connecting directly with the *Standard* office. Although rather a small man, Mr. Austin is quite an athlete, and one of a crack tennis team. He is a familiar figure too in the Row, splendidly mounted and well dressed—as he is at all times, and in all places. His eyes are remarkable—dark, brilliant, restless, keen—the eyes of the journalist and the man of the world rather than of the poet—although no one who has read even the little sonnet, *A Country Landscape*, can doubt Mr. Austin's claim to the latter distinction.

Mrs. Frances Laughton Mace lives at San José under the smiling skies of California. Here she found her inspiration for the little volume of verse, *Under Pine and Palm*, and is not forced to stray far from the garden about her own lovely home to find herself beneath the shade of either. Her best known poem is perhaps *Israfil*, which appearing, beautifully illustrated, in *Harper's Magazine* sufficed to make her famous; but many years before, when a girl of eighteen, living in Bangor, Maine, she wrote her celebrated hymn, *Only Waiting*, and sent it out into the world modestly signed Inez. It was copied through the length and breath of the land, and many literary people condescended to squabble for the honor of its authorship. Twenty-five years later Mrs. Mace claimed it as her own, and established her claim to the satisfaction of the public and the dire confusion of pretenders. Five years ago she published her *Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets*, and beside these many charming verses appear over her signature in the leading magazines. She is a handsome, stately woman, with a truly artistic

temperament, the wife of a talented lawyer, and the mother of eight children, four of whom are living.

Wallace Putnam Reed, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, enjoys the reputation of being one of the most brilliant and versatile short-story and sketch writers in the country. He is a development of the *Constitution*. He is about thirty-nine years of age, sandy haired, blue eyes, a six-footer, and married. His literary industry and accomplishment are marvellous. Besides his short-story and book-making work, he is an editorial writer on the *Constitution*. His last published work is, *The History of Atlanta*. This book is said to be a model of what a town history should be. The inside history of the siege of Atlanta is told for the first time, the author being both spectator and participant. Atlanta is proud of the book, and a Southern reviewer says of Mr. Reed and his work, “few towns, and fewer events in this country, are fortunate enough to claim so delightful a chronicler.”

Eugene Lee-Hamilton, the poet, is one of the most pathetic figures in literary history. He is the victim of a painful cerebro-spinal trouble, which has held him in its cruel grasp for years, and from which there is not even momentary escape. Owing to the peculiar form of his disease he is unable to read, and cannot suffer others to read to him, and is therefore denied the immense consolation offered by books to the chronic invalid. He was educated at Oxford for the Diplomatic service, and while officiating at Lisbon, as Secretary of the British Legation, and when less than thirty years of age, this trouble came upon him. All he can do to while away tedious hours of pain, is to think, and one day, he found himself thinking in verse. This soon became a habit, and then he dictated his thoughts for publication, at first with little success. *The New Medusa*, which appeared early in the eighties, attracted considerable attention; it was followed by other poems of merit, and his last book, called *Imaginary Sonnets*, sealed his success. Mr. Hamilton is a half-brother to Vernon Lee, who is now residing with him in Florence.

Danske Dandridge is really herself, and not somebody who is hiding behind this picturesque and unusual name. She is the daughter of the deceased Henry Bedinger, U. S. Consul to Copenhagen, who gave this curious little name—signifying the Dane—to the daughter born on Danish ground, and the wife of Mr. Stephen Dandridge of Virginia. Mrs. Dandridge is a frail, delicate little woman of nervous sensibilities, and almost morbid sensitiveness of disposition. She inherited a dreamy nature and her talent for writing verse from her father, but although she wrote poetry from her school days at Flushing, L. I., her first effort for publication was in 1885. Her poems have since appeared in Lippincott's and other magazines, and last year a wee little book with the freshness of spring in its pages and the inviting title, *Joy and other Poems*, was signed Danske Dandridge.

Alfred Tennyson received ten shillings for his first poem. The remuneration was given him by his grandfather as the reward of industry, but apparently not of genius, since the old gentleman took the slate on which Tennyson had written his blank verse, wiped it clean and handed his youthful relative the coins with the remark—“There is the first money you have ever earned, and I suppose it will be the last!” The *Port Laureate's* next venture was a volume of verse, written with his brother, published under the title of *Poems By Two Brothers*.

RANDOM READING—CURRENT THOUGHT AND OPINION

A New Heaven and a New Earth—Atlantic Monthly

I have made the discovery of new heavens and a new earth. Who has not felt the need of them? Who has not said to himself, "I have seen this whole thing over and over again. This world, which is 'round like an orange,' has, like an orange, now been effectually squeezed. Give me new worlds, not to conquer, but to live in." When the impulse to turn over a new leaf, to break with the past, to begin life all over again, is strong upon us, we look around in vain for "fresh woods and pastures new" in which to begin it. How put a new soul of existence into an old body of circumstances. But we are no longer driven to this dilemma. I do not mind making public, at least to all those choice spirits who read a Certain Magazine, the chart of my newly discovered world. It is the world of the dawn. "Oh, that!" cries my young friend scornfully, and is about to turn away. But let me ask you, in confidence, When have you seen the dawn, the whole of it, from silvery beginning to golden end? It was not long ago that an ingenuous maid asked me, looking up from her favorite poet, "Is the sunrise so much, anyway?" No, I might have said; not if you burst in on it rudely, jumping out of bed, or sleepily fumbling aside a curtain. You only get, in that case, the flash of an angry glare. But go quietly at very day break, steal to some rock, or hill, or only to some housetop, and lie in wait for its delicate first footsteps in the eastern sky. You must stalk your sunrise. How often do we hear somebody say, "I had to get up early this morning, and I wondered why we don't always do it!" But the chances are it was a very inadequate experience. There was some invalid to be tended, or some owl-train to be caught. Taken deliberately, and provided for beforehand by a full night's sleep, the wonder why we do not always do it would be vastly increased. Why we do not, however, is plain enough. It is because we cannot afford to burn our candle at both ends. "Early to bed and early to rise," the whole prescription reads. It does not do to take half of it alone. If we are to see the morning star properly the evening star must draw on our nightcap with its own. The dawn, then, is protected from the throng of sacrilegious sight-seers by a great barrier. That barrier is the difficulty of going to bed. Our civilization has become a gaslight civilization. We try to turn night into day, and only succeed in turning night wrong side out; getting the harsh and wiry side that rasps the jaded nerves, in place of the gentle touches of "the welcome, the thrice-prayed-for" mantle of peaceful dreams. Mere ragged and formless shreds of existence those gaslight hours have been, containing, on the whole, far more evil than good; far more yawns and the dreadful pangs of yawns suppressed than refreshing eye-beams and voices. Then there is another thing: could not the act of going to bed be made, from childhood up, a less depressing operation? The only daily torture of my own otherwise kindly handled childhood was the going to bed in the dark. I hated the dark, and have always hated it. Why could not some softly shaded light have been left for me to go to sleep by and then withdrawn, instead of crashing down on my wide-awake eyes that horrible club of blackness? Or, how much better to have "cuddled doon" in the still faintly glimmering twilight, and let the slowly coming starlight draw the child to sleepiness, and softly "kiss his

eyelids down"! The time of going to bed ought in some way to be made the pleasantest, and most decorous, and most dignified, even—if you like—the most picturesque, and certainly the most comfortable hour of the whole twenty four. Then it would need no polite euphemism of "retiring" to veil its horrors. Then the child would no longer hold back from it, as if he were being thrust into a hideous cave of darkness, to be seized by all the nightmares of Dreamdom. And then, best of all, we should be ready to rise at the whistle of the first chirping bird, perfectly rested, thoroughly refreshed, with the brain vocal only with light echoes of the wholesome day before, instead of still jangling with the cultured rumpus of a "social evening," or an "evening of amusement," or the uncanny, fevered visions which are only such evenings gone to seed. We should see the heavens at their purest, on earth peace, the big white stars at their best, unconfused by the haze of smaller stars and star-dust, and shining alone in the faintly illumined sky. We should know how our earth and its robe of ambient air appear to other planets—a morning star to the morning stars. For the whole east, as it pales the planets in its growing light, is itself of pure and starry brightness.

What have we Gained?—Bishop Potter's Centennial Sermon

One hundred years ago there knelt within these walls a man to whom, above all others in its history, this nation is indebted. An Englishman by race and lineage, he incarnated in his own person and character every best trait and attribute that have made the Anglo-Saxon name a glory to its children and a terror to its enemies throughout the world. But he was not so much an Englishman that, when the time came for him to be so, he was not even more an American; and in all that he was and did, a patriot so exalted, and a leader great and wise, that what men called him when he came here to be inaugurated as the first President of the United States the civilized world has not since then ceased to call him—the Father of His Country. We are here this morning to thank God for so great a gift to this people, to commemorate the incidents of which this day is the one hundredth anniversary, and to recognize the responsibilities which a century so eventful has laid upon us. And we are here of all other places, first of all, with pre-eminent appropriateness. I know not how it may be with those to whom all sacred things and places are matters of equal indifference, but surely to those of us with whom it is otherwise it cannot be without profound and pathetic import that when the first President of the republic had taken upon him, by virtue of his solemn oath, pronounced in the sight of the people, the heavy burden of its Chief Magistracy, he turned straightway to these walls, and kneeling in yonder pew, asked God for strength to keep his promise to the nation and his oath to Him. This was no unwonted home to him, nor to a large proportion of those eminent men who, with him, were associated in framing the Constitution of these United States. Children of the same spiritual mother and nurtured in the same spiritual faith and order, they were wont to carry with them into their public deliberation something of the same reverent and conservative spirit which they had learned within these walls, and of which the youthful and ill-regulated fervors of the newborn republic often betrayed its need. And he, their leader and chief, while singularly without cant or for-

malism, or pretence in his religious habits, was penetrated, as we know well, by a profound sense of the dependence of the republic upon a Guidance other than that of man and of his own need of a strength and courage and wisdom greater than he had in himself. And so, with inexpressible tenderness and reverence, we find ourselves thinking of him here, kneeling to ask such gifts, and then rising to go forth to his great tasks with mien so august and majestic that Fisher Ames, who sat beside him in this chapel, wrote: "I was present in the pew with the President, and must assure you that, after making all deductions for the delusions of our fancy in regard to characters, I still think of him with more veneration than for any other person." So we think of him, I say; and indeed it is impossible to think otherwise. The modern student of history has endeavored to tell us how it was that the service in this chapel which we are striving to reproduce came about. The record is not without obscurity, but of one thing we may be sure—that, to him who, of that goodly company who a hundred years ago gathered within these walls, was chief, it was no empty form, no decorous affectation. Events had been too momentous, the hand of a heavenly Providence had been too plain for him, and the men who were grouped about him then, to misread the one or mistake the other. The easy levity with which their children's children debate the facts of God, and Duty, and Eternal Destiny were as impossible to them as Faith and Reverence seem to be, or to be in danger of becoming, to many of us. And so we may be very sure that, when they gathered here, the air was hushed, and hearts as well as heads were bent in honest supplication. For, after all, their great experiment was then, in truth, but just beginning. The memorable days and deeds which had preceded it—the struggle for independence, the delicate and, in many respects, more difficult struggle for union, the harmonizing of the various and often apparently conflicting interests of rival and remote States and sections, the formulating and adopting of the National Constitution, all these were after all but introductory and preparatory to the great experiment itself. It has been suggested that we may wisely see in the event which we celebrate to-day an illustration of those great principles upon which all governments rest, of the continuity of the Chief Magistracy, of the corporate life of the nation as embodied in its Executive, of the transmission, by due succession, of authority, and the like; of all of which, doubtless, in the history of the last hundred years we have an interesting and, on the whole, inspiring example. But it is a somewhat significant fact that it is not along lines such as these that that enthusiasm which has flamed out during these recent days and weeks, as this anniversary has approached, has seemed to move. The one thing that has, I imagine, amazed a good many cynical and pessimistic people among us is the way in which the ardor of a great people's love and homage and gratitude have kindled, not before the image of a mechanism, but of a man. It has been felt with an unerring intuition which has once and again and again in human history been the attribute of the people as distinguished from the doctrinaires, the theorists, the system-makers, and that which makes it worth while to commemorate the inauguration of George Washington is not merely that it is the consummation of the nation's struggle toward organic life, not merely that by the initiation of its chief executive it set in operation that Constitution which Mr. Gladstone has declared is the most perfect instrument which the wit of man has devised; but that it celebrates the

beginning of an administration which, by its lofty and stainless integrity, by its absolute superiority to selfish or secondary motives, by the rectitude of its daily conduct in the face of whatsoever threats, blandishments, or combinations, rather than by the ostentatious phariseism of its professions, has taught this nation and the world forever what the Christian ruler of a Christian people ought to be. I yield to no man in my veneration for the men who framed the compact under which these States are bound together. No one can easily exaggerate their services or the value of that which they wrought out. But after all, we may not forget to-day that the thing which they made was a dead and not a living thing. It had no power to interpret itself, to apply itself, to execute itself. Splendid as it was in its complex and forecasting mechanism, instinct as it was, in one sense, with a noble wisdom, with a large-visioned statesmanship, with a matchless adaptability to untried emergencies, it was, nevertheless, no different in another aspect from one of those of splendid specimens of naval architecture which throng our wharves to-day, and which, with every best contrivance of human art and skill, with capacities of progress which newly amaze us every day, are but as impotent, dead matter, save as the brain and hand of man shall summon and command them. The ship of State, we say. Yes; but it is the cool and competent mastery at the helm of that, as of every other ship, which shall, under God, determine the glory or the ignominy of the voyage. Never was there a truth which more surely needed to be spoken. A generation which vaunts its descent from the founders of the republic seems largely to be in danger of forgetting their pre-eminent distinction. They were few in numbers, they were poor in worldly possessions—the sum of the fortune of the richest among them would afford a fine theme for the scorn of the plutocrat of to-day; but they had an invincible confidence in the truth of those principles in which the foundations of the republic had been laid, and they had an unselfish purpose to maintain them. The conception of the National Government as a huge machine, existing mainly for the purpose of rewarding partisan service—this was a conception so alien to the character and conduct of Washington and his associates that it seems grotesque even to speak of it. It would be interesting to imagine the first President of the United States confronted with some one who had ventured to approach him upon the basis of what are now commonly known as practical politics. But the conception is impossible. The loathing, the outraged majesty with which he would have bidden such a creature to be gone is foreshadowed by the gentle dignity with which, just before his inauguration, replying to one who had the strongest claims upon his friendship, and who had applied to him during the progress of the Presidential campaign, as we should say, for the promise of an appointment to office, he wrote: "In touching upon the more delicate part of your letter, the communication of which fills me with real concern, I will deal with you with all that frankness which is due to friendship, and which I wish should be a characteristic feature of my conduct through life. . . . Should it be my fate to administer the Government I will go to the Chair under no pre-engagement of any kind or nature whatever. And when in it, I will, to the best of my judgment, discharge the duties of the office with that impartiality and zeal for the public good which ought never to suffer connections of blood or friendship to have the least sway on decisions of a public nature." On this high level moved the first President of the Re-

public. To it must we who are the heirs of her sacred interests be not unwilling to ascend, if we are to guard our glorious heritage. And this all the more because the perils which confront us are so much graver and more portentous than those which then impended. There is (if we are not afraid of the wholesome medicine that there is in consenting to see it) an element of infinite sadness in the effort which we are making to-day. Ransacking the annals of our fathers as we have been doing for the last few months, a busy and well-meaning assiduity would fain reproduce the scene, the scenery, the situation, of an hundred years ago! Vain and impotent endeavor! It is as though out of the lineaments of living men we would fain produce another Washington. We may disinter the vanished draperies, we may revive the stately minuet, we may rehabilitate the old scenes, but the march of a century cannot be halted or reversed, and the enormous change in the situation can neither be disguised nor ignored. Then we were, though not all of us sprung from one nationality, practically one people. Now, that steadily deteriorating process against whose dangers a great thinker of our own generation warned his countrymen just fifty years ago goes on, on every hand, apace. The constant importation, wrote the author of *The Weal of Nations*, as now, in this country, of the lowest orders of people from abroad to dilute the quality of our natural manhood, is a sad and beggarly prostitution of the noblest gift ever conferred on a people. Who shall respect a people who do not respect their own blood? And how shall a national spirit or any determinate and proportionate character arise out of so many low-bred associations and coarse-grained temperaments, imported from every clime? It was (indeed) in keeping, that Pan, who was the son of everybody, was the ugliest of the gods. And again: another enormous difference between this day and that of which it is the anniversary, is seen in the enormous difference in the nature and influence of the forces that determine our national and political destiny. Then, ideas ruled the hour. To-day, there are indeed ideas that rule our hours, but they must be merchantable ideas. The growth of wealth, the prevalence of luxury, the massing of large material forces, which by their very existence are a standing menace to the freedom and integrity of the individual, the infinite swagger of our American speech and manners, mistaking bigness for greatness, and sadly confounding gain and godliness—all this is a contrast to the austere simplicity, the unpurchasable integrity of the first days and first men of our republic, which makes it impossible to reproduce to-day either the temper or the conduct of our fathers. As we turn the pages backward, and come upon the story of that 30th of April, in the year of our Lord 1789, there is a certain stateliness in the air, a certain ceremoniousness in the manners, which we have banished long ago. We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was, in truth, only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity. And what have we gotten in exchange for it? In the elder States and dynasties they had the trappings of royalty and the pomp and splendor of the King's person to fill men's hearts with loyalty. Well, we have dispensed with the old titular dignities. Let us take care that we do not part with that tremendous force for which they stood! If there be not titular royalty, all the more need is there for personal royalty. If there is to be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent—a character in them that bear rule,

so fine and high and pure, that as men come within the circle of its influence, they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the Royalty of Virtue. And it was men and brethren which, as we turn to-day and look at him who, as on this morning just one hundred years ago became the servant of the Republic in becoming the Chief Ruler of its people, we must needs own, conferred upon him his divine right to rule. All the more, therefore, because the circumstances of his era were so little like our own, we need to recall his image and, if we may, not only to commemorate, but to reproduce his virtues. The traits which in him shone pre-eminent, as our own Irving has described them; firmness, sagacity, an immovable justice, courage that never faltered, and most of all truth that disdained all artifices, these are characteristics in her leaders of which the nation was never in more dire need than now. And so we come and kneel at this ancient and hallowed shrine where once he knelt, and ask that God would graciously vouchsafe them. Here in this holy house we find the witness of that one invisible force which, because it alone can rule the conscience, is destined, one day, to rule the world. Out from airs dense and foul with the coarse passions and coarser rivalries of self-seeking men, we turn aside as from the crowd and glare of some vulgar highway swarming with pushing and ill-bred throngs, and tawdry and clamorous with bedizened booths and noisy speech, in some cool and shaded wood where, straight to heaven, some majestic oak lifts its tall form, its roots imbedded deep among the unchanging rocks, its upper branches sweeping the upper airs, and holding high commune with the stars; and, as we think of him for whom we here thank God, we say: Such an one in native majesty he was, a ruler, wise and strong and fearless, in the sight of God and men, because by the ennobling grace of God he had learned, first of all, to conquer every mean and selfish and self-seeking aim, and so to rule himself! For

—What are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be
Must rule the empire of himself—in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
Of vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

Such was the hero, leader, ruler, patriot, whom we gratefully remember on this day. We may not reproduce his age, his young environment, nor him. But none the less may rejoice that once he lived and led this people, led them and ruled them prudently like him, that Kingly Ruler and Shepherd of whom the Psalmist sang, with all his power. God give us the grace to prize his grand example, and, as we may in our more modest measure, to reproduce his many virtues.

Thought Without Words?—Max Müller—XIX. Century

It may seem strange that on so simple and fundamental a question of philosophy as the true nature of language and thought there should be any difference of opinion at all. Even those who are not philosophers by profession think and speak, speak and think; and how is it possible that some should deny that they ever think without words, while others assert that they always or almost always think without words? There can be no new evidence forthcoming on such a subject. We know all that can possibly be known, and who could be a better judge than the speaker and the thinker himself? Can we not all of us perform the only possible experiment by which the truth of such statement can be tested, and perform it whenever we like, without the aid of any apparatus or chemical laboratory? Can we not simply

ask ourselves or our friends to try to speak without thinking, or to think without speaking? And what other crucial test can possibly be required? Now, if we ask our friends to try to speak without thinking, some of them will no doubt achieve it with great success. They will chatter, prattle, jabber, babble, and gabble, but unless they at the same time understand by their chatter something which we also can understand—that is, unless they think—no one would say that they are speaking, in the true sense of that word. No language can be said to be spoken unless every word of it is meant to be understood, otherwise we might say that a parrot speaks, or that even a phonograph speaks. But if we ask our friends to try to think without speaking, what will they say? I know that some will say they can do it with the greatest ease; but we have only to ask them whether they really know what exactly they are thinking about, and the illusion will vanish at once. As soon as they become conscious of their thoughts, or even of their images or dreams, as soon as they can tell themselves what they are thinking about, the forgotten or muffled words are there at once, and thought, as soon as it becomes conscious, becomes worded. Mr. Galton has shown that it is an obsolete error to believe that the minds of every one else are like one's own, and he tells us that he at all events has no difficulty whatever in thinking without words. If Mr. Galton tells me that he can think without words, I am not so rude as to contradict him in a matter of his own self-consciousness. But with regard to what he calls the obsolete error of believing that the minds of every one else are like one's own, I must confess that I cling to it so tenaciously that if I thought I could ever give it up, I should long ago have thrown up the whole study of psychology as a snare and delusion. For we are not speaking here of mere idiosyncrasies or oddities or freaks of nature, but of the fundamental framework of our mind; and to maintain that one mind is built up with words and another with thoughts seems to be much the same as to assert that some vertebrate animals have vertebrae, but that other vertebrates can dispense with them as superfluous. Taking image in the sense of precept, I for my own part am perfectly convinced that no image is possible without a name. Prof. Helmholtz (no mean authority on such matters) has arrived at the same conclusion. But again, I do not wish to contradict my friends when they tell me that they are capable of anonymous imagination, so long as by anonymous they do not mean unnamed or unnameable imaginations, but simply imaginations which for the time being seem to them without a name. If I hold that an image, in order to be an image of something, must have a name, it is simply because every something is something to us only after it has been named or signed by some nota or other. There are languages which have not even formed a name for face, and people speaking and thinking such languages would find it extremely difficult to imagine a face as distinct from the whole head. Speaking of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, the Duke of Argyll says that he was the most splendid specimen of the genus homo, and that the association of augustness might well be united with his image. But, he continued, in none of these cases do the associated concepts require any remembrance of the name of the man. It is not round a word—which may be, and often is, forgotten—but round an image that the glory shines. Here, again, who would deny that we might well forget the name of Nicholas and yet have an image of the emperor of Russia? We might even for-

get the name of Russia, and the name of emperor. But how could we recall and fix his image except by some kind of name, even if it were no more definite than that of a specimen of the genus homo? Suppose I were to say that shorthand was impossible without hieroglyphics, or that shorthand and hieroglyphics were inseparable, should I be right or wrong? I should be perfectly right, for there is an unbroken chain between our phonetic alphabet and the Egyptian hieroglyphic; and without our phonetic alphabet, shorthand would be impossible. Our F is the hieroglyphic cerastes, our K the hieroglyphic sieve, our L the hieroglyphic lion, and so on. We may even go a step farther and say that without an original stratum of hieroglyphics or ideographs, followed by strata of determinative and syllabic signs, no phonetic alphabet whatever, not even visible speech, would ever have arisen. There is, no doubt, one very well-known exception. A negro who had watched missionaries writing and reading invented a syllabic alphabet of his own, an alphabet, therefore, which had apparently no ideographic antecedents. But whence did he get the idea of writing, of picturing sounds and of sounding pictures? Only from those who handed down the tradition from the earliest pyramids to the latest mission stations in Africa. Is it not the same in language? After we have once named and framed a concept, we can forget its sound quite as much as we forget the cerastes in our F, or in the shorthand f; but without some kind of cerastes there would never have been a shorthand f; and without a name for dog as different from all other quadrupeds, a distinctive specific name that conveys an impression, there would never have been a canine concept in our silent mind, to say nothing of the concept of compassion which those who can read may discover even in the features of a colley dog watching his dying master. The closer we look, the closer seems this relation of thought and words.

The Wonders of the Sun—Editorial—N. Y. Sun

Some highly interesting facts can be extracted from the statistics of solar phenomena in 1888, which are now making their appearance in various scientific periodicals. If any one who has an astronomer among his friends had been invited to look at the sun with a telescope in 1882, 1883, or 1884, and should look at it with the same instrument again to-day, he would be surprised at the change in its aspect. Then hardly a day passed on which the face of the sun might not be seen splashed with spots, which not infrequently attained enormous dimensions, being many thousands of miles across and surrounded by vast areas of disturbance, over which the solar surface was broken and heaped up into those shifting mountains of fire that are called faculae. Now we would look in vain for any such display. Except at rare intervals the great orb of day looks as smooth as a mirror. Faculae are visible under favorable circumstances, but by no means as extensive as those of half a dozen years ago, and the observer may watch for a week without perceiving a dark spot anywhere. Such spots as make their appearance are invariably inconspicuous, and exhibit no evidence of extensive and violent disturbance. The change simply means that a few years ago one of the regular maximum periods of sun spots, which occur at average intervals of eleven years, was attained, and that now the succeeding minimum has arrived. There is something overwhelmingly impressive in the display of physical forces on a scale of such magnitude as these variations in the condition of the sun suggest. The destruction of our globe, which is the most stupendous event that the mind is wont to conceive, would be a

phenomenon of no great moment in comparison with the tremendous mutations going on in the sun. Yet ordinarily we become aware of these solar activities only by watching their effects with the telescope. And what we see are simply surface phenomena. The imagination alone can penetrate into the terrible centre of the solar globe and behold the struggle of imprisoned elements, whose atoms, whelmed and ground together at the very axle of the solar system, are yet forced asunder by the mad vibrations of a degree of heat that would dissipate the solid earth in a whiff of vapor. There are all the substances of which the earth is made, sufficient in quantity to form hundreds of thousands of such globes as ours, jumbled in a wonderful mass, that is at once gaseous through the fury of heat, and viscid through the giant grip of gravitation, which there, at its very seat and centre, contends for the mastery with molecular forces that, roused to fiercer energy by its oppression, baffle and confound its utmost efforts. How should we recognize that noble metal iron in the sun reduced from all its pride of strength to vapor, and perhaps with its very molecules rent asunder. Yet confusing as is the picture which one gets of the war of forces and the chaos of matter in the sun, recent observations have made it clear that there is a certain fundamental organization there, running into details that are highly suggestive, though difficult of interpretation. In the first place, the periodicity of the sun-spot phenomena is, in itself, an evidence that the solar globe possesses a systematic structure, going much further than the simple surface division into photosphere and chromosphere. The mere fact of its rotation must, of course, produce some shaping effect upon it, but the sun spots exhibit appearances not accounted for by any resultant of rotational motion. For instance, whenever a minimum sun-spot period has passed, and the spots are beginning to appear again, they start in comparatively high latitudes, and then, as the maximum approaches, the belts on either side of the equator in which the spots make their appearance, seem to draw slowly together, approaching from north and south, while the spots as they break out assume greater dimensions and exhibit more violent activity. At last, the maximum being passed, they begin to diminish both in number and in size, but the spot belts still approach the equator, and the few small spots that are seen during a minimum usually lie within a few degrees of that line. If, as sometimes occurs during a minimum, a sudden outbreak of spots takes place, the region of disturbance appears to be immediately thrown back from the equator several degrees. These phenomena were observed during 1888, and will probably be seen frequently this year; but the recent appearance of one or more spots in high latitudes conveys a hint that the minimum may soon pass, and the oncoming of a new maximum become evident. Still more suggestive of some curious structural peculiarity in the sun is the tendency, which has been clearly shown in recent years, for spots to prefer not only one solar hemisphere, but in some cases particular longitudes. In November, 1882, a tremendous outbreak occurred in the southern hemisphere of the sun. A spot, that could easily be seen without any optical aid except a smoked glass, broke out, opening an enormous ragged hole in the photosphere, and presenting a spectacle that, with its rapid changes, was at once the delight and the despair of those who watched it with telescopes, and tried to draw a picture of it in their note books. Simultaneously with its greatest displays of energy, violent magnetic disturbances affected telegraphic wires and magnetic

needles in various parts of the earth, and splendid auroral streamers and curtains illuminated the heavens at night. After the conclusion of this great solar outburst, the sun spots began to manifest a tendency to appear in larger numbers in the southern than in the northern hemisphere of the sun. This tendency became more marked with the lapse of time, and it has survived the passing of the maximum and was still clearly manifest during last year's observations. It should be added that previous to the appearance of the great November spot in 1882, the spots had been about equally distributed in both hemispheres, and a year or two earlier the northern spots had been more numerous than the southern ones. That this was no mere accident is shown by the recent investigations of Prof. Spörer, who has found that twice before, since sun spots have been studied with telescopes, there have been periods of activity in the southern hemisphere of the sun coincident with quiescence in the northern hemisphere. One period was from 1621 to 1625, and the other from 1672 to 1704. Throughout these two periods, it would appear that the phenomenal fact was rather the non-appearance of northern spots than the prevalence of southern ones, for in one case it is said that during forty years no spot was seen in the sun's northern hemisphere. The other phenomenon that we have mentioned, that of recurrent outbreaks in certain longitudes, might be interpreted as showing that there are regions upon the sun peculiarly liable to such disturbances. If sun spots could be regarded as resembling volcanic phenomena, these regions would appear to correspond to those parts of the earth like the East Indies and the Hawaiian Islands, where volcanoes are most numerous and mightiest. But with our present information concerning the constitution of the solar globe it would be difficult to admit the possibility of such an explanation. The only effect that these stupendous solar phenomena are known to have upon the earth is, as we have already indicated, of a magnetic or electric character. The theories of their influence upon the weather may have a basis of truth, but have not been demonstrated. Before they can be thoroughly tested, it will be necessary to obtain records of observations made simultaneously in many parts of the globe upon some concerted plan, and capable of careful and accurate comparison. That there is some powerful influence affecting the atmosphere, the law of whose action remains to be discovered, is quite clear from the unsatisfactory condition of the science of meteorology; and it is possible that a more systematic study than has yet been undertaken of the terrestrial effect of changes in the sun may throw light upon some of the mysteries of the seasons. In the mean time every intelligent mind must observe with awe the evidence which the gigantic convulsions that shake the solar body present to our senses of the struggle that is going on there between those forces that make the sun an orb of light and life for the earth, and others that are tending to its extinguishment. Unless modern science has gone very far astray, what we behold in the sun is a reproduction, on an almost infinitely grander scale, of that which is merely hinted at in the Biblical history of the earth's creation, when out of matter that was without form and void, the foundations of the globe we tread were established. The face of the sun, too, will, in the fulness of time, be covered with darkness, and then, while the ancient dwelling place of the race of Adam fades into lifeless gloom, watchful eyes in some of the distant places of creation may note that a star is missing from the sky.

IN A MINOR KEY—SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

An Old Man's Dream—All the Year Round

Ah, child! I watch you with the firelight's gleam
 Lighting the beauties of your golden hair,
 Nestling within the glories of your eyes,
 And kissing tenderly your cheek so fair,
 Your bright young life is stretching on before,
 Whilst all my youth is in the far away;
 I dream but of the time to come no more,
 Whilst you have hardly ventur'd into day!

And yet I love you with a love as pure
 As ever found its birth in human breast,
 I love you with a love that will endure,
 And hold you ever as its first and best,
 How I have watch'd, as one would do a flow'r,
 Your many charms, my darling, soft unfold,
 Longing to shelter you through storm and show'r—
 But you are young, my dear, and I am old!

It would not do to place your slender hand
 Within mine own, save for a little space;
 It would not do for you and me to stand
 Before the altar in God's sacred place.
 Another one will come and woe, and win—
 A lover, with a youth as bright as thine—
 And I will keep my envious thoughts within,
 And pray that you may taste Love's joy divine.

May and December are not made to wed,
 Spring's sun and Winter's snow can never meet.
 God bless thee!—there is no more to be said—
 And keep thee fair and pure for him, my sweet!
 Dream in the firelight, I am watching near,
 Weave all your tender fancies o'er again;
 May all life's happiness be yours, my dear,
 Only for me the solitude and pain!

The Old Home—Arthur L. Salmon—Chambers's

In the quiet shadows of twilight
 I stand by the garden door,
 And gaze on the old, old homestead,
 So cherished and loved of yore.
 But the ivy now is twining
 Untrained o'er window and wall;
 And no more the voice of the children
 Is echoing through the hall.

Through years of pain and sorrow,
 Since first I had to part,
 The thought of the dear old homestead
 Has lingered around my heart:
 The porch embowered with roses,
 The gables' drooping eaves,
 And the song of the birds at twilight
 Amid the orchard leaves.

And the forms of those who loved me
 In the happy childhood years
 Appear at the dusky windows,
 Through vision dimmed with tears.
 I hear their voices calling
 From the shadowy far away,
 And I stretch my arms toward them
 In the gloom of the twilight gray.

But only the night winds answer,
 As I cry through the dismal air;
 And only the bat comes swooping
 From the darkness of its lair
 Yet still the voice of my childhood
 Is calling from far away,
 And the faces of those who loved me
 Smile through the shadows gray

An Old Sweetheart of Mine—James Whitcomb Riley—Boston Pilot

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
 And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known;
 So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
 I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise
 As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes.
 And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
 Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish in the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start
 Into being are like perfume from the blossoms of the heart;
 And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine,
 When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
 The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
 I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
 When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
 To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm;
 For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow vine
 That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace
 Floats out of my tobacco as the genius from the vase;
 And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
 As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sun-bonnet and the little checkered dress
 She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the caress
 With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
 Grew 'round the stump, she loved me," that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand
 As we used to talk together of the future we had planned.
 When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
 But to write the tender verses that she set the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They should not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But, ah, my dream is broken by a step upon the stair.
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

Bluebeard to Fatima—D. H. Morehead—Boston Transcript

Fatima, I give to thee
To my castle every key—
Every key, that thou mayst view
All its chambers through and through;
Thou mayst search them well, and look
Into every hidden nook;—
But one room thou mayst not see—
That is closed to even thee—
And I charge thee nevermore
Open thou that sealed door.

Fatima, my darling bride,
All my heart I open wide;
Thou mayst enter in and view
All its chambers through and through—
All save one, and that must be
Closed for all eternity.

Leave it closed! 'T is better so,
That my bride should never know—
Never know or realize
What behind it hidden lies.
And I charge thee nevermore
Open thou that sealed door.

The Family Burying Ground—Madison Cawein

A wall of crumbling stones doth keep
Watch o'er long barrows where they sleep,
Old chronicled grave-stones of its dead,
On which oblivious mosses creep,
And lichens gray as lead.

Warm days the lost cows as they pass
Rest here and browse the juicy grass
That springs about its sun scorched stones;
Afar one hears their bells' deep brass
Waft melancholy tones.

Here the wild morning-glory goes
A-rambling as the myrtle grows,
Wild morning-glories, pale as pain,
With holy urns that hint at woes,
The night hath filled with rain.

Here are blackberries largest seen,
Rich, winy dark, whereon the lean
Black hornet sucks, noons sick with heat,
That bend not to the shadowed green
The heavy bearded wheat.

At dark, for its forgotten dead,
A requiem of no known wind said.
Through ghostly cedars moans and throbs
While to thin starlight overhead
The shivering screech owl sobs.

My Mother's Retouched Photograph—E. Scott—Home Journ.

O wretched blunderer! with thy so-called art
Thou'st smoothed from the loved face its dearer part
Time's subtle brush had laid thereon with care
Those fine-drawn lines thou to erase dost dare.
Know'st not that every stroke and every seam
Are but the tidemarks left by life's swift stream?
Around this mouth what gentle smiles have played,
What precious words across these lips have strayed;

Here, on this brow, the lines have deeper grown
That come from thoughts of others' good alone;
See, here devotion to the loved one's need,
Here calm self-sacrifice, here Christlike deed,
Here cheerful sprightliness, have left their trace;
Here racking pain borne with a silent grace.
Not from that face one wrinkle would I spare,
Nor from those snowy locks one silvered hair.

Making Up a Lovers' Quarrel—Toronto Globe

Was it all a mistake? Ah, fold your arms closer,
And press my head nearer your breast:
For my brain has grown weary with thinking and weeping,
And my sad heart is longing for rest.
Was it all a mistake when within your dear hand
You clasped mine with quickening breath,
And vowed before God that, forsaking all others,
You would love me and keep me till death?

Was it all a mistake? Is there any one dearer,
For whom your man's heart cries aloud?
Is there any sweet hope lying dead in your bosom,
That your marriage vow hides like a shroud?
Was it all a mistake when I thought I could cheer you,
And brighten your pathway through life?
Do you dream of a face that is fairer than my face?
Of a name that is dearer than wife?

Was it all a mistake? Are you longing for freedom?
Ah, I pray that release may be near,
That Death's arms may take me and bear me to heaven,
To await—what was that? Not a tear!
Ah, my own, you are weeping! You're sorry you said it;
'Twas anger that made those words fall.
Then take me yourself, dear, and don't let death have me,
For I don't want to die after all.

Buried, not Dead—Travelers' Record

We said good-by to our buried past,
And wept and mourned by the lonely grave
For the beautiful life that could not last,
The treasure no tenderest prayer could save;
Then into the world we turned away,
And sorrow walked with us day by day.
A faded flower and a torn white glove,
Letters, a lock of hair half curled,
Poor, sad bequests of our dear dead love,
Yet worth the wealth of the whole wide world:
A shell, a pebble may tell aright
Of the ocean's depth and the ocean's might.

We made a grave and we said good-by;
Ah, foolish dreamers! we moved apart,
And thought, in our folly, love could die,
While life throbbed on in the brain and heart,
"Now all is over," we sighing said,
"Since love, the cherished, lies cold and dead."

Not so, beloved! ah, never so!
Whenever your dear face comes in sight,
Heart springs to heart with the old warm glow,
And silence speaks with the old delight;
An empty grave in the sunshine lies,
But love still lives in our meeting eyes.

FAMILY HONOR—THE VINDICATION OF VIDAL*

The Marquis d'Ayrnac having emigrated the Revolution confiscated his domain, which comprised an entire valley in the country of Foix, not far from the mouth of the Ariège. The château was demolished, the property divided into lots and sold. A former vassal of the marquis and head keeper of his flocks bought the most important section at a nominal price. This man was Etienne Vidal. The piece of property was known as the Farm of Couloubres. When his old master returned from exile and came sadly to visit his devastated home, Etienne or Stienne, as he was called by the peasants, restored to him the farm of Couloubres, saying—

"Take, Master, thy own. I have but held it in trust."

A few years after the old marquis died. When his will was opened it was discovered that the farm of Couloubres, twenty thousand crowns and his favorite rifle were deeded in grateful remembrance to his faithful friend and servant, Etienne Vidal.

This was the beginning of uninterrupted prosperity. In a short time Stienne became the biggest *bonnet bleu* from Aix to Tarascon. And such good fortune—withal! Good fortune for which to thank the Holy Virgin three times daily at the Angelus. For when disease and death stalked through the valley, leaving desolation in their track, straight they passed the gates of Couloubres and not a man nor a beast within perished. The doctors and veterinary shook their heads and said it was the will of God, who surely loved Stienne and his people.

In the summer Stienne counted fifteen—children and grandchildren—around his table. In the winter there were twenty, for then the five boys who herded sheep on the mountains through *la belle saison* descended to the village. Each had his task, even the smallest child among them, who was given a little bed in the garden to hoe and rake, while the sons went into the hills and valleys to tend flocks, or worked on the farm by the side of Stienne, brave disciplinarian, who practised the industry he preached. The women made the bread and the cheese and extracted the oil from the nuts and busied themselves about the farm, and all looked to Stienne for counsel and rendered him implicit obedience.

This grand old peasant belonged to a now almost forgotten race—the brave yeomen who understood how to be great in all things, even in crime. First freeman in a race of serfs, he was proud of his freedom, but fully persuaded that he owed it to the fief bequeathed him by his old master rather than to the decrees of the Revolution. He could neither read nor write; he had never listened to a discourse and understood nothing of the new morale of the age in which he lived. To this chevalier in sabots, probity constituted the whole code of honor. To this feudal rustic, authority meant right. He regarded himself as master of his own people and held himself responsible for them even to God. He judged, blamed, acquitted. He knew no tribunal save his own conscience. His hair was white as the winter snows on the mountains. His eyes as clear and brown as the shady pools in the forest. His skin was like tanned leather. His huge limbs knotted like the gnarled trunks of the trees. His strong hand never faltered—his aim was steady and his shot true, and it was said that he had never missed a trout in the stream of the Ariège where his old master had taught him, in his boy-

hood, to kill the glancing silver things quickly with a rifle, instead of torturing them with a hook at the end of an accursed and entangling line

The name of Stienne's eldest son was Janon, and his eldest son was called Firmin. Ah! Firmin was a handsome one and a gay one! The girls in the village ogled and sighed for him as he passed. He had curling black hair and laughing brown eyes. His lips were red and his teeth were small and straight and white. Then he had a neck like a young bull—so firm and strong—and his peasant's blouse bared it to the kisses of the sun until it was as brown as crisp bread. Janon loved Firmin as he loved none of his other children. Janon himself had been taught to read and write and he was, by nature, clever, and finally he was made mayor of the village. Then Stienne's happiness was complete and he knew that the Blessed Virgin loved all the family of Vidal.

One day Firmin disappeared. He left a letter behind him. He said he had gone away with a woman who belonged in another village. Janon wept. Stienne shed not a tear, but forbade the name of Firmin to be spoken. One night after a whole year, Firmin came back to the farm. His feet were bleeding—he had walked all the way home. Stienne bade him come in and rest, and gave him food, and when his feet were well, he gave him work on the farm. Firmin worked faithfully—did everything as he was told, but asked nothing, for he was humble and ashamed. And after a year Stienne forgave him and his sin was forgotten.

One morning Janon was sent for by the magistrate of the village. He rode in from the farm and went to the magistrate's house. He found the worthy man with a long face, and yet there seemed a smile somewhere hiding so that it could not be seen. Janon seated himself and his heart became suddenly heavy.

"My good friend," said the magistrate in a sorrowful voice, "I have bad news for thee and for thy poor, old father." And he covered his face with his handkerchief. "The family Vidal has been so respectable and yet there a thief in its midst."

Janon trembled. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Thy son, Firmin."

"What has he taken?"

"A thousand crowns from a merchant in Barcelona. He has spent it on his sweetheart."

"What will be done with him?"

"We will send him out of the country. No one shall know of your disgrace. You may say that he has enlisted in the army. You may bring him here, yourself."

The magistrate was not a bad man at heart. He had felt some little malicious pleasure to find one black sheep in the immaculate flock of Vidal, but Janon's dignity, courage, and grief had touched his heart, and he would do his best to protect the honor of his respected name. Janon went sadly home.

"What wilt thou eat?" asked his wife.

"I have eaten," he answered. This was a lie, but he did not know what he said.

Soon Stienne came in from the farm. Janon seated himself beside him.

"Father," he whispered, "send the family to bed. I must speak privately with you."

"Go you all to bed," said Stienne, soon after. "Tomorrow is a busy day and you must be up betimes."

* Jean Carol, Paris Figaro—Specially translated by Ballard Craig

And they all obeyed him unquestioningly—tall sons and daughters and little grandchildren.

When they were alone by the fire, Janon rose and going to his father's side laid a hand on his shoulder:

"Father! One of us has fallen."

The old peasant threw back his head fiercely and glared at his son.

"And is it *thou*?"

"No, father," said Janon. "It is Firmin."

Then he recounted everything he had heard from the magistrate. Stienne listened with his eyes starting from his head, his hands clasp and unclasp themselves about the arms of his chair, his knees rubbing against each other. In the firelight, his leather-colored face seemed livid. His lips were dry and they opened, and one could hear his teeth clattering.

Janon was frightened.

"Fortunately," he said, when he had finished the miserable story, "no one need know of the disgrace. The magistrate himself pities us."

He broke off suddenly, for his father had turned on him with such fierceness at the word "pity." But he said nothing and Janon continued,

"There is the conscription. We will say that he has gone into the service. In six years all will be at an end. Then, we shall see"—

Uneasily he waited for his father's answer. Stienne said nothing. At last he unclosed his lips:

"How much has he stolen?"

"A thousand crowns."

"What has he done with the money?"

"It is all spent."

"How?"

There was a silence. At last Janon said,

"It was for the woman."

There was another silence. Then Stienne said—"Tomorrow ride thou to Toulouse. Take with thee the sum and the interest which has accrued and pay it to the Spanish Consul to be restored to the rightful owner."

"Ah!" cried Janon, "Firmin will not be disgraced!"

Stienne raised his dark eyes. "Leave Firmin to me."

Janon trembled violently. He would have spoken, but he dared not, for so strong was his habit of submission. Still—his son—he determined to speak—

"Father!"

"Go thou to bed, my son. I will charge myself with Firmin;" and Janon was forced to be content.

Stienne was alone. He never thought of going to bed this night. He went over to the window and looked out, with his old face laid against the cold pane. The moon lay full on the snow. He could see across the farm lands to the tops of the snow-laden hills. The night was beautiful and serene, but cold—cold as death.

Stienne reviewed his life. It was a life of many long, happy years; each one, it seemed to him, had marked some joy. There was the childhood of sport and the few duties which qualified its pleasures. The boyhood on the farm—this same farm of Couloubres of which he was now master—when he tended a flock or two for the old marquis. His strong, young manhood and the joyous day of spring when, beneath the bluest skies of the glad season, when the very hills seemed to look down and laugh with joy, he led the prettiest girl in the village into the village church, while the carillon sounded its silver tones and the peasants gathered from all the country round, and the bride was so fair in her white gown that M. le Marquis himself had kissed her hands and vowed they were the hands of a lady!

Then came the troublous times which had dethroned his old master, and the day when, with the one thought of reinstating the marquis, he had given all his small hoard for the farm of Couloubres.

Then it was a summer evening when the marquis returned. Stienne could see the golden dust rising in the road under the horse's feet. He had gone forward and helped his old master to dismount and, leading him into the house, he had said—oh, how proudly!—

"Here, M. le Marquis, you are at home!"

And the marquis had not understood at first and had stared at him with the old, proud glance, and at last when he did understand, had laid his arms around the neck of his old servant and wept like a little child.

After the death of the marquis he had felt the farm to be his own for the first time, and with what joy and pride did he devote himself to its improvement. All the successful years passed in file before him! Crops and cattle were blessed and multiplied. Not a failure—not a hardship! Janon, his eldest son, married and, within a year, Stienne held in his arms a little crowing thing—the first-born of his first-born—Firmin—the child who had first called him by the name the peasants' children give their grandfather, Papé, and had learned to love him and laugh at the sight of him—*Firmin—the thief!*

The tears which had gathered in the old eyes to which they were rare visitors suddenly dried with the fierceness of the anger which blazed up in the old man's heart. That he should have struggled all these years righteously for the honor of his race, to be overthrown and disgraced by one of his own name—one of the family of Vidal. And theft! A small, petty, sneaking crime—not the taking of a life in just anger, but the taking of money to gratify the caprice of a *drôlesse!*

Stienne went to the loft where Firmin slept and called the lad by name.

"Yes, Papé!"

"Come, dress thyself—it is three by the clock. Thou must go with me to the forest."

In an instant the boy was beside him. Going to the trough of water in the room he bared himself to the waist and plunged his strong, young arms into the water, throwing it over his lithe, brown body. The old man had taken his rifle from its place and now stood watching the young fellow, with a grim, gray face.

"To shoot trout!" cried Firmin gaily, catching sight of the gun. "Ah, Papé!" For he loved the sport, and in a few days the stream would be frozen over.

The old man shivered, but said only, "Haste thee!"

They passed out of the house and round behind it to the road. At a window above the path stood Janon. He watched the two figures with straining eyes and when he could no longer see them, he burst into tears. His wife stirred in her sleep, but did not waken.

On the mountain the day was breaking. Stienne leaned on his rifle. Firmin knelt by the stream and gazed down into the water. His peasant's blouse was open at the neck and his brown throat rose from it like a beautiful bronze column—but palpitating with life.

* * * * *

At nine in the morning, one of the children Vidal went into the village for help from the neighbors. There was no one at the farm of Couloubres but the women, and Papé had come down from the mountain to say that Firmin was dead. He had gone to shoot the trout with Papé in the early morning and there had been an accident—while loading the rifle it had discharged in his hands. He was shot in the throat.

VANITY FAIR—FADS, FOIBLES, AND FASHIONS

Who is Ward McAllister?—New York Sun

"Who is Ward McAllister?" That is the question that has been asked more times of late than any other by reading men all over the country and even in this city. When the great McAllister arbitrarily condensed swell society into 400 souls, all New Yorkers, there was a general stir about him. The people did not feel greatly interested then because the people are not in high society. But now that this mysterious man is spoken of every day and ever so many people have fallen out with him and abused him, it begins to be an interesting question: "Who is McAllister?" In the foggy view of those who only guess at the answer he seems to be a greater official than the Mayor, a custodian of the ultra-fashionables, a despot as to who is to dance at a ball. Who is he, anyhow? It is a curious fact that even among his intimate associates little is known about his family or his personal history. The Patriarchs themselves—the fifty men who contribute the funds for the greatest society entertainments of the season—confess to this. "Ward McAllister," said one of these, "was a leader in society more than thirty years ago, before the war. I remember him first in Newport. At that time Newport was made up largely of aristocratic Southern families. It was very exclusive and only a few Northern families were considered to have blood sufficiently blue to be admitted there. They had to have money, too. Among those whom I remember at that time the two greatest beaux were Ward McAllister and Col. Magruder. 'Wait until McAllister comes,' people used to say, when the season dragged in the early summer, 'he will make it lively.' He did, too, don't you know? He organized cotillions, picnics, dinners, and all sorts of entertainments, and kept us all going until the end of the season. That was really how Mr. Ward McAllister became what he is. There must be some one in every social circle to take hold and do the actual work of getting up fun and entertainments. You will find that in all places. Every little country town or village has its social leader of this sort, without whose countenance nothing will be a success. McAllister did everything. 'Old fellow,' he would cry, 'ain't you in for a picnic tomorrow? It costs \$20.' If the person thus invited did not subscribe that was the end of it. If he did he was sure of a good time, with nothing except pleasure on his mind. McAllister looked after everything, always got the best, and made sure that everything ran smoothly. During the war Newport was dead, and few supposed that its former social prestige would return to it. McAllister was not there. 'I've been laying low, don't you know?' he said when he did come. 'It wasn't good form, my boy, to entertain while the trouble was going on.' He reappeared as soon as the war was over and took his old place, and has held it ever since." Mr. McAllister is from Georgia. His grandfather was Chief Justice of the State, and his father was a Justice of the Circuit Court of the United States. Ward McAllister was admitted to the bar in California in 1851. His brother, Hall McAllister, who died last December in San Francisco, was the leading lawyer of the Pacific coast. His practice was said to be worth \$100,000 a year. Another brother, Col. McAllister, was in the United States army. Ward McAllister is said never to have had more than what rich folks consider a very

modest income of his own. He settled in this city forty years ago. He married a Miss Gibbons. Her father held a steamboat grant from Robert Fulton in the early part of this century, and it is said that she derives an income of \$25,000 or \$30,000 from wharf property in this city which her father acquired at that time. McAllister never dines in his club. "There is no society without ladies," is his motto. He has no business except that which comes from his self-assumed social duties, but he does not shirk that. His habits are as regular as those of a bank clerk. He rises at about eight o'clock and eats a light breakfast. From ten o'clock to half-past eleven o'clock he devotes to business. It is during these hours that he receives his friends who want advice about entertainments. "You have no idea what a benefactor he is," said one of the 400. "Few men have occasion to give more than three balls, at the outside, in the course of their lives. It would be utterly impossible for all of us to be conversant with the thousand details which must be looked after to make such an affair a success. To be sure, we could hire florists, and band masters, and caterers, but where would you find a man who combined a knowledge of the best in all these lines? That is what Ward McAllister does for his friends. Should a stranger go to him he would probably ask, 'Do you take me for Pinard?'" The hour and a half from ten o'clock to half-past eleven o'clock is never an idle one with Mr. McAllister. Lists of invitations are scanned, flowers, other decorations, meats, and music are decided upon. At noon McAllister visits his butcher. This he considers one of the most important duties of his day. After luncheon he goes to the Union Club. Between this visit and his daily walk, which he never neglects, the afternoon is consumed. He receives no one in the evening except a choice coterie of intimates. These are the persons who know McAllister best. The great chief has but few evenings to devote to them or to his family. He is in constant demand as a dinner guest. He is full of good spirits and news. If there is really nothing new in current gossip he is never at a loss. He invents something. "It is as a diner-out that Ward has scored his greatest triumphs and cemented his hold on society," said one of his cronies. "He knows all the news about everybody, and tells it in the most charming manner, but I have never known him to say a malicious thing. He is the essence of good breeding as well as good fellowship. There was a revolt against him once. Some ladies imagined that he was partial in assisting others' daughters into prominence. They organized the cotillions, with only women on the committee. They couldn't help asking for Mrs. McAllister's assistance. 'Certainly,' said Mr. McAllister, 'my wife will gladly join. It is an excellent idea, and we will do all we can for it.' There was no standing that kind of treatment and the cotillions were soon abandoned. Mrs. McAllister never appears in society, nor does she preside at her own table when her husband gives dinners. She is an invalid, and her daughter Louise takes her place. These home dinners are Mr. McAllister's pride. He gives about one a week, and covers are never laid for more than eight—six guests, his daughter, and himself. These affairs do not belong to society, nor do the guests necessarily belong to the most ultra-fashionable set. Mr. McAllister's house at 16 East Sixteenth street is plainly

furnished and not very large. In the summer he hires a cottage in Newport, and his wife and daughter maintain open house there with plenty of comforts, including horses and carriages. It is estimated that the modest style in which he lives can be maintained on about \$30,000 a year. Everybody does not admire him. There are carpers even among the sacred few whose names always pass his discriminating pencil. Mr. McAllister himself disclaims the title which has been generally accorded him. "I have no claim whatever to be the leader of society," he says. "In the first place, a man to hold such a position must be rich. I am not. I am simply a modest man living on a modest income." "The idea that there are only 400 persons in this city who belong to good society is ridiculous," said a club man. "What McAllister said was in answer to a question: 'How many persons can you count on to come to a swell ball?' 'About 400.' This is true. My wife's visiting list contains 1,000 or 1,500 names. Mrs. Astor's, Mrs. Vanderbilt's, and dozens more have lists as large or larger. Of course, many names are duplicated, but altogether there are thousands of them, and all of these persons belong to society. No one would think of giving a great dinner without inviting Chauncey Depew, but it would be ridiculous to expect him to come to a ball. I meet a friend in the club. 'Coming to my ball to-morrow night?' I say. 'D—n your ball!' he says, and we link arms and take a drink together. No use to invite him. When they get the lists sorted it leaves about 400 who will come to every big event. McAllister looks after all of that. The Patriarchs' balls have fifty subscribers. Each of us is entitled to invite five men and four women. We send the names to McAllister. He compares them all and sends us word that such and such names are duplicated and asks for more. Finally he sends the invitations. He has no more right to invite other persons beyond the established limit than we have, and he has never been delegated the power of veto. Still I suppose he would exercise it if some one insisted upon an objectionable name. He issues the invitations, and I presume that if I should send in the name of a lady of dubious reputation, or that of an actress, for instance, he simply wouldn't send the invitation." For a Southern man McAllister has stood the wiggling he has received with great composure. Personally, Ward McAllister is as different from what most persons imagine him as well might he. He is no more a dude than Mr. Depew; in fact, he is not even dandified. He is past the middle age—between 55 and 60—stout, and bald. His side face reminds one strongly of that of the late Emperor Napoleon the Third. He is about five feet ten inches tall, and weighs 200 pounds. His hair is light brown and slightly curly; he has a heavy sandy moustache, streaked with gray, and a large gray imperial. His eyes are blue, and surmounted by heavy eyebrows. Years of good living have left their mark on his face as well as on his form. He is not in any sense fastidious in his attire, nor does he live in a dress suit, although his social duties require him to appear in one a good portion of the time. Ordinarily, however, he is to be seen in a comfortable sack-coat business suit, and if one remarked him at all in a crowd, he would be taken for a successful man of affairs.

In "Dorothy Apartments"—The Brooklyn Times

I was counting on my fingers last evening the girls I know who have set up apartments or installed themselves in establishments of their own. I ran over the digits of one hand, then of the other, and I repeated the opera-

tion so often that I lost all track of my reckoning. The girl bachelor grows enterprising. She no longer boards. She makes a bachelor home. She takes rooms. She lives in them without a chaperon. Her conduct is unquestioned. There is no limit to the pluck and the independence of the young and unmarried and perfectly decorous and entirely delightful unmarried woman. She is no longer an unprotected female. She has found out that after all a girl's best protection is a girl. The last decade evolved a phrase. The present decade is now at work evolving another. Bachelor suites is established in the language. Maids' suites or Dorothy apartments, as somebody in conversation the other day christened them, is going to find place before very long. Yesterday I drank a cup of tea with brown-eyed Dolly. Dolly has a small fortune and is twenty-two. Her father died, her relations with her only relative, an aunt, were strained. The two did not thrive under the same roof-tree. The kettle sings on the hearth most merrily since Dolly has hired a flat and a butler, and set up a buffet and receives calls on her own responsibility. Novel situation. Piquant experience. Delightful days. No surveillance and no larkiness. Dolly is a lady and behaves like one. She is careful whom she entertains. She is as demure as a Puritan damsel, as jolly as a Parisian bohémienne. She plays at housekeeping most cheerily. Gray-eyed Dolly is a young wood carver. She supports herself by one of the newest occupations found practicable for women. She has three dainty rooms in the last place you would dream of, over a stable. Delightfully pretty rooms they are, where bric-a-brac picked up in all manner of odd places, summer sketches and winter studies, old plaster casts and new panels, inexpensive hangings with sudden flashes of color in scarlet ribbons, stained floors and Koura rugs make one forget that such things as Turkey carpets, silken divans, Louis XVI. chairs and old Sevres china were ever by anybody deemed desirable. Gray-eyed Dolly is wholly self-dependent. She has supported herself since she was fifteen. She tired of hall bedrooms. She doesn't like the dreary atmosphere of the average city boarding house. She does like her own little nest of a stable home where she has a cat and an open fire and can follow the innocent inclinations of her own sweet will. I have known her when a caller went away to offer him a cigar. There are girl bachelors who write, who paint, who act, who are shorthand writers and typewriters, all living by themselves, or, if prosperous, indulging in the society of a maid. One of the pleasantest of these new establishments belongs to a woman in her mid-twenties who earns \$1,800 a year as buyer in the children's cloak department of a big dry-goods house and takes in two other girls on smaller wages to share in her luxury. All this new race of independent women keeps itself free from scandal. Ten years ago their life would have been impossible. Now it is scarcely commented on. All hail to the young old maid.

Parisian Types—"La Petite Bonne"—Paris Figaro

Just as the Parisian woman constitutes a distinct type in Europe—a creature made up of charms and graces, wit and affectations—so also does her servant. The mistress is always successfully photographed in the maid—the higher creation finds its inevitable and fatally correct expression in the lower. Only in France—only in Paris—is the true *femme de chambre* found. It has pleased us, here, to borrow a word from the argot of Paris "*la petite bonne*," which is applicable to the entire class of female servants—whereas the *femme de chambre* proper is only one member of this immense family—

the type par excellence, found only in the families of the aristocratic circles of Parisian life. "La petite bonne" bears no resemblance to the English nurse, to the rigid German governess, the Swiss "bonne," to the "maritornes" of Spain, or the "caméristes" of Italy—all of whom breathe the atmosphere of domestic service, have the coarse hands and ill-shod feet of the lower classes and hold themselves in a position of humility and servility, suggestive of the serfdom of antiquity. "La petite bonne" of Paris is a personage of importance and of rare elegance. Elle est tirée à quatre épingles, dressed simply, without the slightest pretence to luxury, but with an exquisite and unfailing taste. She cultivates her hands, manicures her nails and arranges her hair in the most becoming and coquettish style—with an eye to her hatless condition on the streets. Unfortunately, on her jour de congé, she hides all this delicate simplicity beneath the cast-off finery of her mistress, and she is then neither lady nor "petite bonne"—only a travesty on the former. "La petite bonne" walks with the undulating grace of the "bayadère." She affects every new caprice of coiffure and carriage—she knows every new Parisian fad by heart and keeps the run of the fashions with the same accuracy as the society woman who possesses many millions. She takes the utmost care of her teeth—which are always small, white and even—and she cultivates the prettiest laugh in the world which displays two rows of glistening little pearls set in their shining coral. Her duties are to dress Madame and to attend to commissions of a delicate nature, requiring tact and skill. Therefore she must be, by nature, clever and intriguing. She counts the linen, and mends the laces, and keeps an attentive eye to Madame's wardrobe, but she never soils her white fingers with the dust of grosser duties. These she hands over to some menial below her in the scale of servitude. "La petite bonne" never marries the valet nor the coachman in these days. Her wise and cunning plans are laid, early in life, to secure some well-to-do bourgeois. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that she always secures him, and then "la petite bonne" becomes "la petite bourgeoise." There may be Republicans among the dames du monde of Paris, but there are none among their servants. They are all aristocrats.

Indoor Outfit of a Howling Swell—The Haberdasher

When young Jeunesse Dorée, Capt. Dudley Smooth, and Mr. Mulberry Hawk walk down the avenue together or make a group in the club window, we all know that they are very well-dressed men. The simple young man with millions who is living on his deceased papa's wits, and the worldly wise and dangerous men with nothing a year who live on their wits and young Dorée's lack of them, are exceedingly extravagant in the matter of dress, and all of them spend fabulous sums of money in various forms of sartorial luxury. Nothing is too good for them so long as Dorée's bank account holds out, and while it is undergoing the operation of being turned into ducks and drakes, Messrs. Smooth and Hawk live high. Along about noon they get out on the street, and we all know from the extrinsic evidence that their street garments are costly, but there are numerous special garments—chamber garments, so to speak—in which these gentlemen are exceeding curious and lavish; and young Dorée, whose life is a monotony of commonplace dissipation, also seeks some slight access of sensation by indulging in chamber luxury. Dress, in fact, is the main outlet for his sluggish and blasé energies, and he devotes a good deal of not very valuable time in dawdling over his toilet, which is almost as varied as that of his equally useless sister.

The two hours between the time when he yawns, stretches, and drinks the brandy and soda which his cat-footed and velvety valet has ready for him, and when he is ready for the street, are hours of considerable activity in his day, and numerous special garments are called into his service. So, too, are some of the late evening hours, when he is in company with Messrs. Smooth and Hawk, who are then on decorously masked professional duty of easing Dorée of his inherited riches. Let us see how these gentlemen dress in the house when they are secluded from the public eye. To begin with, Dorée is high-priced even in sleep, for he sleeps in nothing less luxurious than silk. Night shirts? Certainly not. He is a fashionable man, and therefore wears only pajamas, and silk pajamas at that. When he has gradually got himself awake, stretched, out of bed, and into his slippers, and is following his preliminary cocktail with a morning coffee, we can get a good look at him. As he stands he represents an investment of about \$75, which is the price of his loose and comfortable pajama suit. Of course he can buy pajamas, even of silk, for very much less, but nothing but the best is good enough for him, and he wears only the finest quality of Japanese silk, elaborately embroidered on cuffs, collar, pocket, and flap. The embroidery is most exquisite, of the best type of Oriental art, representing weeks of patient work by some skilful Japanese artisan. Dorée does nothing in a small way, and it takes four suits of these fine garments to meet his needs, all of silk, all hand embroidered, and differing from this only in detail and in being of delicate colors. After Dorée has got fairly awake, through the assistance of various beverages known as eye openers, he thinks it time to get shaved. Now, if he were a mere cheap imitation swell, it would never occur to him that anything could be better than a pajama to shave in. But Dorée is not a cheap swell, and he therefore exchanges his pajama for a shaving coat which he bought not long ago from his friend, Mr. Sam Budd. He doesn't really need but one of these, but, as he explains, "the things were so deucedly pretty, don't you know, that I really couldn't resist;" and so he bought three, of navy blue, light pink, and black, the latter for use when in affliction for the death of a near relative. These shaving coats are also of silk, without collar, and beautifully embroidered on the sleeves and borders. They are also ornamented with silk frogs and buttons, and Dorée contemplates them with a great deal of satisfaction and considers them indispensable. They cost him \$35 each, and the three represent an investment of \$100. After shaving Dorée is ready to bathe, and for a few moments he bends his mental energies to the selection of bath robes from his ample supply. He doesn't find half a dozen any too many, and these, unlike his other habiliments, are not all extremely costly; on the contrary, some of them are of severe simplicity, for the plain reason that nothing equals plain crash for bath robes so far as utility is concerned. The swellest, but not by any means the most expensive, robe in Dorée's list just at present is a very unique garment, which he takes particular pleasure in wearing, because of its comfort. It is properly a wrap, for in place of buttoning straight down the front, as in the ordinary pattern, the sides fold past each other, thus giving double thickness in front, the garment being held in position by a cord. Another feature of novelty is the hood, which takes the place of the ordinary collar. A couple of these at \$15 each suffice for Dorée's every-day needs, but he wouldn't feel that he was living up to his standards unless he had in addition a fine flan-

nel robe lined with crash and ornamented with embroidery, costing \$25; two of lambs' fleece in blue and pink at \$50 each, and one of velvet, also crash lined and with elaborate trimmings and frogs, worth \$100. Sometimes after he has bathed Dorée doesn't feel like going out at once. He is somewhat lazy after his last night's game with Smooth and Hawk, and so he dawdles around in his easy chair for a while. This is the time for dressing gown and slippers. Of these he has two varieties—dressing gown proper and lounging robe. The difference between the two is minute, but Dorée is a man of minute distinctions. Therefore he wears his dressing gown with slippers and his lounging robe with shoes. The proper stage for the first is when his toilet is in any stage of incompleteness from the bath to the street. For the second, when the toilet is complete with the exception of the coat. Dorée's dressing gown is an elegant garment, costing about \$75. It is lined throughout with quilted satin of finest quality, soft to the touch as down; this lining continues over the facings, lapels, collars, and cuffs, where it is bordered by a finely stitched edge and a silk cord. Outwardly the garment is of fine seal brown cashmere with a handsome flowing pattern, and it is completed by a cord and tassel of silk and elaborate silk frogs, used to secure its edges. That's one of the gowns. The other is of claret-colored velvet, lined with satin of the same color, and in other respects similar to the first. Its cost is \$150. The lounging robe is less showy and more serviceable, and, taken altogether, it is one of Dorée's best-beloved garments. He usually gets into it whenever he happens into his room at odd times. It is of fine plaid flannel, with no lining and no ornamentation but cord and tassel and the fancy silk frogs. It is not high priced, costing \$25, but Dorée says he doesn't see how he ever managed to get along without it. He drops into it occasionally in the evening, too, but as a rule when he spends an evening in his room he has négligé garments especially suited for various hours and purposes. When dinner is over and he retires to the smoking room, Dorée puts on a pretty smoking jacket, of which he has at least half a dozen, for he particularly affects these garments. A special favorite of his is one of his latest purchases, and a very pretty one it is, too. It is dove-colored matelasse of silk and worsted, the pattern giving it great richness. It is cut so that it fits like a glove, and the silk-faced collar, lapels, and cuffs conform to the traditions of garments of this kind. It is a round-cut sack, closed at the top with a single loop button of silk, and it is altogether a most distingué coat. The others do not differ from it much in cut or trimmings, but vary in fabric, including black velvet, wine-colored velvet, brown cashmere, and blue cloth, ranging from \$40 to \$75 each. There is still one more occasion for négligé dress. There seems no good reason why Dorée couldn't play poker with Smooth and Hawk in an ordinary smoking jacket, but it is a fact that the strict etiquette of négligé dress requires him to have a garment especially for the purpose, and several poker jackets are a necessary part of his equipment. The poker jacket differs from the smoking jacket in that it is straight cut and closed with three loops instead of one. Moreover, it is generally of some light fabric, that its wearer may keep the requisite degree of coolness. It may be of Madras cloth, Oxford cloth, blanket flannel, vicuna, spun silk, or foulard, in stripes, checks, dots, or solid colors. Dorée has plenty of use for poker jackets, and has quite an assortment representing pretty nearly the whole range, and taking them of all grades, they probably cost him

about \$10 each. Let us now sum up and see how much of Dorée père's money has been squandered by his promising son in chamber luxuries. The inventory runs:

4 silk pajama suits, \$75.....	\$300
3 silk shaving coats.....	100
2 crash bath robes, \$15.....	30
1 flannel bath robe.....	25
2 fleece bath robes, \$50.....	100
1 velvet bath robe.....	100
1 cashmere dressing gown.....	75
1 velvet dressing gown.....	150
1 lounging robe.....	25
6 smoking jackets, \$60.....	360
10 poker jackets, \$10.....	100

Total.....\$1,365

This list is only one item in Dorée's expenses; Capt. Dudley Smooth and Mr. Mulberry Hawk also have similar outfits, and young Dorée pays for them.

Amateur Circus—A Startling Fad—New York Sun

The amateur circus at Pleasaunce, the charming country place of Mr. James M. Waterbury at Bay Chester, on Long Island Sound, was successful even beyond his fondest anticipations, and the outcome more than repaid him for the thousands of dollars he had spent and the time and labor the project involved. The idea of an amateur circus in which society people should take the part of the performers, is not original with Mr. Waterbury, the Duc de Morny having astonished Paris with one two years ago; but Mr. Waterbury's friends are willing to give him credit for introducing this latest and most startling phase of social gayety on this continent. For months he has been arranging details, and the night's performance was the culmination of a vast amount of study and research. When he unfolded his project to his friends they enthusiastically volunteered their services, and the inclosed tennis court at Pleasaunce was converted into a circus ring; the veteran rider, Jack Carroll, was engaged as instructor in bareback equestrianism, and Prof. George Goldie of the New York Athletic Club was secured to put the boys through a course of sprouts in gymnastics and tumbling. Regular practice days were mapped out, and the proceedings were jealously guarded from the public. It is said that Mr. Waterbury spent \$15,000 on the circus, supper, and ball which followed, and those who were present to-night and noted the regal style in which everything was carried out will not doubt the truth of the statement. The special train which brought the 300 invited guests from New York City left the Grand Central depot at a quarter-past eight o'clock, and when it arrived at Baychester station, which was handsomely decked in bunting and cherry blossoms, they found thirty closed stages, which conveyed them to Pleasaunce, a distance of three-quarters of a mile. On either side of the winding road, which traverses a handsome forest of lordly pine-trees, gasoline lamps twinkled a greeting and showed the way. The guests were received in the Tennis building, which was aglow with calcium lights and bright with banks of colored bunting, by Mrs. Waterbury, who wore a charming gown of black lace. There were seats for 300 persons, and they were speedily filled. The circus was held in Mr. Waterbury's huge covered tennis court, which is a large building, handsomely finished in oak. In the centre of the building a regulation forty-foot ring was laid out by Jack Carroll, who was in his day one of the most intrepid bareback riders in the country, some months ago, and regularly twice a week since then the gentlemen who were willing to risk their limbs and necks in order to win the smiles of their ladies fair have been at

work under his watchful eye. Mr. Elliott Roosevelt was the most unfortunate of the lot, for while some tumbled ingloriously in the sawdust, and presented anything but a picture of grace, that young gentleman received injuries which prevented his taking part in last night's performance. The rail inclosing the ring, instead of being padded with canvas, as is customary, was luxuriously cushioned in the richest of crimson plush, and from the roof hung festoons of the gayest bunting, which crossed and re-crossed the room in a maze of red, white, orange, old gold, crimson, green, heliotrope, and almost every conceivable color known, through which shone calcium lights of different tints. There were lights, also, on the sides and ends of the rectangle. The spectators sat on the two long sides on chairs placed upon a sloping platform, covered in crimson ladies' cloth, while at each of the ends were balconies, on which Lander's and the Hungarian bands played alternately during the evening. There was one break on the south side row of seats about six feet wide, through which the performers and their horses reached the arena, the handsome carriage house in the rear having been fitted up as a dressing room. On the west end of the building on the outside a small staircase was built to enable the members of the Hungarian band to reach their balcony without passing through the ring. There never was anything in society or out of society that could compare with this latest whim. Everything had been done with a lavish hand. The costumes were beautiful and the costliest that could be obtained. They were all of the finest silk, and every participant had a different dress for each act. The salmon-colored silk tights worn by Prof. Goldie, who had complete charge of the gymnastic part of the entertainment, and Messrs. Raymond, Leshner, and W. L. Lambden in their *l'eschelle* act cost \$45 each. The tights furnished Mr. Leshner and Mr. Roland Molyneux for their horizontal bar act cost \$50 each. It was 9:15 o'clock before Ushers John C. Burman, Isaac Iselin, C. Oliver Iselin, Harry Coster, and P. Lorillard, Jr., had the audience all seated. Many beautiful costumes were disclosed when wraps were thrown back, snowy throats, dimpled arms, and pearly ears being ablaze with diamonds, while clusters of precious stones twinkled in the hair of many of the ladies. Before the grand entry, Misses Emily Hecksher, Georgie Berryman, Briggie Post, and Miss Hubbard, in short gowns of exquisite design, distributed elaborate programmes. Later these same young ladies carried flowers and fruits. At 9:30 o'clock, amid a blare of trumpets, eight spirited polo ponies bounded into the ring, bearing upon their backs Miss Daisy Hearst, Miss Cary, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Miss Sallie Hargous, Fredrick Beach, E. C. Potter, R. Cottenet, and Woodbury Kane, and the circus had begun. The ladies wore red tight-fitting jackets, white skirts of regular riding length, and black riding hats. The men wore the stereotyped hunting costume. They made the ponies dance a quadrille to an inspiring air, with a dash and finish that would charm Barnum or any other connoisseur of good ring riding. They had hardly disappeared when Wm. Binnerger appeared with his trick baby elephant, very ably personated by two young men. They did the old *Evangeline* act so dear to our ancestors and received a liberal amount of applause. Then Messrs. Leshner, Landon, Taylor, and Molyneux, clad in silken tights of dazzling hues, gave an exhibition of high and lofty tumbling that caught everybody. The *les echelles*, a very intricate performance on a three-runged ladder suspended from the ceiling, was cleverly done by

Messrs. Leshner, Landon, and Prof. Goldie. They did very startling feats. A huge net was stretched beneath them to save broken bones. Many of those present had seen Prof. Goldie and his pupils perform the very same thing at the New York Athletic Club on ladies' day without the netting. The applause which greeted this performance and the funny antics of Messrs. Havemeyer and Appleton, the clowns, had hardly ended before Edward C. Potter darted into the ring to do his daring act on horseback. The horse used was a demure white gelding named Johnny, which cantered so smoothly that a glass of water placed on his broad back would hardly have lost a drop, but Mr. Potter, who wore rose-colored tights of the finest silk, rode most creditably nevertheless. He jumped the banners gracefully and went through one of the paper hoops, but he came to grief in attempting the second. He more than made up for it, however, when Ringmaster Howard N. Potter snapped his long whip furiously and Johnny cavorted around the ring at a lively gait, Mr. Potter sitting gracefully upon the beast's quarters without as much as a check rein to sustain his equilibrium. He was applauded, and he received as his reward a huge bunch of white roses. Messrs. Leshner and Molyneux followed with a beautiful exhibition of horizontal bar work. Molyneux is the amateur champion at this sport, and his work last night surpassed that of two-thirds of the professional talent afloat nowadays. Budd Appleton introduced his troop of trained dogs. They did their tricks very creditably. A roar of laughter, followed by a burst of applause, greeted the appearance of Mr. Frederick Beach, dressed as a female equestrian. He wore a black lace dress, with gold spangles, of the shortest kind. His moustache had been sacrificed to the needs of the occasion, and a blond wig of the giddiest kind covered his head. Mr. Beach can ride with the best of them, and his exhibition was one of the features of the evening. He was ably assisted by the Johnny aforesaid. Messrs. Landon and Leshner gave a thrilling act on the double trapeze, and then came Victor Sorchon, who electrified everybody by riding three barebacked horses. There were two or three other acts in the programme, and it was near midnight when the party made its way to the country house, a few hundred yards away, where supper was served. Dancing followed, and at 2:30 o'clock the special train of seven Pullman cars was on its way to New York.

\$62,000,000 for Cosmetics—The Chicago Inter-Ocean

Behind a little table, on which were arranged bottles, pots, and boxes of washes, lotions, pastes, creams, and powders, Dr. Albert E. Ebert, President of the Board of Pharmacy, talked to the members of the Women's Physiological Institute at Ethical Hall yesterday afternoon on Cosmetics. He talked very plainly, too, fixing his points as he proceeded by exhibiting samples of most of the preparations popular with women. What he said was not so much condemnation of the use of cosmetics as it was an explanation of the swindles practised by manufacturers. "There are 10,000 of these preparations," he said, "and one firm alone in this city lists 4,000 of them." Then he read seven simple formulas and gave the names of a half-dozen elements, and said that every compound sold under whatever name contained nothing he had not named. "This little pot," he said, holding up a cream, "has at present a wonderful reputation on the strength of its secret formula. What is it? Common zinc oxide, ground in equal parts of water and glycerine, and perfumed with rose. I will give you the formula;" and he did so. "It has a pretty

ribbon about it, and sells for \$1.50, or \$18 a dozen. What does it cost? Ten cents." Then he showed the ladies what they were buying when they purchased another cream of wide reputation. "You pay \$1.50 for it. It is a pretty bottle and holds eight ounces. Seven of them are pure water. The other is calomel. Cost of calomel for a dozen bottles, 33 cents; cost of bottles, 25 cents; filling and corking, 6 cents; total 66 cents. Retail, \$18. The danger arising from the use of cosmetics," said the doctor, "is greatly overdrawn. Face preparations have a legitimate use, and properly used are no more harmful than perfumes. Zinc, when present in powders, possesses some curative powers, and bismuth is only slightly injurious. The principal trouble is the continued application of powders and the stopping up of the capillaries of the face. Most face powders are only zinc, bismuth, magnesia, and chalk. Lead and mercury seldom enter into them. These are more frequently found in washes which get their only merit from the glycerin or oil in which the elements are ground. In all of them there is no difference except as to name." Dr. Ebert had some figures which showed that \$62,000,000 were spent in America each year for cosmetics, of which \$25,000,000 were reinvested in advertising, and that the remainder, \$15,000,000, was a clean profit.

Luxurious New York Women—New York World

The luxurious habits of New York women, says the World, have grown very nearly to rival the stories told of Poppeæ, who had bushels of fresh rose leaves picked every night to sleep on, and who took a daily morning bath of asses' milk to keep her skin soft and satiny. This is not quite the form that luxury takes here, but the amount of time and labor spent in the care of the person and the preservation of beauty is something calculated to surprise the people who give it no attention. The maid has ceased to be sufficient attendance, her time being more or less absorbed by the toilet and cognate matters, so the present plan is to engage the services of a woman who goes out by the day or hour, and whose cards read Ladies' Toilets. She has entire charge of the persons of her customers, and it is her duty to see that they are kept beautiful. Once or twice a week she rubs, combs, brushes, clips and cleans their hair, undertaking to keep it soft, sleek and thick. She manicures the nails, and uses and recommends such unguents as are warranted to keep the hands soft and white. She is a pedicure as well, and keeps her customers' feet in as perfect condition as their hands. She has a thousand different devices for beautifying the face, and undertakes to ward off wrinkles by her rubbings and emollients. She trains eyebrows in the way they should go, removes superfluous hair, induces eyelashes to thicken and lengthen; keeps the skin smooth, fresh and fair, and declares she can make the lips keep their bloom without the use of rouge. She looks after the figure, too, having a system called the Swedish movement, by which she tightens up flaccid muscles, rounds thin throats and lean arms, and removes any of the disfigurements of outline that have resulted from tight-lacing and the abnormal tendency of flesh to any one part of the body. She reduces flesh, too, and undertakes to develop symmetry. Her principal occupation, however, and the one best relished by her luxurious employers, is the massage bath. The tub is filled with warm water, quite as hot as can be comfortably borne, and into this is thrown a bath bag consisting of a little sack of cheese cloth, loosely filled with almond meal, powdered orris root and grated soap. The water turns

soft and milky as the contents of the bag dissolve, and the skin is rubbed with the bag, which makes a smooth, violet-perfumed lather, and leaves the flesh as soft as a child's. The bather is rubbed dry and rolled in a big sheet of Turkish towelling, and then every inch of the body is carefully rubbed, kneaded and pinched with hands moistened in violet water, which impregnates the skin with a faint, flower-like perfume. This takes the place of exercise in a great measure, and women who are too indolent or too busy to walk or practice in a gymnasium, find this keeps the skin in equally good condition and is a more luxurious method of setting the blood to circulating. Another fancy of these dainty women is to sleep in silk. They have long abjured any other wear for underclothes, and now there are being shown in the shops that cater to all the new whims of the sex, sets of silk sheets and pillow-cases in all colors. With these go the beautiful East Indian blankets, woven entirely of raw silk, and down spreads covered with surah or satin. These sheets and pillow-cases are hem-stitched with a crest or monogram embroidered in one corner. Some of them have a delicate vine embroidered along the edge, or a broad band of Aran work. They are of all delicate colors and white and black. Mrs. George Gould, who has a passion for violets, has several sets of silken bed furnishings of pale lilac, with wreaths of Parma violets embroidered around them. The Hindu blanket is a deeper purple and the violet-colored down spread is perfumed with sachets of violet powder.

The Fascinating Widow—New Orleans Picayune

Time was when the sweet débutante had things her own way. Men had eyes for nothing but the pink and white loveliness of girlhood, and all hearts went down before the ingénue, but times have changed, and to-day the widow is pre-eminently the queen of society. It is undeniable that widows are the autocrats of society, and men flock about them wherever they go. No one has ever denied their fascinations, and Weller's advice to his son, if he wished to avoid matrimony, to "be ware of vidders," has been quoted thousands of times. In many ways the widow has the advantage of her younger sisters. She has the benefit of a larger knowledge and experience of the world, her arts and coquetties are perfected, not in the experimental and undeveloped state of the débutantes; and, above all, she has the inestimable advantage of knowing men with the accurate and intimate knowledge gained by association with one who was probably a fair representative of his sex. She knows how to give delicious little dinners that make the most hardened bachelor think indulgently of the marriage state. She knows that man likes his ease, and does not insist on his dancing perpetual attendance on her. She does not insist on a man's talking about balls and theatres and new german figures. She follows rather his lead to his own ground, and listens with subtle flattery in eyes and face while he descants on his favorite hobby. A young girl is always self centered, absorbed in her own affairs, her dresses, her parties—it is only grace and art that teaches a woman to sink her own personality in the presence of the person with whom she is talking. Perhaps one of the chief claims of widows is their understanding of the fine art of sympathy. The sympathy of a young girl who has known nothing but joy is a crude and unsatisfying affair, the very husks on which no love could feed, but the sympathy of a widow, tenderly, daintily expressed with a gentle melancholy that shows that she, too, has suffered—it is like soft shadows in a picture, or the minor chord in a piece of music that sets the pulses throbbing.

"THE WING OF AZRAEL"—A DRAMATIC DIVORCE

Mona Caird, the Englishwoman who started the discussion *Is Marriage a Failure?* is out with her new book, *The Wing of Azrael*. It is intended to deal with marriage as Robert Elsmere deals with religion. Viola the heroine, a sensitive and somewhat typical character, is forced by circumstances to marry for money an unprincipled and brutal millionaire. In their miserable wedded life the marriage question is thoroughly considered. Then the woman finds her affinity. She plans to elope with her lover and just as she is about to leave her home her husband confronts her. Driven to desperation she thus dramatically solves the problem of incompatibility:

The two stood confronting one another—Viola white as death, with the hard-set look of a desperate and a determined woman; Philip with a smile on his face.

"Pardon my detaining you," he said, "especially as you are keeping Mr. Lancaster waiting out in the cold; on a stormy night like this it seems especially inconsiderate. But you can lay the blame on me."

Viola made an effort to free her wrist.

"Not just yet, if you please; I have so much to talk about. This little plan of yours—I must really repeat my congratulations—I have watched it through all its incipient stages with unbounded interest. A plan like that is born, not made."

He put his arm round her to lead her away.

"Don't touch me! I shall go mad!"

He stopped abruptly to examine something.

"Ah! what's this glittering in your hair."

"Don't touch it!" cried Viola, and her hand was on the hilt of the knife almost at the same instant. She drew it out and held it behind her defiantly.

"Is the toy so precious? A dangerous plaything, and most unsuitable in the hands of a refractory pupil undergoing much needed instruction in the nature and duties of wifehood. Come, now, give it up quietly; it will be far better for you in the end. We must have no violence, if we can possibly avoid it."

He held out his hand for the weapon.

"Don't oblige me to take it from you by force. You must try to realize the situation. If I could make you understand that somehow or another, by fair means or by foul, I intend to reduce you to submission, and that immediately, you would save yourself a lot of fruitless trouble. Your conduct throughout our married life has been intolerable, and we must have an end of it. Give me that offensive weapon immediately and come with me; I have been long enough in this musty and extremely depressing old room; the associations are gruesome; one can sniff Death in the very air. Come with me. Let's have no more nonsense to-night. I have no doubt but that by this time our friend has become tired of waiting, and has returned wiser and sadder to his fireside—perhaps also rather damper. But you did your best; he could not ask more. Come with me."

"I will not come with you; I will not pass another night under your roof, though I die for it!" said Viola.

"And how are you going to avoid it, my dear?" asked Philip. "The woman doesn't know when she is beaten! What power on earth can protect you now against me?"

She kept her eyes fixed upon him, watching every movement, desperate and defiant. He moved close up to her to take possession of the knife and to lead her away.

"Don't touch me, don't touch me, or——!" The rest of the sentence was lost in a sound of loathing and horror, for Philip had disobeyed her. Advancing till she was driven against the window and there was no possible loop-hole of escape, he took her in his arms.

"Don't make a fool of yourself," he said. "Do what you are told. Give me that weapon at once and come."

His touch, constraining, insolent as it was, forcing her in spite of all her resistance towards the door, excited her to very madness. His lips touched her cheek; his hand was seeking hers to seize the knife, when in an instant—a horrible instant of blinding passion—the steel has flashed through the air with a force born of the wildest fury—there was a cry, a curse, a groan, a backward stagger, and Philip lay at his wife's feet mortally wounded. For a second—but ah! how interminable was that second!—there was silence within that chamber of Death. The everlasting boom of the waves, with their moan and lamentation, sounded loudly outside.

"May you be damned!"

Philip gave a groan and tried to raise himself on his arm, but fell back helpless. The blood was flowing fast from the wound. His eyes were blazing with fury and hatred. He gathered his forces for a dying curse.

"May the gallows spare you for a more hideous fate; may you suffer all that your soul most abhors; may you be the tool and chattel and plaything of men; may they drag you to the lowest depths of humiliation; may indignity be heaped on indignity; may you be outcast, homeless, praying for death; may the pride of your soul be withered; may you die in shame and misery; may your soul be damned for everlasting—murderess!"

His voice gave way, and he sank back panting.

Almost at the same instant a man's step was heard in the passage outside. With a look of fury the wounded man struggled up and fell back never to stir again.

The footsteps stopped outside the door, which was thrown open, and Harry Lancaster entered the room.

He paused abruptly, and there was a moment of dead silence. Viola was standing with head held high, the knife still in her hand, and in her eyes a look that made the heart stop beating. At her feet lay a human form, perfectly still, the white face upturned, one hand with the thumb pressed inward, conspicuous in the moonlight.

"Good God! what is it? What have you done?"

"Come and see," she answered, with a wild sort of exultation. She went to him, put her arm in his, and drew him eagerly forward. It was a ghastly moment.

"You see I have killed him with this knife," she held it aloft and then threw it on the floor.

"Oh, you are mad!" he exclaimed.

"Mad? Oh no! I meant to do it. I knew it would kill him. I would do it again—I would do it again!" she cried in wild excitement. "I leave a life behind me so loathsome, so intolerable—Yes," she broke off fiercely, "I would do it again."

"Oh, spare yourself—have mercy on yourself!"

"But it is true; it is the only thing that I can bear to let my thoughts rest upon, the only spot in my black life that is not black to me."

She looked at her hand in the moonlight.

"Call me guilty; it is sweet to me—sweet and clean and wholesome! I am guilty; I have murdered him."

She drew an ecstatic breath.

THE SONNET—A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

An Interlude—H. Armytage—Scribner's

Sighing, she spoke, and, leaning, clasped her knees;
 "Well hast thou sung of living men and dead,
 Of fair deeds done and fair lands visited.
 Sing now of things more marvellous than these:
 Of fruits ungathered upon wondrous trees,
 Of songs unsung, of gracious words unsaid,
 Of that dim shore where no man's foot may tread,
 Of strangest skies, and unbeholden seas!
 Full many a golden web our longings spin;
 And days are fair, and sleep is oversweet:
 But passing sweet these memories rare and fleet,
 When red spring sunlight, tremulous and thin,
 Makes quick the pulses with tumultuous beat
 For meadows never won or wandered in."

A Summer Night—Charles Henry Noyes

A sleeping river, coiled among the hills
 Like a huge serpent wrought in polished steel;
 A watching moon whose silver fount distils
 Soft floods that earthward tremulously reel;
 Myriads of fireflies, each with torch alight,
 Through the soft haze like little meteors gleam,
 Their twinkling shadows nestling for the night
 Close by fair starlets bosomed in the stream;
 All to my soul appeareth in a dream.
 Our earth was never wont to be so fair,
 Nor ever breathed so soft an evening air,
 Nor came such perfume from earth's rarest flowers.
 Sweetheart! thy beauty fills this world of ours,
 And Nature is more sweet for love of thee.

A Cornwall Antiquity—Douglas B. W. Sladen

Rialobran, the Son of Cunoval,
 This is inscribed in Latin on a stone,
 Rough-hewn and rudely lettered, standing lone
 Beneath Carn Galva. Was he general
 Or hero? Did he valiantly fall
 Fighting the Saxon? Did wild women moan
 Over the bulwark of the people gone?
 Why shared he not the common fate of all,
 Who lived and died and were forgotten here,
 That his one stone the moors of Penwith hold,
 Gay-gardened at the season of the year
 With bramble-fruit, hearth-purple, and gorse-gold,
 And with two castles of his ancient race
 Guarding in ruined pride his burial place.

While it is Day—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

If I could live without the thought of death,
 Forgetful of time's waste, the soul's decay,
 I would not ask for other joy than breath;
 With light and sound of birds and the sun's ray,
 I could sit on untroubled day by day,
 Watching the grass grow and the wild flowers range
 From blue to yellow and from red to gray,
 In natural sequence as the seasons change;
 I could afford to wait but for the hurt
 Of this dull tick of time which chides my ear;
 But now I dare not sit with loins ungirt
 And staff uplifted, for death stands too near.
 I must be up and doing, ay, each minute;
 The grave gives time for rest when we are in it.

British Sparrows—Archibald Lampman—Among the Millet

Over the dripping roofs and sunk snow-barrows
 The bells are ringing loud and strangely near,
 The shout of children dins upon mine ear
 Shrilly, and like a flight of silvery arrows
 Showers the sweet gossip of the British sparrows,
 Gathered in noisy knots of one or two,
 To joke and chatter just as mortals do
 Over the day's long tale of joys and sorrows:
 Talk before bed-time of bold deeds together,
 Of thefts and flights, of hard times and the weather,
 Till sleep disarms them, to each little brain
 Bringing tucked wings and many a blissful dream—
 Visions of wind and sun, of field and stream,
 And busy barn-yards with their scattered grain.

The Cousins—Richard Henry Stoddard—Independent

Unking that fellow with the yellow hair,
 Which will be white before the sun is down.
 He totters, help him! Sirrah, fetch a chair.
 Only the monarch born can wear the crown.
 You would be king, eh? in my princely stead;
 You packed the cards, but played them somewhat ill.
 An I but willed, my frown would strike you dead;
 But scions of our stock, sir, do not kill,
 They do much worse—they pity curs like you.
 No thanks, kneel not, the dust beneath my feet
 Flies from you, as a hare whom dogs pursue;
 To punish such a creature were not meet.
 Not pardon, but forgiveness? Be it so,
 Our once dear friend, but now our dearer foe.

To the Sea—Abel G. Courtis—Boston Transcript

Thy storm-wrought surges, O majestic sea!
 Assail the solid continent and shake
 Their foam crests to the gale, in jubilee
 Of thy stupendous energies, that wake
 Whene'er the winds—thy chosen allies—take
 The mandate of the sun, their forces grand
 To link with thine in elemental glee!
 E'en in thy moods of calm, when on the strand
 Thy lighter pulses beat in wanton play,
 The impress of sublimity and power—
 Of force reserved—forever marks thy way.
 From an Almighty hand the primal dower
 Of grandeur, strength and beauty came to thee—
 Unchanging emblems thou of vast eternity!

Indecision—The London Spectator

Invisible, unspeakable, whose voice
 In the soft murmur of this neighboring sea,
 From the beginning everlastingly
 Is thy own witness, energize my choice:
 Even now, by more than half the allotted span
 Wisely assigned, the unreturning years
 In timorous doubts and all too scrupulous fears
 Have dwindled sore my little term of man.
 Must it be ever thus? even to the end
 Fearing to do aught lest I do the wrong?
 Shall I my spirit's patrimony spend?
 Arise, O God! this hour and make me strong;
 Let me this hour to fruitful usury lend
 One talent in the napkin buried long.

THE SKETCH BOOK—CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Light and Shade—The New York Sunday Sun

"Womanhood"—a background of misty gray, shadows soft and dreamy, a woman floating through the shadows, with white arms raised high above her head, clothed only in thin, gray draperies, trailing and fading into the clouds in which she floated. Every curve of the gleaming white limbs, every line of the slender body, was revealed by the clinging, transparent folds which only heightened the loveliness they could not conceal, and fell away softly from the full, white throat and snowy breast. The face was uplifted and turned slightly away, in an exquisite pose, but something in the chaste lines of her beautiful figure revealed all the purity, sacredness, and ideality of womanhood. Men looked at the picture with earnest faces; women's chatter hushed as they approached it. "It almost makes me cry, it is so pure and beautiful," said a pretty, impulsive girl; "I could be always good if it hung in my room." The artist stood in the angle of the railing as the people crowded up. Some one said, "Is it an ideal figure?" and he answered: "I painted it from life, except the face, which is idealized a little."

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High up in an old tenement house with dark passages, and up tumble-down stairs, in a tiny room a woman sat crouching over a smoking fire, endeavoring to coax its coals into life and warmth. Her dress was old and faded and soiled, a tear on the shoulder revealing the white flesh; her shoes were ragged and down at the heel, fastened by one or two buttons; her hands were smirched with coal dust. A frowsy boy came banging in with a bun in one hand and a greasy newspaper in the other.

"Here's the paper the boss told me to bring up to your man, and is he any better, he says."

"He is worse," answered the woman, apathetically, as she took up the paper and went into another tiny room, where, on a ragged couch, a man with consumption was watching her with burning eyes. She turned the paper to the art notes, and, after a little search, said: "The picture has sold for \$1,000, and I only had \$20 for the pose, and it was so hard and made my arms ache so I couldn't fix 'em in the night so I could sleep. The coal's out, the rent isn't paid, and your medicine is all gone."

"What was the pose, Annie?"

"This. See!" She raised slowly on one toe and threw her hands above her head. The clinging, limp, faded dress outlined curves of gracious beauty, the soiled sleeves fell back from dimpled white arms; the hands, save where the coal smirches blackened them, were white as snow, and they were faultless in shape. Through the rent in her dress the bare shoulder gleamed like marble, and the loosely fastened collar slipped back from a full, beautiful throat, the gray twilight shrouded her with dreamy shadows, and the uplifted face was turned away.

Rev. Olympus Jump—Dan de Quille—S. F. Examiner

Gathered in the Golden Fleece saloon, Virginia City, their favorite retreat, were a dozen or more old grizzled Argonauts of the days of forty-nine. Snugly harbored from the storm, the veterans enjoyed their pipes, their hot toddies and their flagons of beer; also the friendship of the white-haired Jason, who commanded behind the bar.

"Well, well!" cried old Dan Manix, as he laid aside the newspaper he had been ogling for the last half-hour through the cracked and misty lenses of his iron-rimmed

spectacles, "Well, well! Hit's jist the same old song back yander in the States. Alles a fussin' 'bout religion and quarrelin' 'bout the preachers. Why can't they take thare religion in the nat'ral way, like us ole fellers? They all think they've got to go to a certain place at a certain time an' git it waccinated inter 'em like a lot o' school children in small-pox times. Let 'em take it in the nat'ral way. Let 'em lay alone on the mountain top and look up at all the millions of stars, and the light of truth will shine down into thare souls. Let 'em listen to the voice of the Lord in the tops of the tall pines in the dark, still night! They all think they've goter jine church, give in thare sperience, pull long faces and put up long prayers in public—prayers sich as is more for the ears of thare neighbors than for the Almighty."

"Wall, that's 'bout so, Dan," said Arkansaw Jim. "I don't keer 'bout hearin' any manner o' prayer. A prayer that's cut out to fit the ear of both God and man ain't wuth a cent to one or t'other. My idear is that prayin' is a sort of business between a man and his God."

"Anoder ding," said Dutch Jake, "I dings it is all tam nonsense to have a burticular times and blace to bray. In mine obinion, too, it is all tam nonsense to all de time bodder de Almighty ven dare is nodding burticular de matter mid me. I only ask de Lord God to help me ven I git in such a scrape I can't pull out mineself."

"That's 'bout so, too, Jake," said Arkansaw; "I think that 'bout the best and strongest prayer I ever made wur offered up while I wur on the keen jump—jist runnin' at my dead level best."

"Vile you vas run?" queried Jake.

"Yas," said Arkansaw, "and a big grizzly bar wur also a runnin'—in my direction, and mighty close too."

"Dat vas a goot time to bray; a ferry goot time to bray," said Jake. "On dat burticular occasion I would hafe brayed mineself. Did he got you?"

"Not quite," said Arkansaw. "The Lord heard my prayer, I got to a tree and up it; but, for my sins, before I was up the bear was allowed some privileges."

"Dat so?" said Jake. "Vat vas dem brifliges."

"Wall, boys, with one swipe of his paw he took the whole seat out of my trousers."

"Ah, vell," said Jake, "ve all haf our little sins."

"Well, boys," put in old Jim Hawkins, who had all this time been quietly smoking and listening, "let 'em say what they will 'bout us old California mountain men, we've got about as good religion as is goin', and about as much as some as makes more noise about it. We've had it, too, right along, through thick and thin, and I for one am goin' to hang on to the faith the Lord has given me. I'm not much on the golden harp business, but the Lord will find some quiet nook for me somewhere when I cross over to the other shore."

"Pears to me, after all," said Texas Jack, "that us fellers out here in the wilderness has kept to the right trail better nor some of 'em back in civilization. Thar was ole Henry Ward Beecher who said there wasn't airy hell. Bob Ingersoll says there ain't no heaven, and next we know some new-fangled gospel-grinder 'll get up and knock the solid yearth from under our feet."

"Do you know, boys," said Gurnsey Bob, a battered and weather-beaten old '49er, who had all along been quietly sipping his beer. "Do you know," said he, as he thumped his glass on the table before him and called

for another half-gallon of beer; "that it jist makes me sick to hear all the talk and furse they make these times about these fashionable highferlutin preachers. I tell yer, boys, they ain't deuce high 'longside the preachers we had in the airly days in California."

"In course not! Can't hold a candle to 'em! Hain't got the sand, nor the gift, nor the grit!" chorused all present, for Bob was a big chief among them, and an authority on all pioneer matters; indeed, when it came to speaking of affairs in the old mining camps in early times, his word was law. Besides, as he was this evening putting up freely for the beer, he was entitled, of course, to a patient and respectful hearing.

"I tell yer, fellers," cried old Gurnsey, filling his beer-mug and squaring himself for a big talk, once he found he was going to obtain the floor and have things all his own way. "I tell yer what it is, fellers, I us'ter know a preacher what us'ter ride on what they called a circle, over in Californy, in '52, as was named Olympus Jump, an' he was a roarer, you kin jist bet!

"He wasn't one of yer stuck-up, kid-gloved kind, as would be afeered they'd dirty their hands if they give the flippers of a honest miner a grip. No, sir; he'd take hold of yer paw like 'er wolf trap.

"Olympus, he wasn't one of them kind as goes a snuffin' an' a prospectin' about with noses in the air, a smellin' roast chicken an' hot biskits afar off! Not at all! He wasn't one of yer yellin'-legged hen kind. No sir! Olympus, he was a God-fearin' man, an' pork an' beans was the highest ambition of his meek and lowly bowels. He'd flop his lip over a flapjack with sich a Christian grace as was eddifyin' to the highest, an' gave comfort to the soul of the humblest!

"Olympus Jump, he wasn't one of yer kyoters in sheep's clothin', sich as goes a-sneakin' about among the ewes of the flock a-making more scandals in a week nor yer could wash out in six months by pipin' inter 'em all the water that could be thrown by the biggest hydraulic in all the mountains of Californy! No, sir! that wasn't his style. He walked uprightly afore the Lord, and was as happy as the day was long, with his own comely little wife and his half-dozen little Jumps.

"He wasn't one of yer highly edicated, rosewater, butter-mouthed sort—Olympus wasn't. He had the gift nat'ral—right from the Lord—and when he unbuttoned his shirt-collar, roached up his front har an' began to sling the word, it made a feller think of bolders thunderin' down a ground sluice under a big head o' water.

"Olympus, he wasn't one o' yer new-fangled, oily-tongued sort o' preachers what stand up before yer Sunday after Sunday, never showin' up the color of the word of God nor givin' you a single mouthful of the bread of life. Not a bit of it! He come to yer with a whole loaf under each arm—good, sound bread—none of yer butter-crackers or gingersnaps of six-cent salvation!

"He was a miner of the word afore the Lord, Olympus was. He'd drifted and creviced all through the Bible, from the grassroots down to the bedrock, pannin' out bushels of 'chispas' and scores and scores of big nuggets of pure gold. With these he was loaded clean up to the muzzle, an' when he turned loose and began to fire his scriptur shot into an audience he might'er been called the mountain howitzer of God!

"Olympus Jump wasn't one of the kind to be afeerd; he wasn't one o' yer skeery sort. He was bold as a lion in the strength of the Lord. He'd pan out and size up the man of thousands as quick as he would a faro-dealer or a monte sharp. When he went forth to labor in the

Lord's diggins he spit on his hands and at every lick sent his gospel-pick clean down to the bed-rock of rascality and sin. He didn't sneak round behind and fire into sin at long range. He'd weigh out a feller's dust for him right before his eyes. If he found even the color of gold he'd give full credit for it, but if he raked over the black sand and saw nary color away went the whole batch into the waste dump of perdition.

"He was full of the spirit, and when he took off his coat and laid himself out to labor for his flock the kyoters tuck to the woods. He wasn't one o' them kind o' prayers whose prayin' is jist a little sneakin' drizzle that only wets the earth here and there, washin' away none of the dust of iniquity—never causin' a single good seed to sprout nor raisin' up the droopin' head of a single crushed or wilted plant! No. The prayer of Olympus was like a cloud-burst on a mountain; it swept down through all the dark, deep canyons and gulches of sin, and sent all the miners delving therein end over end down through the tail flumes of the devil till they was glad to grab the first branch of the tree of life that hung in reach and haul theirselves ashore, on the Rock of Ages.

"Olympus he wasn't one of yer stuck-up kind of laborers in the vineyard as couldn't preach without a morocco-bound, gold-clasped Scriptur and a pulpit as grand as the gates of the New Jerusalem. Not a bit of it! Why, fellers, he'd jist mount a dry-goods box or a big boulder, haul his little old greasy pack o' loose leaves of Bible out'n his coat-tail pocket, shuffle it up, give it a cut, deal out a text, and then jist hammer h—l's bells out'n every sinner from Shirt-tail Canyon to Sucker Flat.

"That was a preacher for yer! You'd see his aujences rock like pines in a storm. He'd bring tears of repentance from the eyes of a three-card monte dealer, make a sluice robber moan, and even rock the saddened soul of a water agent. Then, when he'd pernounced his bennerdiction and tied up and stowed away his gospel deck, the boys would chuck gold inter his old wool hat till the bottom hung down like a strainer bag. Fill up yer glasses, boys, and let us all drink to the memory of the great and good Olympus Jump; now safe on the other side of Jordan, high up on the golden shore!"

The Boston Rosebud and the Professor—Once a Week

Dry as to marrow, leathery as to heart, verdant as to brain, the professor found himself in the ballroom, and, like the fly in the amber, wondering how he got there.

In a bower corner sat a rosebud in a garden of beautiful and exquisitely engowned girls.

"I make it a rule of three, professor," says the rosebud. "I dance three dances only of a night, one in every hour. The first a square dance, to bring my voluntary muscles with their fasciculi into gentle play; the second a polka, to work the involuntary muscles into action, and the third a waltz, for absolute enjoyment."

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"I employ the interim by following some train of thought. To-night I am seeking types. I want to find my Cleopatra, my Aspasia, and my Phryne."

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Did Cleopatra spend the winter of 40 B.C. with Anthony in Alexandria or was it 41? Did she bare her bosom or only her arm to the asp?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Was Aspasia fast or only a flirt? Was Socrates her lover? Was the divorce of Pericles as perfect as a Chicago divorce? Why does Aristophanes ascribe the Samian and Peloponnesian wars to her simply because she lost her lady's maid? Do you think Plutarch's

defence exculpates her? Was her second husband, Lysicles, a porkpacker or merely a cattle-dealer?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Was Phryne's mother a laundress, and is it true that she got her living at one time by gathering capers? Were those capers for instance, or for boiled legs of mutton? Was her offer to rebuild the walls of Thebus if her name were inscribed on them bona fide? Did she profane the Elusinian mysteries, or was it a put-up job to bring her to Hellasts, in order to let the council see her beautiful anatomy? I incline to this, for Apollo painted her as the Venus Anadyomene, and Praxiteles sculpted her as the Cnodian Venus. Was Apollo her lover as well as Praxiteles?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"You see, professor, I am from Boston."

"Aha!" and the venerable professor bounded like one of his crack pupils toward the refreshment-room.

Mickey Finn's Violet—Ernest Jarrold—N. Y. Evening Sun

Out of the ground at the foot of the big pine tree in Lindsley's wood there grew a violet. 'Twas after much hesitation that the flower had pushed its way up through the carpet of brown needles which covered it, and at last timidly showed its head. Every morning a slanting beam of sunlight shot through the branches of the big pine and kissed the purple lips of the flower and drank up the beads of dew which nestled in its green leaves. After many days of struggling the flower began to manufacture its new spring bonnet. This bonnet was woven in looms of air and shaped by the shuttles of the sun. Still, while this process was going on, the flower often shrank and trembled as a vicious blast, lingering over from March, chilled its tender leaves. But one day, when the sun was brighter than usual, the bonnet opened itself and a subtle perfume came from it and mingled with the balsamic odor of the pine and the faint breath of the honeysuckle. 'Twas the eau de cologne of the wood.

It seemed as if all the dwellers in the wood had conspired to protect the flower. A big bumble bee was pilfering sweets from the violet one day when a blue bird flew down and gobbled it up. A red-headed woodpecker picked up a bug which was gnawing away at the violet's stem. A brown-breasted robin tripping by stopped to look at the flower. A squirrel lingered on its way up a ragged oak, turned to inspect it, then whisked out of sight in the foliage. And every day the stem of the flower grew stronger and its perfume sweeter.

But across the fields from beyond the meadows there came one day a destructive animal which consumed every green and living thing before it. This was Mickey Finn's billy goat. It happened that the venerable old graybeard had gnawed the rope which bound him to the stake in Stumpy Field and had gone on a little ramble. As he rambled down the Old Point road, dragging behind him about twenty feet of clothes line, he looked every inch a conqueror, and children hid behind their mothers' skirts and peered out fearfully as he went by. On arriving at the wood he sniffed the air redolent of fresh and growing things. After cropping tender grasses for awhile he grew tired of this ordinary fare and fed only on dandelion shoots and other dainties in the wood.

Violet, you are in danger!

The goat stood on the crest of a ridge, which ran like a great backbone through the forest. He looked off upon the river below him with a dreamy expression in his eyes, as if he enjoyed the scene. Suddenly he turned his head and listened. Down the aisles of the wood came a faint "Halloo, Billy, Billy, Billy!"

There was a moment of silence, broken only by the soughing of the big pine. Then above the voices of the wood came the call again. The hoary and wicked old truant lifted his head and uttered a ma-a-a-a of welcome.

Barefooted and flushed with exercise Mickey Finn made his appearance. The most affectionate relations prevailed between the boy and the goat, which was shown by the ardent manner in which the goat rubbed his head against the boy's legs. Mickey picked up the rope, and the pair started homeward.

Beware, violet!

The way led past the big pine. As they went down the slope of the hill the goat saw through the leaves the twinkle of the violet's blue cap. He was eager to reach the flower, but Mickey held him back with the rope. Thus struggling they went by the flower on a run. Mickey caught a glimpse of the violet as he went by, however, and the desire for possession seized him.

When the goat had been safely tied to a stake again and the kerosene oil had been poured upon the rope by Mickey to keep the graybeard from chewing it again, the boy returned after the flower. He took his mother's fire shovel with him and dug it up, carrying enough earth with the plant to protect its roots. He planted it in the front yard and built a little fence of sticks around it. The flower drooped and faded for a day or two, then it resumed its pristine brightness of hue, all its exquisite bloom, all the subtle odor of perfume which it had borne in the wood. Every morning Mickey watered it from an old tomato can, and powdered the earth around it until the soil was soft and loamy. Only the morning sun was allowed to shine upon the violet, for at midday the hot rays would have blasted the flower. Under such fostering care the violet became ambitious, and put out another stem. From the top of this stem there grew another bloom, with a yellow heart and with purple petals softer than imperial velvet. Every morning before he went to school Mickey knelt over the flower, and his nostrils dilated as the perfume greeted his freckled nose. Then he covered the delicate plant with a roof of brown paper to shade it from the noonday heat. All day long as he toiled over his spelling book and primary geography the picture of the nodding violet danced on the page before him. It obscured the naked savages in Terra del Fuego; it came between little Mike's eyes and the Cape of Good Hope, and with tantalizing insistence interfered with the boy's spelling of "phthisis." In fact, violets nodded archly all over his desk.

Hide, violet!

But the kerosene evaporated from the rope which bound the billy goat, and he began to chew upon it as he had in days gone by. He was in no hurry about the job apparently, for he chewed with painstaking persistency, knowing that patience always brings a recompense for toil. After chewing for three hours without once relaxing his jaws, the rope fell apart. Once more he was free to roam at his own sweet will over hill and dale in Stumpy Field, and e'en in the balmy Lindsley's Wood, if his fancy led him thither. Instead, however, he went straight to the shanty. It happened that Mrs. Finn saw the goat coming. She closed the gate and made preparations for defence, but the billy vaulted over the fence, and began his old time foraging in the back yard for cabbage stumps and the juicy potatoe paring. Mrs. Finn was afraid of the billy. Frequent encounters had taught her he was not to be trifled with. She stood in the kitchen door, armed with a clothes pole. When the goat came within reach she used this weapon upon the goat's

back; but when the goat resented this familiarity she retreated into the kitchen, and closed the door behind her.

After a number of these encounters the goat rambled around into the front yard. Here he fed upon the fresh and juicy crocus and the budding hyacinths. Mrs. Finn looked helplessly out of the window at the destruction going on. She dropped a sad-iron upon the billy's head, but he only shook his head and resumed his feeding. A stove lid roused a little more animation in the goat. Still he pursued his wicked undertaking.

Take care, violet!

When the goat reached Mickey's flower he ate the brown paper first, and then with one snap of his jaws took in the precarious violet. This must have proved very toothsome to him, for he lingered over the choice morsel like a gourmet until Mrs. Finn deluged him with a kettle of hot water. Then he rolled over on the ground in pain. Finding no relief in this, he jumped over the fence and went down the Old Point road at a gallop. After his departure Mrs. Finn went out to estimate the damage. Suddenly it occurred to her that Mickey would be heart-broken if he discovered that his violet was gone. How could she repair the damage? Ha! she had it. There must be other violets in the wood. Flying down the road went Mrs. Finn, fire shovel in hand. She climbed a stone wall and went headlong through a brake of blackberry bushes in the wood. The birds were singing and the squirrels clattering overhead, but she paid no attention to them. At last, in a little shady hollow, her search was rewarded. Carefully she dug up a fine violet and started for home.

She put it in the place where the other had been, and fifteen minutes later the brown paper was in position over the violet, and all signs of the goat's invasion were removed. Then Mickey came home. The first thing he did was to examine the flower. While Mrs. Finn was still washing the dirt from her hands her boy dashed in.

"Mother," said he with shining face.

"F'what's th' matter, me b'y?"

"Me vi'let has t'ree flowers. Wan o' thim has growed since I left in th' mornin'."

"Ha, ha, me bouchal! Faix, them wild flowers grows mighty fasht this warrum weather."

Mrs. Finn kissed the rosy upturned face of her boy, and they went out together to look at the violet.

Red Shirt on the Ocean—The New York Tribune

One of the band of Indians with Buffalo Bill's show has for a chief a brainy old fellow known as Red Shirt. He has an original manner of thought and expression which makes him a constant source of amusement to those with whom he comes in contact. For two days after the great show sailed away from New York for France last year, they had a sea as smooth as glass. On the evening of the second day, old Red Shirt called a pow-wow in one of the cabins, where he proceeded to "chin-chin" about the great voyage. Among other things he said that the mighty works of the white man continued to fix wonder in his brain and still his heart beatings.

"They are a great people," said he, "and this last evidence that we have of it here on this mighty tepee (boat) is greater than all others. The giant river (ocean) which we have known about as a tradition of the old men, has become to us now a known and actual thing. Down in the bowels of this giant tepee the white man has placed his miraculous engine that eats wood and drinks water and spits fire and smoke and fog, but goes whirling round and round its paddles to move this great mass of wood and iron. We know that we are safe in the white

man's company, because he goes with us, and he has been over the mighty river many times before. But it is all so wonderful that it seems like a beautiful dream."

The next day was dark, cloudy and finally stormy. It was three days before old Red Shirt crawled out of his bunk and summoned his warriors to another council. This time they were a sick-looking lot. Not one of them had escaped the horrors of seasickness, and although they endeavored with stoical Indian fortitude to brace up, the evidences of their unhappiness were as plain as the signs of debauch on a man who has been on a long spree. Old Red Shirt shook his head sadly as he began to talk to the braves. His first sentence might have been almost literally translated, "These be perilous times." He continued in something of this strain in lugubrious and melancholy tones: "This has been a trouble to try our manhood and our nerves. The sky was black and the waters were dark, and the great waves rolled, and we were sick like women. Ugh! The big tepee must have taken fire-water in its bowels and became like a drunken man. Ugh! It pitched up and down like a bucking horse. Ugh! It was no longer a beautiful dream, but what the white man calls a night horse. It was a foul, bad dream. Wow! wow!!"

The Devil's Community—O. P. Read—Arkansas Traveler

A community's prosperity can often be estimated by the progressiveness of its religion. Progressive religion is always liberal, and liberal religion is never found except in prosperous communities. The awful devil now exists only among the thin settled hills. Nothing so frightens old Satan as the shriek of a railroad engine. But there are places where the railroad engine is never heard, and here the devil in glee pops his flinty hoofs together and throws up his head with a victorious snort.

I passed through one of those devil-ridden communities some time ago. One afternoon I came upon an old fellow who, assisted by a boy, was engaged in patching up a tumbledown log house. I had been all day in the woods without having seen a human being and therefore felt disposed to talk to some one.

"How are you?" I called as I reined up my horse.

The old fellow dropped a pole which he had just taken up, wiped his hands on his brown jeans pantaloons, looked at me for a few moments and replied:

"Sorter tol'ble; how diz yo'se'f?"

I told him that I was well, which so much impressed him that he wiped his hands again.

"What are you doing?"

"Fixin' the meetin' house. We air goin' ter begin a 'tracted meetin' here next Sunday, an' I am in a sorter hurry ter git the house done. The house would 'a 'ben all right hadn't ben fur ole Tom Parkes."

"What did he do?"

"W'y, you see I'm the preacher o' this here church, an' t'uther evenin' me an' ole Tom got ter argyin' on the Skriptur an' fell out an' fit. Then he 'lowed that as two o' the logs o' this church b'longed ter him that he would take 'em out, an' he done it. I went over ter his house ter argy with him an' we fit agin' an' he sorter cotch me under the jaw with his thumb an' fo'-finger, an' he was worryin' me so that I was about ter acknowledge that he was right about the p'int o' Skriptur when my son Ab here run up an' whacked him over the head with a chunk. But never mind, the devil's got his eye on him an' will tote him off one o' these nights. I just tell you I wouldn't be in his place fur the biggest crap ever raised."

"You really believe the devil will get him, do you?"

"Know it as well as I know my name, fur when a

feller fools with a church he's gone. Take the case o' Sam Carpenter, fur instance. One time thar came a heavy fall o' snow, an' 'long in the evenin' Sam he sot out ter look fer his sheep. He went through the hollows an' over the hills, an' final'y found 'em huddled up near the Mt. Zion meetin' house. He tried to drive 'em home, but the snow was so deep that he couldn't make no headway, so he jest opened the door o' the church an' driv 'em in thar. Next day he got 'em home. Next night three o' 'em was miss'n'. Next night eight o' 'em was gone. Wall, suh, it kep' on till he didn't have a sheep left, an' then he was tuck with rheumatiz."

"But what had the devil to do with it?" I asked.

He gave me a look of contemptuous pity and replied: "Had ever'thing ter do with it, fur he toted them sheep off. W'y, old Aunt Patsy Featherstone—an' a better old soul never lived—seed a sort o' yallerish blue light down in the hollow one night, an' she crep' down thar, she did, an' seed the old devil with a sheep under each arm, a crackin' o' their bones. Oh, thar ain't no mistake about it. W'y, one night, while a lot o' the neighbors was a-settin' up with old Sam, the devil come along an' stuck his head in at the window an' snorted the room full o' sulphur smoke. Yes," he added, "I am in a powerful hurry ter git this church fixed so we kin go ahead with our meetin', fur ef we don't the devil is goin' ter cut up high capers here this Winter."

I attempted to reason with him. "Look here," said he, "I want you ter go on. It's dangerous ter have a man about here that ain't got no mo' sense than you have."

Misplaced Charity—From The Philadelphia News

A big man walked down Fourteenth street at about five o'clock in the afternoon. He was faultlessly dressed, with a flower in his coat lapel and a gold-headed cane in his hand. His mustache was gray and his face a little flushed. He looked to be about fifty, and might have been taken for a prosperous New Yorker. He was extremely dignified. Nobody would have suspected from his walk that he was drunk. His inebriety was of the sort which does not extend below the neck. His legs were perfectly sober. Just above G street a poor, measly cur dog lay on the pavement in the sun. The big man stopped and looked at him. The dog feebly wagged his tail, but was either too poor or too lazy to get up. A sympathetic and benevolent look came into the big man's face. Out from his trouser's pocket he pulled a roll of bills. It was three inches thick. There were tens and twenties, and there must have been hundreds of dollars in the roll. Carefully picking out a dollar bill he laid it on the pavement just by the dog's nose.

"Here, poor doggie," said he, "go buy yourself a home," and as he passed on down the street his face was radiant with the consciousness of a good deed done.

A Northern Misunderstanding—N. O. Times-Democrat

"Boss, skuze me, sah, but dar's er few p'int dat I furgot to ax yer yesterday. All ober dis heah country, sah, I'se said to be de bes' han' on er farm, an' I wants ter hab er little understandin' wid yer. Dar's some things, sah, dat yer mustn't 'spect me ter do."

"What are they?"

"Yer mustn't 'spect me ter pull fodder."

"All right."

"Nur set cabbage plants."

"Well, as you are regarded as a trustworthy man in the neighborhood, I will relieve you from such duties."

"Thank yer, sah, but wait. Nur turn de grind stone."

"Well."

"Nur draw water fur de steers."

"Go ahead."

"Yes, sah, thankee. Nur git up befor' day, nur chop stove wood, nur he'p kill hogs, nur plough, nur——"

"Hold on."

"Well, sah."

"What do you propose to do?"

"W'y, work on de farm, sah, but I mustn't clean out de well, nur feed the stock, nur cut wheat, nur——"

"Hold on. I don't want you."

"Why so, sah?"

"Because you don't want to work."

"Dar yer go, jes' like all de res' o' de Northern white folks. Say dat a nigger doan wanten work jes' bercase he doan wanten kill hisse'f. Long ez he jis gits right donw an' humps hisse'f ter death da doan say er word, but soon ez he says dat he ain't willin' ter die, w'y den da comes roun' making er big mouf erbout it."

"Well," said the proprietor, after a moment's reflection, "as I need a man to see that the other hands do their work well, you may go ahead."

"Blegged ter yer, sah, 'deed I is. I'll make yer de bes' oberseer yer eber seeds case I'se allus got de intrust o' de 'prietor at heart. Hole on, boss; jes er nuder word, please, sah."

"Well, what is it?"

"What sorter whiskey does yer drink?"

"I don't drink any."

"But what kine is yer goin' ter tern me loose ermung?"

"None."

"Ain't gwineter hab er barr'l wid er tin cup?"

"Of course not."

"Den, sah, we kan't trade. You folks 'specks er nigger ter work his life erway widout any 'freshments. No use'n talkin', sah; dar ain't no finitness 'twix us."

Their Hearts Were Full—The Chicago Tribune

Overhead glittered the stars of a cloudless sky in June, and the full moon beamed enchantingly on a landscape wrapped in repose. Not a breath ruffled the leaves of the trees that lined the avenue along which Bolivar Pyke and Buenavista McCorkle were wending their way slowly homeward from a meeting of the Gyrogeosophical society. Not a ripple stirred the surface of the romantic frog pond on the left in whose bosom was mirrored the glorious firmament and not a sound came from the suburban farmhouse on the right, whose inmates were sleeping the deep sleep of deliverance.

"Bolivar!" exclaimed the maiden, as something by the roadside reflecting the pale radiance of the moonbeams caught her eye, "what is that on the ground?"

The young man stooped and looked at it.

"It is nothing but a snail, Buenavista," he said. "The beauty of the night has tempted it forth. It is a wonder," he continued dreamily, "that all animate nature is not out for a moonlight stroll. The night is too lovely to be spent indoors, even in the restful slumber that tired nature exacts after a day of toil."

The enjoyment of the wondrous loveliness of the evening seemed too deep for words, however, and in silence the young people proceeded slowly on their way, communing only in that voiceless yet eloquent language that expresses itself in a glance of the eye, a pressure of the hand, or a softly breathed sigh.

Long had they walked on thus in ecstatic silence, when the gentle girl again spoke.

"Bolivar," she said, "I think I see another snail."

The young man stooped to inspect it. Raising himself and slightly quickening his steps, he said:

"No, Buenavista, it is the same snail."

APPLIED SCIENCE--INVENTION AND INDUSTRY.

The Collar Factories of Troy—Philadelphia Item

A dozen or more operations are needed to make a gentleman's shirt collar and no person plays more than one part. The cutters, who never strike, because they are well paid, are the most important factors in the trade. They are magical workers. Each man has his table upon which to spread layer upon layer of linen. When the pile is as thick as he wants he puts upon it his little pattern block of wood, whirls a sharp, thin blade of steel as fast as the eye can follow the movement and leaves beneath the block the dismembered shapes of a score of collars. So skilful is he that he can make the cuttings close enough together to leave only threads of linen wasted. The pieces that he cuts out are sent to the factory hands, are called for by silk-clad ladies in carriages and are taken home by school girls. One set of workers sew the pieces together, another set simply turn the collars inside-out after the manner of skinning eels (for these collars are sewed the wrong way out), another set make the buttonholes, and then there are the laundress, washers, ironers, sorters, stampers and many more besides. The buttonhole-makers and the stitchers all use sewing machines run by power, and this power is often supplied in an interesting way. A sort of turbine is attached to an ordinary kitchen faucet so arranged as to emit a thin thread of water, which, despite its slenderness, furnishes power to run the machine. Some women control half a dozen, or even a dozen, machines at their homes. The machines are run by larger turbines and operated by girls, on whose industry the speculative matrons make a small percentage of the profits. Every operator at home, except the larger ones, owns her machines and motor and has spent \$60 or perhaps \$100 to set herself up in business. The factories used to supply the thread as well as the linen, but recently the employers took to making more than ordinary and legitimate profits by selling the thread to the women and speculating in the transaction. They pretended that some women wasted the thread, but the truth is they were diseased by greed. They sold small spools until one firm laid in a stock of large spools, which they made their hands buy at three dollars apiece. This was too much to be taken from a girl's wages in a week without her feeling it severely, and so those in the firm's employ struck. Shopkeepers' wives and daughters, the women in distant households, the girls in the houses of the moulders and puddlers along the river between Troy and Albany, and, in short, most of the working women within a great radius, make either pin-money or entire livelihood from this industry. Steady work brought from \$10 to \$18 a week, but, of course, the women who had house work to attend to and girls who went to school were satisfied with just enough for little fineries and extravagances. The committee of Knights of Labor that conducted the movements of the girls found a peculiarly feminine difficulty in maintaining perfect harmony. That obstacle is the caste that exists among the collar-makers. The most fashionable and costly collars in the world are made at one factory, and the women who work on these goods look down with contempt on the others. They are the queens of the trade, and every humble operator lives in a constant hope of one day being skilful enough to work for that firm. Next in rank is a factor having a crown for its

trade-mark. Its workmen are secured in the social scale. Lowest of all are those who work in the majority of the factories, turning out collars for country cross-roads stores, for the Texas and cowboy trade; collars without style or quality, retailing at 10 or 12 cents each. They are the *oi polloi* of the kingdom of collars.

Machine and Printer—Theo. De Vinne—National Printer

There seems to be an uneasy feeling among compositors about type-setting machines. It is true that only three of the many recently invented are at practical work, but all of them give a promise of usefulness, if not in all fields, at least in some field of composition. It is certain that the machines have come to stay. Compositors fear that they will reduce the price of labor, and will indirectly drive them out of business. Much of this disquietude is unnecessary. That type-setting machines may or will reduce the cost of the work on reprints and cheap books and papers is probable. That they will ever drive any large body of good workmen out of business is absurd. The machines will surely make more work for workmen. So far from decreasing the standard of workmanship, they will elevate it. This conclusion is warranted by a review of the changes in the trade made by inventions in another department—that of presswork. Fifty years ago the advantages of machinery in presswork were recognized in this country, but they were not fairly tried. Stereotype, composition rollers, cylinder presses, and Adams presses had then been invented, but were little used. The New York Sun and New York Herald were trying to print growing editions of their then petty sheets on hand presses. Harper & Bros. and other book printers in New York were doing their press work on hand presses. Books were cheap and editions were small; pressmen were abundant and wages were low. Journeymen piece compositors were paid an average of twenty-four cents per thousand ems, and earned seven dollars a week with difficulty. Weekly wages for time compositors were nine dollars, but this sum was earned only by the more active and expert. The average wages of piece compositors, and occasional time hands was not over seven dollars a week. Hand pressmen, paid almost entirely by the piece, had to do an amount of hard labor to earn nine dollars a week which the modern power pressmen would regard as excessive and unreasonable. Although work was hard and wages small, there was even then a dislike to machinery—a dislike which seems to have been imported from abroad. Johnson, an eminent printer of London, had already denounced the printing machine, then in use in London, as the destroyer of the living of pressmen, and called upon Parliament to impose a tax on machine presswork, so that machines could not work for a lower price than hand presses. In 1830, and even as late as 1848, the journeymen printers of Paris destroyed printing machines in the Royal Printing Office of that city as well as in other offices, because they said that these machines were taking the bread out of their mouths. Stereotyping, invented by Ged in the last century, had been delayed more than fifty years by the opposition of hand pressmen, who secretly battered plates in the supposed interest of compositors. Master printers were afraid to use the new process. Composition rollers were opposed by pressmen, because they enabled a boy to do the work of the extra man, who wielded the old-fashioned inking

balls. The first inking machine attachment was found more objectionable, because it enabled the master printer to dispense with this extra roller boy or this extra man who had been regarded as necessary to the working of the hand press. Every invention or process that increased production was regarded by working men as an evil agency. In this country there has never been any active hostility to new machinery in the printing business. There have been no mobs or strikes against inventions, but workmen look on all new devices with suspicion and unfriendliness. They do not see that the invention which temporarily throws one man out of work ultimately makes work for two or more men. What would have been the state of the trade if we had no stereotype or electrotpe, no composition rollers, and no printing machines? The daily newspaper, as we now have it, would be an impossibility. An edition of two thousand or twenty-five hundred copies of a small sheet would be the highest performance of the hand press, and what severe work this paltry performance would impose on the wretched hand pressman who had to print this edition in a hurry! The illustrated magazine of large edition and low price, filled with fine wood-cuts, could not exist at all in days of hand presses. One could go on and show how hand presses would curtail the production, not only of the popular, but of the artistic forms of typography. Processes and machines that were once dreaded are now used by every printer, and they are welcomed as much by the journeymen as the master. No one will pretend that they have reduced the number of workmen. Where there was one printer fifty years ago, there are at least twenty printers now. Instead of driving hand pressmen out of the trade, the printing machines have really brought more pressmen in it, and have enabled an employer to pay them better wages. The machines have not even driven good hand pressmen out. In all our large cities the expert hand pressman is in active demand. He does but one-half the labor of his predecessor, yet he is paid twice as much and has steadier work. For some forms of printing the hand press is more economical than any machine, and if there were more men who could use them skilfully, they would be more generally employed. They are not used because it is difficult for an employer to get a boy to learn this branch of press-work. He objects, because the work is hard. Not even for double or treble the old pay will a pressman in 1889 undertake to do on a hand press the work done by all pressmen in 1840. The journeyman book compositor of New York, who works by the piece, now earns an advance of seventy-five per cent. on the rates of fifty years ago. The time hand gets twice as much. Expert machine pressmen in the larger New York book offices are paid \$20 and \$22 a week—an advance of more than one hundred per cent. If they are specially skilful or active, they are cheerfully paid a good deal more. They have steady employment and comparatively easy work. It should be noted that the highest wages are always paid in those offices that have the most and best machinery. Low wages are the rule almost without exception in all offices that have little or no machinery. Instead of throwing men out of work, machinery has made a demand for more work. Instead of lowering the labor wage it has raised it.

A History of Iron Making—The Birmingham Age

The primitive mode of smelting in Asia and India was very crude, consisting simply of a hole dug in a bank, or mass of clay, with a small opening at the bottom for the introduction of a weak blast, which was made with

a goat-skin bellows. The hole was partially filled with charcoal and iron sand (oxide of iron 72 per cent. purity being required) placed on top. By this means sufficient heat could be made to reduce the mass—oxygen being consumed and leaving the iron to sink to the bottom of the pit. Of course the iron contained a considerable amount of impurities, yet it was tolerably clear. By renewing the charcoal and sand alternately from 5 to 200 pounds could be made, depending on the strength of the blast. Iron ore could not be used successfully in this process because lime to a considerable quantity must be introduced, that the refuse may be made fusible, though in rich ores but a small quantity is required. The iron was removed from the pit while still hot and hammered, and then re-heated and hammered again until most of the cinder was removed and tolerably good iron obtained. This re-hammering in later times being usually done by water power, tending to locate the industry where such was obtainable. This crude and simple process was practised by barbarous and civilized nations alike, down to the eighteenth century, though of course, with some improvements in the instruments. In the mountains of Spain, as early as 1293, a cylindrical hearth about 11 inches deep was introduced into the bottom of the furnace, which gave a considerable increase in the productive power—making about 140 pounds in five hours. Yet the principle was the same and charcoal the only fuel. To this day very large amounts of iron are made by this primitive method in Sweden and the United States, and it is the sole process among the less civilized peoples. In the United States about 70,000 tons are so produced annually from the rich sands of the western shore of Lake Champlain, and large quantities are made in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Tennessee—comprising in 1882 about one-ninth of our production. The charcoal iron being malleable is especially valuable for many purposes, producing most excellent steel. Even among barbarous nations travellers are frequently impressed with the excellent quality of their iron and steel. In the Middle Ages Damascus steel was famous throughout the world, and the famous Swedish iron is almost entirely made from charcoal. But the process is rapidly dying out from natural causes. It is attended with an enormous consumption of wood and soon exhausts the forests. As much as 300 years ago, in Elizabeth's time (1574), the English Parliament, alarmed at the destruction of the forests, forbade the establishing of new iron works within a certain distance of London and the river Thames, and about 100 years later some British crown works in the south-west of England were closed up to save the wood for naval purposes. Before the eighteenth century the English manufacture seemed to be dying out, and had ceased altogether in many localities. In 1740 the total production reached but 17,000 tons, about the same as the present State of Connecticut. In Wales the present great fields seemed to be getting useless. In 1750 this brought forth an act of Parliament admitting American colonial iron free of duty. The whole feature of the progress of that day was that of the industry pushing ahead into the uncivilized wilderness. Under such a state of affairs the present modern manufacture was clearly impossible. Down to this time coal had been used for domestic purposes, and to some extent by smiths. It had been used probably as early as the ninth century, and certainly not later than the twelfth, though not to any great extent. It was probably thought to be unhealthy, for with such resources it is hard to account for its lim-

ited use on any other supposition. It seems reasonably certain that as early as 1619 one named Dud Dudley smelted iron by the use of mineral coal. He carried on the industry successfully for several years, making iron at a greatly reduced cost and of good quality. He was much persecuted by rival manufacturers, who excited the popular prejudice against him. His mill was much damaged by a flood, and was eventually destroyed by a mob in 1640. Overcome by continuous misfortune, he eventually succumbed and died a pauper, carrying his secret with him to the grave. Though numerous experiments were tried, the next that gave promise of success was that of Abraham Darby, who first submitted the coal to the process wood undergoes in being converted into charcoal—making a sort of coke. In 1757 coke was first successfully applied to iron. Then in Cheshire it was discovered that coal could be used. The manufacture at once began to grow, but it still seemed that people had no idea of the possibilities of the industry. As late as 1755 a district in the mountains of Wales of the finest coal and iron lands, eight miles long and five miles wide, from which many great fortunes have since been made, and which is now one of the great seats of the modern manufacture, was leased for 99 years for the sum of £200, and neither party at the time recognized the good bargain the lessee made. In the early stages of the manufacture the use of coal communicated many impurities to the iron; it was much inferior to charcoal iron. But the process of converting pig iron into bar iron was soon discovered. In this operation the iron is brought in contact with the flame only. The effect of these discoveries was wonderful. From 17,000 tons in 1740 the production rose in 1788 to 60,000 tons. In 1796 it was 125,000; in 1806 it was 250,000, and in 1882 it was 8,400,000 tons, an inconceivable amount, and a five-hundred fold increase in less than a century and a half. Of course this shows the effect of more than the improvements mentioned; but these and the application of steam power to the industry lie at the root. Watt made improvements that increased the blast by steam power—which of course increased the smelting powers of a furnace. His improvements were felt about the period 1788–1790. Up to this time the increase in the manufacture had been large. But from this time on, to draw a comparison, the increase was in a geometrical as distinguished from an arithmetical ratio. It had long been noticed that better iron was made in winter than in summer, from which fact it was reasoned that an artificial cold blast was the best. But a shrewd Scotchman, named Neilson, thought differently. He reasoned that a hot blast would save immensely in the fuel required. But it was only after the most discouraging efforts that he found one willing to change his furnace to try an experiment so contrary to accepted belief. Neilson eventually took out a patent in 1828. The success was great, the result being the immediate saving of from one-third to one-half the fuel required in smelting. The improvement gave Scottish iron an immense impetus, but it was soon adopted in England and the United States. Down to the middle of the eighteenth century cast iron was unused; but with the introduction of mineral coal it became a great feature in the manufacture. Its production naturally involved the making and handling of great castings, which in turn re-acted on the manufacture and stimulated inventions for handling great masses of iron, steam power being the great agent. The history of the industry in the United States is equally wonderful. In 1838 the first furnace was built in East-

ern Pennsylvania. It was 21 feet high and made two tons of iron per day. The furnaces now are from 60 to 70 feet high and produce from 120 to 140 tons per day. The magnitude of the growth is shown by figures:

	Production. Tons.	Imports. Tons.
1828.....	130,000	47,210
1838.....	308,000	83,900
1860.....	900,000	
1870.....	1,200,000	
1882.....	4,200,000	600,000

In 1882 the United States consumed in the manufacture 7,200,000 tons of coal and coke; 3,200,000 tons of lime; 8,600,000 bushels of charcoal. Yet this is but one-fifth of the world's production. In 1882 the world's production was 20,000,600 tons, of which Great Britain produced 8,400,000 tons, and the United States 4,200,000. Malleability in iron is of great use in many ways, and this gave charcoal iron peculiar value; puddling iron is a process to make it malleable without its being taken directly from the ore. In 1882 out of 4,200,000 tons produced in the United States 2,500,000 were puddled. But puddling is rapidly declining since the introduction and use of soft steel. Steel was very anciently made in India. It was first introduced into Europe in the thirteenth century, but being very costly its use was limited to special purposes. The immense developments in the steel industry are the history of to-day. By the Bessemer process, with a simple blast, from 5 to 10 tons of steel are converted in from 10 to 15 minutes, without use of fuel and at a very little additional cost over iron. The magnitude of this change is seen from the fact that in 1872 the total product of steel was 2,400,000 tons, while in 1882 it was 6,200,000 tons. In 1872 only 4 per cent. of our iron was made into steel, while in 1882 33½ per cent. was converted. The finest steel, however, such as goes into razors, needles, surgical instruments, etc., is still made by the old crucible process. The fact that the richest ores are found in the oldest deposits, geologically speaking, while coal is of the later carboniferous age, has tended to locate the modern iron manufacture away from the ore fields. It has always been more advantageous to transport the ore to the fuel than vice versa—a great natural advantage to England and Pennsylvania. But the course of modern improvement has tended constantly to reduce the amount of fuel required and is rapidly reducing their advantage. Tennessee and Alabama are the most favored districts in the world—the coal and ore lying side by side. From the enormous consumption the English ores are rapidly giving out. Large amounts of ore are already imported into England from Spain, Germany, Sweden and Algeria, and large amounts of English capital have been invested already in opening up these ore fields by railroads. The great revolution seen in the iron industry differs from the changes seen in the cotton and woollen industries, in that it shows itself more in the quantity and cheapness of the iron production rather than any great or material change in qualities, and distribution of manufacture.

The Robert Process for Iron and Steel—Harper's Weekly

About a year ago, a Frenchman, Gustave L. Robert, of Stenay, France, made some experiments which were the starting point of a new process, and the news of his experiments came to the ears of J. W. Bookwalter, the manufacturer at Springfield, Ohio. When he heard of this discovery, Mr. Bookwalter immediately went to see Robert's experiments, and he secured the right to the process in the United States. Returning to his factory in Springfield, he built an experimental plant and

improved and expanded upon the idea of the inventor. After twelve months of experimenting he has perfected the invention, and within a month or two his first patent has been issued. The process is so simple that every iron worker will wonder that he did not discover it long ago. It can be best explained by comparing it with the Bessemer process. The peculiarity and the defect of the Bessemer process is that the air is blown perpendicularly through the mass of iron, keeping it in constant agitation, and therefore mixing all the impurities with the iron. If the current of air be blown long enough to burn out all the silicon and carbon, the oxygen will also attack the iron, and the resulting product will be a weak and oxidized iron. To remedy this, the Bessemer system introduces some ore of iron, such as ferro-manganese, containing a large amount of carbon, and a certain amount of this peculiar ore is necessary to be used with the common ore to produce the Bessemer product. The Bessemer converter blows the air from below the mass of iron. In the new converter, on the other hand, the blast is over the edge of the iron, horizontally, and produces a rotary motion in the metal, causing a most violent agitation, which presents every portion of the metal to the blast and at the same time blows the slag and other impurities which are floating on the surface to the farther side of the converter. It will be seen that this converter is simply a mechanical means of doing exactly what the puddler does by hand, turning the iron over and over, and presenting all parts of the molten mass to the air, and exposing only a small portion of it at a time to the action of the blast. So long as there is any silicon in that part of the metal exposed to the blast, the oxygen will attack neither the iron nor the carbon; and so long as there is carbon, the oxygen will not attack the iron. By the new process all the silicon, and practically all the carbon, can be burned out of the iron, or only the silicon may be burned out and the carbon left, and the impurities removed by gathering them on the surface of the molten metal, leaving steel when the blast is stopped. Thus, by the new process, every grade of iron can be made, from the purest wrought iron to the highly carbonated steel. It covers the whole catalogue of products of iron ore. The new process is like the Bessemer process in this—no fuel is necessary in converting the melted cast iron into the finished product, which by the Bessemer process is Bessemer steel, and by the new process is any grade of iron or steel that may be desired, whether metal for machine bolts or metal to be made into surgeons' tools. The development of the Bessemer process has prepared the way for this new process. The perfection of the converter, and of the blast machinery, and all those appliances which distinguish the Bessemer works of to-day from the early ones, are necessary in the new process. The marvellous feat of mechanical engineering which was hardly a less noteworthy achievement of Sir Henry Bessemer than the discovery of his process itself is as useful to the new process as to his. A Bessemer converter weighs, with its contents, from twenty to thirty tons, and it is moved by a gentle effort, and it receives a blast so powerful that the whole mass of molten metal is heated to the highest temperature that has hitherto been used in the practical mechanical arts. In the materials of its manufacture, and in the appliances for its manipulation, the new converter has the same essential necessities as the old. Since the metal which comes from the Robert converter can be a pure iron, a low or mild steel, or a steel high in carbon, from this converter can be poured every grade of metal that is used by the

smith or a rolling mill. And this range of metal includes iron that is now made by the puddling process, which is the iron used by the smith and manufactured by the rolling mill into all forms of bar and sheet iron; the steel now made by the Bessemer converter, which is used for railroad iron, for iron beams and girders for buildings, for ship building, and all forms of massive iron; the mild steel which is used for boilers and those processes requiring a soft and tough steel; and a crucible steel, from which are made the tools and all the finer products of the mechanic. This means that every grade of iron or steel that has hitherto been used for railroad bars and ship plates can now be produced by the same method; and that all products of the ore may be produced by a mechanical process, and so cheaply as to give a greater stimulus to the use of iron and steel than any previous invention. Since the blast of air in the Robert process does not support the enormous mass of iron, as in the Bessemer process, the blast is vastly less, and the entire plant, including engines and all the necessary machinery for the production of 100 tons a day of any grade of iron or steel, can be built for less than \$10,000, or one-third the cost of the Bessemer plant of the same capacity. The tuyeres of a Bessemer converter must be renewed after fifteen blasts. The tuyeres of the new last for 250 blasts. The Bessemer converter must be relined after a very few blasts; the Robert after 1,000 blasts. By the new process the metal is heated much hotter than by the Bessemer process, and is therefore much more fluid; but this quality, added to the freedom from impurities, enables the new converter to pour the metal directly into the billet which is to be rolled into the desired form, whereas the Bessemer product is so impure that it is cast first into a 14-inch ingot, and then broken down, as it is called, being rolled through a succession of rolls which reduce the ingot to four inches square. The new system makes possible the saving of about four dollars a ton in the making of the billet. The cost of making all grades of iron or steel is the same by the Robert system, and that cost is less than the cost of making Bessemer steel. The significance of this will be appreciated when it is realized that the poorest grade of iron costs from four to six dollars a ton more than Bessemer steel, and the highest grade of tool steel costs several hundred dollars a ton more. Not only are all these products, which are already made by other methods, produced cheaper and more rapidly by the new process, but a class of products can be made which it has hitherto been impossible to make. From the converter the metal can be poured into moulds, and castings can be made which have all the properties of wrought iron. They can be bent, hammered, welded, and in all respects treated as if they were the product of the forge and not of the foundry. This means a revolution in the building of machinery. Wrought iron is five to seven times as strong as the best cast iron. If, therefore, any piece of machinery requiring strength be cast of metal purified by the new converter, it can be one-fifth the present weight and of equal strength; or, if made of the present weight, of more than five times the present strength. There have been numerous attempts to increase the strength of castings, and to make what are known as malleable castings. The most successful has been the process of annealing. But this process has thus far failed in producing, for instance, heavy ordnance. If a highly carbonized metal from the new converter be cast, and the castings be permitted to cool slowly, it will be a soft steel, and part of which can then be tempered to any

degree of hardness desired. The advantages of this are very great in the manufacture of such products as car wheels and heavy ordnance. The present manufacturers of steel and iron can utilize nearly all their present plants—all except the puddling furnace—when they adopt the new system. The greater part of the existing manufacturing plants is as necessary for the new process as for the old; and the additional machinery required is not costly in comparison with Bessemer converters.

Invention of the Phonopore—The Boston Herald

An English electrician, Mr. Langdon-Davies, has made and perfected an invention which promises to be of great advantage in the service of transmission by electricity. At the present time the phonopore, as he calls his device, admits of the duplication at small expense of ordinary telegraphic facilities, but there are reasons for thinking that the time is coming when it will be found useful in a number of other directions. What the phonopore does is to utilize a species of electric energy which is not brought into service by the ordinary electrical devices. If a telephone wire runs near a telegraph wire, even though both may be insulated in the ordinary meaning of that term, it is possible to hear at the receiver at the end of the telephone wire the changes due to the passage of the electric current over the telegraph wire. That is, by what is known as induction, something passes from one wire to another in spite of ordinary insulation. Mr. Langdon-Davies termed this species of electricity phonoporic energy, distinguishing it from the ordinary electric current, which can not pass from wire to wire, particularly when both of these were well insulated. He next asked himself if it were not possible to utilize this energy, which seems to be a property of all electric currents, and, after making a number of experiments, he devised an instrument which can be applied to all telegraph wires, and by means of which messages can be sent and received by phonoporic energy simultaneously with the reception and dispatch of messages by the ordinary electric current, one service in no way interfering with the other. That is, the service by a single wire under the ordinary method can be doubled by the use of the phonopore, or if duplex instruments are used the service can be quadruplexed by the phonopore. If the service is already quadruplexed—that is, having four instruments to a single wire—eight distinct and separate services are possible by the use of phonoporic energy, and this in each case at a small expense. This discovery is of great interest apart from the results already attained, for the reason that it may be found possible later on to still further separate phonoporic from electric energy and utilize it for purposes for which the ordinary electric energy does not give altogether satisfactory results.

New Uses for Photography—London Cor. N. Y. Times

I have received a copy of a paper just read at the conference of the Camera Club, a society of amateur photographers who have a comfortable little house on Bedford Street, Strand. The author of the paper is Capt. A. M. Mantell of the Royal Engineers, who has ably summarized the present state of the application of photography to the art of war. Very little progress appears to have been made since the death of Mr. Baden Pritchard, formerly of the laboratory in Woolwich Arsenal, and at least one thing he had at heart has seemingly dropped out. This was an idea which he had worked out in combination with a well-known Parisian photographer, and I may briefly describe it. The notion was to reduce the maps or surveys or sketches of a whole country on little gelatine films, fifty or more of which

would easily lie in the top of a field-glass case. When required they could be placed in a light frame and read through a magnifier with a given focal distance, so that the eye would see them nearly enough to the original scale. The films were tanned so as to be water-proof, and some excellent results were got. But why the plan was not adopted in the army I have never been able to learn. Capt. Mantell, in his paper, describes the army photographic wagon, which is fitted up as a dark room, and has two cameras, one to take a picture 12 by 10, and one for a plate 7½ by 5. The latter can be sent out on muleback if needed. The cameras have each three lenses, and gelatine dry plates are, but stripping films will be, used. The printing process is the hot bath platinotype, but this will soon be superseded by the cold bath. Bromide paper also is carried for urgent cases. Capt. Mantell gives due credit to the device described by Lieut. Reed of the United States Army in his book, *Photography Applied to Surveying*. It seems that the theodolite and the level may be superseded by the camera, which, carefully levelled, takes views all round the horizon, a base being measured in the usual way. The true horizon is drawn across the negative by a mechanical arrangement in the body of the camera, and also the vertical line which represents the vertical plane containing the axis of the lens. The focal length of the lens being known, the principles of plane perspective enable the observer to calculate the vertical height of any point either above or below the datum level. In this country, it seems, the weather is generally too unfavorable for a process which has succeeded in France and America. Balloon photography, originated twenty-seven years ago by the Northern Army before Richmond, has then and since been found useful, and will be very valuable to a besieging army, which will take views of the enemy's works and reinforcements from small balloons, which will carry cameras, and by clockwork arrangements expose in succession a number of plates. The balloon would be fitted with a valve to allow the gas to escape in such a way that the balloon sent up on the windward side of the works might fall into the lines to leeward. The difficulty with captive balloons is that they oscillate greatly, and the cord often obstructs the view of the lens. Cameras can be sent up attached to the tails of kites, and the opening and closing of the shutters can be compassed by electricity. It seems a balloon is perfectly safe from rifle or even artillery fire if it is 600 to 700 yards above the ground. Photography has recently been used to obtain a view of a rifle bullet in its flight, both in America and in Germany. The bullet is seen to be surrounded by curves, those in front being approximately hyperbolic, and those at the sides rectilinear. Behind the bullet are seen eddies. These curves are similar to the waves and eddies produced by a vessel moving through the water, or those produced by the piers of a bridge over a river flowing with considerable velocity. These curves are really waves of sound, and are only produced when the velocity of the bullet exceeds that of sound. Herr Anschütz has similarly photographed a cannon ball, the exposure being seventy-six-millionths of a second. Capt. Mantell, like most other people, would like to know how the German savant measured seventy-six-millionths of a second! Photographs are now to be taken of men dismissed the service, so that they can be identified if they try to re-enlist. The marvellous progress of photography in its co-operation with the microscope, telescope, and other instruments has made it a giant power in scientific research.

THE INNER MAN--CONCERNING BODILY REFRESHMENT

The Dinner Hour in London—The London Queen

We English stand alone as regards the lateness of the hour at which we dine, and foreigners can hardly understand this preference given for so late an hour for eating the chief meal of the day. Her Majesty, the Queen, sets the example by dining at 9 o'clock, the leading nobility follow it by dining at 8:30; 8 o'clock, however, is a very general hour in London society at which to dine, and very few people with any claim to be considered fashionable dine earlier except those who wish to adhere to the early hours of their younger days and insist upon dining at 7:30. At continental courts, on the contrary, the fashionable dinner hour is not later than 6, and at some courts earlier in the summer months. Society dines at the same hour, and all things considered, weighing advantages against disadvantages, foreign society is certainly the gainer by the adoption of an earlier dinner hour than ours. The 6 o'clock dinner enables society to take life more quietly, dinner can be eaten leisurely and theatres leisurely attended, and balls and receptions do not make an immediate claim upon the after-dinner hour. Plenty of breathing time is allowed. Again, dinner toilette, as we understand it, is not worn, and high dresses are de rigueur in everyday life, the exceptions being made in favor of state banquets. An early dinner hour allows of earlier hours being kept by those who wish to do so without relinquishing society, as entertainments distinctly commence early in the evening. Health undoubtedly—we might say happiness also, for who is happy without health?—is on the side of these early hours. However, as long as it is the fashion to dine late, the hour will remain unalterable, for the simple reason that, if one elected to dine at the continental hour of 6, one would dine alone and lead comparatively an eccentric existence, practically putting one's self out of all that one's friends are doing. The only alternative to the dinner-giver is to render the dinner as short as possible by restricting the number of dishes and introducing every means to expedite the service. This is now the rule in what are considered the smartest houses, and is as greatly appreciated by diners-out as is good ventilation in a ball-room by aristocratic dancers.

A Boarding House Boon—The Philadelphia Record

In a modest room on Fourteenth street in New York there is displayed upon a large dining table a permanent lunch of meats, eggs, oysters, fruits and vegetables. The perishable articles thus exposed have been in their respective places from two to eight weeks and to all appearances are as sound and wholesome to-day as they were when first taken from the market to the kitchen. The gentleman in charge of the room declares that they will remain in that sound condition for an indefinite period, in other words, decay will never set in, or that it has been permanently arrested. However this may be, it is certain that a remarkable discovery has been made, which promises to revolutionize the provision business. At the present time it is impossible to ship eggs to southern points, milk to any place more than two days' journey distant, and some of the most delicious game must be eaten in the vicinity where it is killed. The most skilful refrigerator produced serves only to preserve meat and vegetables for a brief period, and leaves them when taken from the freezing chambers in such a condition that they must be cooked at once or spoiled.

If a time shall come when the farmer may send his eggs or milk or other produce to Brazil or the Antipodes, and Chesapeake reed birds sent to London and Paris, the value of such commodities will be tremendously enhanced and every corner of the world will be benefitted by the change. A Chicago man, named William H. Daniels, claims that he has found a preparation which will do just this for the producer of foods. Having in mind the indefinite preservation of human bodies in the shape of mummies, he has called his production the Egyptian Food Preservative. This is a patented article and consists of a powder made up of five or six ingredients, among which are sulphur and cinnamon. This powder when ignited smoulders slowly and gives off a dense, heavy smoke that sinks at once to the bottom of the room. The process of applying it to any subject is simple. If it be a steak, or a gallon of oysters, or a roast, or any other substance whatever, it is placed in the bottom compartment of an ordinary refrigerator which has been made airtight by lining with rubber. The powder is placed upon a perforated shelf in the upper part of the box and ignited. The box is then closed and not opened until the powder is burnt out. This may take half an hour and it only ceases to smoulder when the oxygen contained in the box has been exhausted. After that the subject of the process is found to be unimpaired in appearance and quality, with one exception to be noted later, and rendered permanently sound and wholesome. In the case of meat and vegetables it does not matter whether they have been cooked or not before being subjected to the process. The result is the same. Even milk, when thus treated, will stand indefinitely without souring and without losing any of its nourishing qualities. Eggs that have been treated are found to have lost simply the vital element, that is, if placed under a hen they will not hatch. A number of eggs that had been thus treated and placed under a hen were left with her for twenty-one days, after which they were taken away and cooked and found to be entirely wholesome. Physicians who have examined the powder certify that it contains no element which can make food treated by it injurious to the human body. Mr. Daniels and his associates theorize that the fumes of this powder destroy the bacteria of decay in any substance. If this is true, and a number of experiments conducted by the inventor and others seem to demonstrate it beyond doubt, the uses to which the compound may be put are multifarious. Persons economically inclined need not exercise their imaginations to find ways in which to save themselves from loss through the decay of animate and inanimate substances. The possibilities of provisioning expeditions to different parts of the world, or even for a week of camping in a wilderness, are at once apparent. It is said that one pound of the compound will cure a ton of meat. It has been applied to every sort of substance, including the human body. There is at present in the morgue at Bellevue Hospital, in this city, a cadaver that was treated three weeks ago. It is in a perfect state of preservation and there are on record cases in other cities where a cadaver has been kept for a much longer period without any apparent change, except a gradual withering process, due to evaporation of the moisture near the surface. A striking illustration of the use of the discovery was given re-

cently in England. Several dozens of game and a quantity of vegetables had been prepared in Chicago. They were taken across the ocean in an ordinary trunk and some weeks later were served up to a party of interested Englishmen in London. This was done without bringing the articles in question in contact with ice. While in the room where the process is now displayed I had the privilege of eating a slice of mutton that had been boiled in one of the leading hotels of this city five weeks previously, and an egg that had been boiled seven weeks before. So far as flavor went, both were indistinguishable from similar articles cooked within one day. It is certainly a remarkable discovery, and, if the theory that decay proceeds from the presence of bacteria in the tissues is true, it is susceptible of being placed to much wider use than even its inventor imagined.

Food and Drink on the Atlantic—New York Star

There is an enormous profit in the steamship business during the spring and summer months, the gross receipts from a single voyage frequently rising above \$100,000. When the Etruria, the Umbria, the City of New York or any other of the great liners leaves her dock with from five to six hundred cabin passengers, as they do regularly every week between the middle of April and the middle of July, receipts from the cabin average more than \$100 for each person, and represent in the aggregate \$60,000. The other sources of income from the ship, such as freight, the mails, the steerage and the bar, amount to almost as much again. There is not a vessel on the ocean that can seat more than 250 people in the main dining room. For this reason there are two dinners served when the passenger list runs above that number, and you are asked at the office whether you prefer the first or the second dinner—one at 5:30, the other at 7—and this, with the number of your room, is put on the purser's list with the number of your place at table, and when it is once fixed no change will be made. An officer presides at each of the main tables, and the highest honor is to sit at the captain's table—if possible, on his right or left—and great tact is required to arrange the seats satisfactorily and give no cause for jealousy among the passengers. The perishable food only is bought in this country, and such things as melons, oysters, peaches, cigars, tomatoes and other articles that are cheaper and better here than abroad, together with the necessary supply of coal to carry the ship across the Atlantic. All of the groceries and wines are purchased on the other side, the supply being laid in for the round trip. When a vessel of the first class is lying at her dock in New York in the spring months with nearly a thousand people to feed for seven or eight days, she lays in an enormous amount of provisions, which are put in the ice room. Of fresh beef the usual amount is 12,500 pounds, with 760 pounds of corned beef, 5,230 pounds of mutton, 850 pounds of lamb, 350 pounds of veal and the same amount of pork and about 2,000 pounds of fresh fish. These figures may well make the thrifty housewife stare in open-eyed wonder. What could she do with the fifteen tons of potatoes put aboard every ten days? These ocean greyhounds are well supplied with game, as the list of the head cook, which was recently seen by the writer, showed 200 brace of grouse as being put aboard for a single voyage, with 600 fowls, 300 chickens, 100 ducks, 50 geese and 80 turkeys, besides 30 hampers of vegetables, 220 quarts of ice cream, 1,000 quarts of milk, and 11,500 eggs. It is said that if the ocean dried up, you could trace the route of the transatlantic steamers by rows of empty champagne bottles between here and Europe, which is not surpris-

ing, seeing that the Cunard Line alone uses about twenty-six thousand bottles of champagne per year. The bar is a most important department on a large passenger ship, and the profit from this source is said to often exceed \$5,000 from one trip. All of its goods are put on at Liverpool for the round trip, or at Havre or Bremen. The consumption for one voyage includes 1,100 bottles of champagne, 850 bottles of claret, 6,000 bottles of ale, 2,500 of porter, 4,500 of mineral water, and 650 bottles of various spirits. Lemons are used on an average of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per head per day, apples $2\frac{1}{2}$ per head per day, and oranges at the rate of 3 per head per day. The groceries for the round trip include 650 pounds of tea, 1,200 of coffee, 1,600 of white sugar, 2,800 of moist sugar, and 750 of pulverized sugar. The round trip takes twenty-two days, during only one-half of which are the passengers aboard; yet it consumes on one ship 1,500 pounds of cheese, 2,000 pounds of butter, 3,500 pounds of ham, and 1,000 pounds of bacon. Rough weather is expensive to the steamship company in the large breakage of crockery which it entails among the cabin passengers and stewards, and the record of a recent voyage showed among the broken articles 900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water bottles. The steamers of one line running between New York and Liverpool sell 64,000 cigars per year, 57,000 cigarettes, and 35,000 pounds of tobacco. Among the other items of the yearly supply which appear in the annual report, covering the entire fleet of sixteen ships, are $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of mustard and 2 tons of pepper, 7,300 bottles of pickles, 8,000 tins of sardines, 15 tons of marmalade, 22 tons of raisins and currants, 13 tons of split peas and 15 tons of barley, 50,000 loaves of bread of 8 pounds each, 54 tons of ham, 33 tons of salt, 34 tons of oatmeal, and 10 tons of yellow soap. Over two million pounds of meat are consumed every year by this one line and nearly one million eggs.

Real Old Madeira—From The London Standard

For the first six months of 1888 the shipments of Madeira have already reached 3,636 pipes, the correct total for 1887 having been 4,247 pipes, and for 1886, 5,227. These figures are small enough when compared with the averages of the years from 1788 to 1838, during which time the wine may be said to have had its day. The largest exports were recorded in 1800, 16,981 pipes; in 1801, 16,732 pipes, and in 1807, 16,701 pipes. In 1801 the island was taken by the English, and in 1807 it was again captured by them. British tars—or, at any rate, their officers—were familiar with the quality of the wine; for an old bill of lading shows that my Lords of the Admiralty were accustomed to order it for victualing his Majesty's navy so long ago as 1793. In the quaintly worded document, which is still preserved, they stipulate that a cargo intended for Barbadoes, per the good ship Providence, should consist of "120 London-made pipes bound with twelve iron hoops each, both heads painted dark chocolate color and branded upon the heads, bungs and spigots, N. G. I." The original of an order of 500 pipes for Savannah can be seen dated May, 1780. In 1801 the agent in the island reported to London: "There are not 100 pipes of old wine in the hands of the natives for sale; the exports of the year 1800 exceeded all previous exports, being upward of 17,000 pipes, and should the demand for our wine increase as much as it has done for some years, the island will not be able to supply the requisite quantity." During the succeeding quarter of a century the demand was fairly maintained, rising in 1825 to over 14,000 pipes, but in

the following year the export fell to 9,398. A decline, occasionally broken by a good year, however, set in, and the totals more than once were short of 6,000. In 1851 the aggregate was 7,301, and that number has never since been attained. It was in 1852 that the wine of Madeira was at a crisis of its history. The vineyards were devastated by the oïdium, a fungus which attacks the grapes when the skins are very thin. For eleven seasons not a pipe of wine was manufactured, and the stocks were gradually depleted, although the exports were reduced to less than 1,000 pipes per annum. It took more than ten years to discover that the fungus could be treated with sulphur, and since then the vintage has by degrees been to some extent recovered, a steady improvement having been especially noticeable since 1879. A trade subject to such fluctuations owes its preservation to one or two leading houses. In the good old times, when East and West Indiamen outward bound called at Madeira, there were quite thirty English firms, each of which had its own flag. Their number has now been reduced to five or six. Whenever the ships hove in sight and displayed the colors of the merchants there was activity at Funchal, the capital of the island, to prepare the freights and to entertain visitors. Those times have gone, and no shipper now would consign his wine per a vessel which was bound to complete a voyage to the Indies before it could sail for home. A cask of Madeira which had been carried round the world and matured in the hot atmosphere of the hold was a prize indeed. There is not the same romance, but there is something of interest about the Madeira wine of to-day. It is the soil of the favored island which gives character to its grapes. The districts of vine culture fringe the coasts, the interior of the island rising to mountain peaks of 5,000 feet and 6,000 feet altitude. Different varieties of grape are grown, but the Malmsey, Sercial and Bual are termed specialties. They as well as the Tinta, a small, black Burgundy, are giving way before the Verdelho, "a small oval grape, hardly as large as a coffee berry, when ripe of a rich, golden hue, full of flavor and saccharine." The produce of a vineyard is frequently purchased before the grapes are pressed. The mosto, or raw wine, is transported to Funchal in Canteiro pipes, holding 130 gallons each, old measure. These great barrels are drawn about by oxen yoked to a kind of sled. Fermentation goes on until November, a small quantity of brandy being added. The stores in which the processes are carried on are of most picturesque appearance, trellised vines stretching from shed to shed, and scarlet geraniums giving color to the stores, which may occupy several acres. The method of maturing the wine by sending it in a heated temperature to the West Indies and back has had to give place to a more practical system. In the country districts it is still the custom to put the butts in the open air under the direct sun, or store them in a glass house with the same object. But the large shippers are provided with estufas, or buildings of two stories, divided into four compartments. "In the first of these," an eye-witness relates, "common wines are subjected to a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit—derived from flues heated with anthracite coal—for the space of three months. In the next compartment wines of an intermediate quality are heated up to 130 degrees for a period of four and a half months, while a third is set apart for superior wines, heated variously from 110 to 120 degrees for the term of six months. The fourth compartment, known as calor, possesses no flues, but derives its heat, varying from 90 to 100 de-

grees, exclusively from the compartments adjacent, and here only high-class wines are placed." The object of this heating of the wine is to destroy whatever germs of fermentation still remain in it, and to mature it the more rapidly, in order that it may be shipped in its second and third year without any further addition of spirit. Each compartment is provided with double doors, and after it is filled with wine the inner doors are coated over with lime, so as to close up any chance apertures. When it is necessary to enter the estufa the outer doors only are opened, and a small trap in the inner door is pushed back to allow of the entrance of the man in charge, who passes between the various stacks of casks, tapping them one after the other to satisfy himself that no leakage is going on. During the time the wines are in the estufa they diminish by evaporation 10 to 15 per cent. The wine is put into butts, each holding 400 gallons, and when ready for shipment is transferred to casks, which are made by coopers, with the adze, of American oak staves, and cost perhaps £2 apiece. The casks are measured, branded, scalded, and steamed. They are seasoned with water, and then charged with common wine for two or three months. After this careful preparation they are considered fit for use. While a quantity is sent to England, it is stated that the people who drink most Madeira are the French, although until recently they were rivaled by the bibulous Russians.

The Economic Use of Peanuts—Philadelphia Caterer

The peanut is a useful product—much more so, indeed, than people imagine. We all know how extensively it is eaten in its roasted state, but therein, by no means, lies the extent of its value. The nuts contain from 42 to 50 per cent. of a nearly colorless, bland, fixed oil, resembling olive oil, and used for similar purposes. The best is obtained by cold expression, but a large quantity of inferior oil is procured by heating the seeds before pressing. It is a non-drying oil, changing but slowly by exposure to the atmosphere, and remaining fluid in a cold several degrees below 32 degrees Fahr. It contains, beside oleic and palmitic acids, two other oily acids, which have been called the arahic and hypogœic, though it is doubtful if they are really distinct. The principal consumption of the oil is in soap making. In 1883 Virginia began the manufacture of peanut flour, the result being a peculiarly palatable biscuit, while Georgia has long made pastry of pounded peanuts. The kernels roasted are largely used in the manufacture of chocolate, while the *amande de terre*, as has been shown, is used by the confectioners. It is also eaten as a fruit, and roasted for coffee. The poor man's fruit, the peanut, is capable of sustaining life for a long time, owing to its peculiarly nutritive qualities, the negroes using it alike in porridge, custard, or as a beverage. Nor does its usefulness end here, for the vines form a splendid fodder, as good as clover hay, while hogs will fatten on what they find in the fields after the crop has been gathered. It is an easy crop to raise, the demand for nuts has trebled within the past few years, and has never yet equalled the demand. The quantity used in this country may be set down at 3,000,000 bushels.

The Old Roman Feasts—English National Review

The lavish expenditure of the Romans on the cœna, the great meal of the day, was often fabulous. Vitellius is actually reported to have squandered 400 sesteria, about £3,228, on his daily supper, though surely this must be a monstrous exaggeration. The celebrated feast to which he invited his brother Lucius cost 3,000 sesteria, or £40,350. Suetonius relates that it consisted

of 2,000 different dishes of fish and 7,000 of fowls, and this did not exhaust the bill of fare. His daily food was luxurious and varied beyond precedent. The deserts of Lybia, the shores of Spain, and the waters of the Carpathian seas were diligently searched to furnish his table with dainties, while the savage wilds of Britain had to bear their part in replenishing his larder. Had he reigned long Josephus says that he would have exhausted the wealth of the Roman empire itself. *Ælius Verus*, another of these worthies, was equally profuse in the extravagance of his suppers. It is said that a single entertainment, to which only a dozen guests were invited, cost 6,000,000 sesterces—6,000 sesteritia, that is—or nearly £48,500. History relates that his whole life was passed eating and drinking in the voluptuous retreats of Daphne or at the luxurious banquets of Antioch. So profuse, indeed, was the extravagance of those times that to entertain an emperor was to face almost certain ruin; one dish alone at the table of *Heliogabalus* is said to have cost about £4,000 of our money. No wonder these imperial feasts were lengthened out for hours, and that every artifice, often revolting in the extreme, was used to prolong the pleasure of eating, or that *Philoxenus* should have wished, as it is said, that he had the throat of a crane with a delicate palate all the way down.

English Country-House Meals—Chicago "America"

There are only two distinct disadvantages in English country-house life. One affects the digestion and the other the pocket of the impecunious guest. People eat far too much at country houses, and they are called upon too often for presents, or "tips," or gratuities to a whole army of servants. First, then, as to the eating and drinking. It goes on from morning until night. At the best regulated country-houses breakfast is on the table and the guests come down as they like until mid-day. A cup of tea or cocoa in the bedroom on awaking starts the programme. This is followed by an enormous breakfast of fish, chops, sausages, kidneys and a mysterious compound of rice and minced meat or fish, called "kedgerie," just sufficient for a day's meal, even in the case of an ordinary laborer. At two o'clock an enormous luncheon is served, at which British joints prevail. Euphemistically it is called luncheon, but it is in reality a good, sound, solid, wholesome dinner. Ladies do not hesitate to avow their preference for the luncheon hour, and, as the men are generally out shooting or exercising themselves the healthy young women can eat to their heart's content. Time was when sportsmen could put up with a rough, scratch meal—a slice of bread and cheese at a farm-house, or a sandwich and a glass of brandy and water carried in the pocket. It is not so now. For the shooting-men an elaborate hot luncheon is prepared, conveyed to the scene of action with enormous trouble, and it cannot be discussed without a set table and portable chairs—no more resting in a snug corner of the field; no more sitting down on the ground to an *al fresco* repast. No, the Sybaritic sportsman cannot lunch in the fields without china, glass, fine linen, and silver forks. Very often the ladies come out on sunny days to join the shooting-party; when they do not they are sure to be found at the hideous meal called afternoon tea, which is similarly served, either in the house or in the open air. It is almost inconceivable, but it is nevertheless true, that men and women, whether in exercise or not, consume tea-cakes, muffins, cake, jam, and sometimes plates of poached eggs and ham between the heavy meals known as luncheon and the regular set dinner at eight o'clock, when every one is

back and assembled round the hospitable board. Even after that there are some still so hungry that they cannot go to bed without savory sandwiches and appetizing morsels in the smoking-room. How people's digestions can stand the meals that are forced upon them puzzles me not a little. No wonder there is so much dyspepsia and gout about when the stomach is so unduly exercised. As to the "tips" at country-houses, they get more pressing and exorbitant every year. A round of country-house visits is not done for nothing. It costs a small fortune; butler, under-butler, footman, grooms, coachmen, stable-lads, all have to be rewarded, and they turn up their noses at anything under a gold piece.

Facts About the Sweet Cassava—Garden and Forest

Of recent additions to the food plants of this country perhaps none deserves as much notice as the sweet cassava (*Manihot Aipi*). It seems to have been proved beyond question that on the southern border of the United States there are considerable areas admirably adapted to growing this remarkable plant as a staple article of home consumption, while in Florida, at least, its manufacture into starch, tapioca, and glucose ought to become a leading industry. The cassava plant is closely related to the ricinus or castor bean, which it resembles in general appearance. It is a handsomer plant, not having the coarse, rank aspect of ricinus. It does not bear much seed, and it is not propagated from seed, but from cuttings of the larger stems. Before it is time for frost the stems that are half an inch or more in thickness should be cut, laid in piles and covered with earth. It is said, also, that the stems may be kept where they will become quite dry without having their vitality impaired. When ready for planting, in January, February or March, the stems are cut in pieces about six inches long. These are planted four or five feet apart and three or four inches deep. The crop receives shallow culture till sufficiently grown to shade the ground and hold its own against weeds. It may be left to grow for two years with advantage, thus requiring a minimum amount of culture. The roots should be dug only as wanted for use, as they decay soon after being exposed to the air. Cassava requires mellow, well-drained land, and responds readily to manuring. Florida's sand hills seem to be specially adapted to this crop. As to the quantity of cassava root that may be obtained from an acre of ground, no satisfactory estimates have as yet been made. It must vary greatly under various conditions. A single plant grown in Polk County produced fifty pounds of roots, the top measuring eight feet in height and ten feet in breadth. It had been highly manured. A person who has given special attention to the cassava thinks that from ten to fifty tons of roots from one year's growth ought to be obtained from an acre of land, according to its quality. This is little better than conjecture, but certainly the plant yields enormously under favorable conditions. The uses to which cassava may be put are almost too numerous to mention. By manufacture it may be converted, with scarcely any waste, into starch, tapioca, and glucose. In the tropics cassava flour is used extensively for making a large wafer or cracker, which is quite palatable, and keeps without injury for months. Florida housewives have used it for making bread, puddings, custards, fritters, jellies, etc.; also as a vegetable it is used in all ways in which Irish potatoes are used. It is as food for stock, however, that cassava has excited most interest. It is greatly relished by cattle, horses, hogs and poultry, and is claimed to be a very wholesome article of food.

SPECIAL VERSE TOPIC—THE MONTH OF JUNE

June—James Russell Lowell

What is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays;
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, grasping above it blindly for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

The Month of June—H. W. Longfellow

Mine is the Month of Roses, yes and mine
 The Month of Marriages! All pleasant sights
 And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming vine,
 The foliage of the valleys and the heights.
 Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights,
 The mower's scythe makes music to my ear;
 I am the mother of all dear delights;
 I am the fairest daughter of the year.

That Night in June—Hamilton Aidé

Do you recall that night in June
 Upon the Danube river?
 We listened to the Ländler tune,
 We watched the moonbeams quiver.
 I oft since then have watched the moon,
 But never, Love, oh, never
 Can I forget that night in June,
 Upon the Danube river.

Our boat kept measure with its oar,
 The music rose in snatches,
 From peasants dancing on the shore
 With boisterous songs and catches.
 I know not why that Ländler rang
 Through all my soul, but never
 Can I forget the songs they sang
 Upon the Danube river.

A June Twilight—Charles Tennyson Turner

It is a summer gloaming, balmy-sweet,
 A gloaming brightened by an infant moon,
 Fraught with the fairest light of middle June;
 The lonely garden echoes to my feet
 And hark! Oh, hear I not the gentle dews,
 Fretting the silent forest in his sleep?
 Or does the stir of housing insects creep
 Thus faintly on mine ear? Day's many hues
 Waned with the paling light and are no more,
 And none but drowsy pinions beat the air.
 The bat is hunting softly by my door,
 And noiseless as the snowflake leaves his lair
 O'er the still copses, flitting here and there
 Wheeling the selfsame circuit o'er and o'er.

Fireflies in June—George Arnold

'Tis June, and all the lowland swamps
 Are rich with tufted reeds and ferns,
 And filmy with the vaporous damps
 That rise when twilight's crimson burns;
 And as the deepening dusk of night
 Steals purpling up from vale to height
 The wanton fireflies show their fitful light.
 Soft gleams on clover blooms they fling,
 And glimmer in each shadowy dell,
 Or, downward, with a sudden swing
 Fall, as of old a Pleiad fell;
 And on the field bright gems they show
 And up and down the meadows go,
 And through the forest wander to and fro.
 They store no hive nor earthly cell,
 They sip no honey from the rose;
 By day unseen, unknown they dwell,
 Nor aught of their rare gift disclose;

Yet, when the night upon the swamps
 Calls out the murk and misty damps
 They pierce the shadows with their shining lamps.

June Sunshine and Shower—James Berry Bense

The hills are far and a purple haze
 Lies on their crests like a cloud of smoke;
 The breath of the pines, these warm June days
 Flows softly over the dusty ways,
 Like smells of myrrh from a chest of oak.

The pale, pink roses with golden eyes
 Thrust wondering faces from bush and fence,
 The sweet, white Indian blossom lies
 Like snow in the fields, the sea replies

With vague, deep chants to the yearning sense.

Gray birds with silver beneath the wing
 Fly up to the blue of the boundless sky,
 A red-breast robin begins to sing,
 An oriole (gorgeous flame-lit thing)
 Like a bit of sunset flashes by.

In yonder meadow we catch a hint
 Of color in swaying clover red,
 While yellow buttercups bend and glint,
 And a silken thistle of royal tint
 Is nodding its plumed and lazy head.

The black clouds roll across the sun,
 Their shadows darken all the grass:
 The songs the sweet birds sang are done,
 And on wide wings the minstrels pass.
 There comes a sudden sheet of rain
 That beats the tender field-flowers down,
 And in the narrow fragrant lane
 The white road turns a muddy brown.

In Joyous June—Percy Bysshe Shelley

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
 Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
 When the north wind congregates in crowds
 The floating mountains of the silver clouds
 From the horizon, and the stainless sky
 Opens before them like eternity.
 All things rejoiced beneath the sun—the weeds,
 The river, and the cornfields and the reeds,
 The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
 And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

An Evening in June—Matthew Arnold

The evening comes, the fields are still,
 The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
 Unheard all day, ascends again;
 Deserted is the half-mown plain;
 Silent the swaths! the ringing wain,
 The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,
 All housed within the sleeping farms!
 The business of the day is done,
 The last-left haymaker is gone.
 And from the thyme upon the height,
 And from the elder-blossoms white
 In puffs of balm the night air blows
 The perfume which the day foregoes.
 And on the pure horizon far,
 See pulsing with the first-born star,
 The liquid sky above the hill!

The evening comes, the fields are still.

June's Awakening—Paul Hamilton Hayne

She hath looked in the Sun's, her Prince's eyes,
 With a glance 'twixt passion and shy surprise,
 Like hers who was wakened through smiles and tears
 From the spell-bound sleep of a hundred years.
 She has wakened, too, with a soul astir
 For the redolent lover Fate sends to her;
 And the earth is set to a bridal tune
 When the Sun-god marries his sweetheart, June!

OLD-FASHIONED STORIES—PETE FEATHERTON*

A clear morning had succeeded a stormy night in December, the snow laid ankle-deep upon the ground and glittered on the boughs, while the bracing air and the cheerful sunbeams invigorated the animal creation and called forth the tenants of the forest from their warm lairs and hidden lurking-places.

The inmates of a small cabin on the margin of the Ohio were commencing with the sun the business of the day. A stout, raw-boned forester plied his keen axe, and lugging log after log, erected a pile on the ample hearth sufficiently large to have rendered the last honors to the stateliest ox. A female was paying her morning visit to the cow-yard, where a numerous herd of cattle claimed her attention. The plentiful breakfast followed—corn-bread, milk, and venison crowned the oaken board, while a tin coffee-pot of ample dimensions supplied the beverage which is seldom wanting at the morning repast of the substantial American farmer.

The breakfast over, Mr. Featherton reached down a long rifle from the rafters and commenced certain preparations fraught with danger to the brute inhabitants of the forest. The lock was carefully examined, the screws tightened, the pan wiped, the flint renewed and the springs oiled, and the keen eye of the backwoodsman glittered with an ominous lustre, as its glance rested on the destructive engine. His blue-eyed partner, leaning fondly on her husband's shoulder, essayed those coaxing and captivating blandishments which every young wife so well understands, to detain her husband from the contemplated sport. Every pretext was urged with affectionate pertinacity which female ingenuity could supply—"The wind whistled bleakly over the hills—the snow lay deep in the valleys—the deer would surely not venture abroad in such bitter cold weather—the adventurous hunter might get his toes frost-bitten, and her own hours would be sadly lonesome in his absence." He smiled in silence at the arguments of his bride—for such she was—and continued his preparations with the cool but good-natured determination of one who is not to be turned from his purpose by feminine eloquence.

He was indeed a person with whom such arguments—except the last—would not be very likely to prevail. Mr. Peter Featherton, or, as he was familiarly called by all who knew him, Pete Featherton, was a bold, rattling Kentuckian of twenty-five, who possessed the characteristic peculiarities of his countrymen—good and evil—in a striking degree. His red hair and sanguine complexion announced an ardent temperament—his tall form and bony limbs indicated an active frame inured to hardships—his piercing eye and high cheek-bones evinced the keenness and resolution of his mind. He was adventurous, frank, and social—boastful, credulous, illiterate, and at times wonderfully addicted to the marvellous. His imagination was a warm and fruitful soil in which "tall oaks from little acorns grew," and his vocabulary was overstocked with superlatives. He loved his wife—no mistake about that—but next to her his affections entwined themselves about his gun and expanded over his horse. He was true to his friends, never missed an election, turned his back on a frolic, nor affected to despise a social glass.

When entirely "at himself," to use his own language, Pete was friendly and rational, courteous and considerate, and a better-tempered fellow never shouldered a rifle.

But he was a social man who was liable to be "overtaken;" and let him get a glass too much and there was no end to his extravagance. Then it was that his genius bloomed and brought forth strange boasts and strong oaths, his loyalty to old Kentuck waxed warm, and his faith in his horse, his gun and his own manhood grew into idolatry. Always bold and self-satisfied and habitually energetic, he would then become gifted with the most affable and affectionate spirit of autobiography, dwell upon his own bodily powers and prowess, and end by slapping his hands together and, springing perpendicularly into the air, would announce, on the journey down, that he could whip his weight in wild-cats, and swear that he was the best man in the country.

It will be readily perceived that our hunter was not one who could be turned from his purpose by the prospect of danger or fatigue, and a few minutes sufficed to complete his preparations. His feet were cased in moccasins and his legs in wrappers of dressed deer-skin, and he was soon accoutred with a powder-horn, quaintly carved all over with curious devices, an ample pouch with flints, patches, balls, and other "fixins," and a hunter's knife; and throwing "Brown Bess"—for so he called his rifle—over his shoulder, he sallied forth.

But in passing a store hard by, which supplied the country with gunpowder, whiskey, and other necessities, he was hailed by a neighbor, who invited him to "light off and take something." Pete said he had "no occasion;" but rather than be nice he dismounted and joined a festive circle among whom the cup was circulating freely. Here he was soon challenged to "swap" rifles; and being one of those who could not stand a banter, he bantered back again, and, as usual, he magnified the wonderful perfections of Brown Bess.

"She can do anything but talk," said he. "If she had legs she could hunt by herself. It is a pleasure to tote her. I naterally believe that there is not a rifle south of Green River that can throw a ball so far or so true. I can put a bullet in that tree, down the road, a mile off!"

"You can't do it, Pete! I'll bet a treat for the crowd."

"No," said the hunter; "I could do it, but I don't want to strain my gun."

These discussions consumed much time and much whiskey; but, at length, bidding adieu to his companions, Pete struck into the forest. Lightly crushing the snow beneath his active feet, he beat up the coverts and traversed all the accustomed haunts of the deer. He mounted every hill and descended into every valley—not a thicket escaped his practiced eye. Fruitless labor! Not a deer was to be seen. Pete marvelled at this unusual circumstance, as the deer were abundant in this neighborhood, and no hunter in the State knew better than himself where to look for them.

But what surprised him more was that the woods seemed unfamiliar to him. He knew them like a book—he thought he was acquainted with every tree within ten miles of his cabin. Now, although he certainly had not wandered so far, some of the objects around him seemed strange, and there was a singular confusion in the character of the scenery, which seemed partly familiar and partly new. The more he looked, the more he was bewildered. Had such a thing been possible, he would have thought himself a lost man. He came to a stream which had heretofore rolled to the west, but now its

* James Hall—"The Literary Casket" 1834.

course pointed east. The shadows of the tall trees which, according to Pete's experience and philosophy, ought at noon to fall toward the north, all pointed to the south. He looked at his right and left hands, and was somewhat puzzled to know which was which. He cast his eye upon his own shadow, which had never deceived him—when lo! it was travelling round him like the shade on a dial—only a great deal faster, as it veered round to all points of the compass in the course of a single minute. Mr. Peter Featherton was in a bad fix.

It was evident from the dryness of the snow and the brittleness of the twigs, which snapped off as he brushed his way through the thickets, that the weather was intensely cold—yet the perspiration rolled in large drops from his brow. He stopped at a clear spring and thrusting his hands into the cold water, attempted to carry a portion to his lips—but the element recoiled and hissed as if his hands and lips were red-hot iron.

Pete began to grow alarmed and would have liked to turn back, but was ashamed to betray such weakness, even to himself. He kept boldly on his way, and at last, to his great joy, he espied the tracks of deer imprinted on the snow—they were fresh signs, too, and dashing upon the trail with the alacrity of a well-trained hound he pursued in hopes of soon overtaking the game. Presently he discovered the tracks of a man who had struck the trail in advance of him, and supposing it to be one of his neighbors, Pete quickened his pace, as well to gain a companion as to share the spoil. Indeed, in his present condition of mind, he would be willing to give half of what he was worth for the sight of a human face.

"I don't like the signs, nohow," he said, casting a rapid glance backward at his shadow, which had now ceased its rotary motion, and was swinging to and fro like a pendulum. "I don't like the signs! But you aren't a bit scared, are you, Pete? And you'll soon see whether other people's shadows act the fool like yours!"

Suddenly, there appeared to be something peculiar in the human tracks before him, which were evidently made by a pair of feet which were not fellows, for one of them was larger than the other. As there was no person thus deformed in the settlement, Pete began to fear it might be the Devil, who, in borrowing shoes to conceal his cloven hoof, might have got those that did not match.

He stopped, drew out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "This thing of being scared," said he, "makes a man feel mighty queer—the way it brings the sweat out is curious!" And again it occurred to him that it was incumbent on him to see the end of the adventure, as otherwise he would show a want of that courage which he had been always taught to consider as the chief of the cardinal virtues.

"I can't back out," said he, "I never was raised to it, nohow; and if the devil's a mind to hunt in this range, he shan't have all the game, that's certain!"

Then, falling into the sentimental vein, as one naturally does, from the heroic: "Here's this handkercher that my Polly hemmed for me and marked with the first two letters of my name—'P' for Pete, and 'F' for Featherton—would she do the like of that for a coward? Could I ever look in her pretty face again, if I was mean enough to be scared? No! I'll go ahead."

He soon overtook the person in advance of him, who, as he suspected, was a perfect stranger. He had halted, and was quietly seated on a log, gazing at the sun, when our hunter approached and saluted him with the usual hearty, "How are you, stranger?"

The person addressed made no reply, but continued

to gaze at the sun, as if totally unconscious that any other individual was present. He was a small, thin, old man, with a grey beard of about a month's growth, and a long, sallow, melancholy visage, while a tarnished suit of snuff-colored clothes, cut after the quaint fashion of some religious sect, hung loosely about his shrivelled person.

Our bold backwoodsman, somewhat awed, now coughed, threw the butt end of his gun heavily on the frozen ground, and still failing to elicit any attention, quietly seated himself on the other end of the log occupied by the stranger. Both remained silent for some minutes—Pete, with open mouth and glaring eyeballs, observing his companion in mute astonishment, and the latter staring fixedly at the sun in the north.

"It's a warm day, this," said Pete at length, passing his hand across his brow as he spoke, and wiping off the heavy drops of perspiration that hung there. But receiving no answer, he began to get nettled. He thought himself not civilly treated. His native assurance, damped for a moment by the mysterious deportment of the person who sat before him, revived. "One man's as good as another," thought he; and screwing his courage up to the sticking-point, he arose, approached the silent man, and slapping him on the back, exclaimed:

"Well, stranger! don't the sun look mighty droll away out there in the north?"

As the heavy hand fell on his shoulder, the stranger slowly turned his face toward Pete, who recoiled several paces; then rising, without paying any further attention to the abashed hunter, he began to pursue the trail of the deer. Pete prepared to follow, when the other, turning swiftly upon him, spoke at last:

"Who are you tracking?"

"Not you!" replied the hunter, whose alarm had subsided when the enemy began to retreat, and whose pride enabled him to assume his usual boldness.

"Why do you follow this trail, then?"

"I trail deer."

"You must not pursue them further—they are mine!"

The sound of the stranger's voice broke the spell which had hung over Pete's natural impudence—"Your deer!" he shouted. "That's droll enough! Who ever heard of a man's claiming the deer in the woods?"

"Provoke me not. I tell you they are mine!"

"Well, now, you're a comical chap! Why, stranger, the deer are wild! They're just nat'ral to the wood—same's timber. You might as well say the wolves and the panthers are yours and all the wild varmints!"

"The tracks you here behold are doubtless those of the wild deer—but they are mine! I routed them from their bed, and now I drive them home!"

"Home—where is your home?" inquired Pete, casting an inquisitive glance at the stranger's feet.

To this question, no reply was given. Pete fancied that he had the best of the altercation, and pushed his advantage, adding, sneeringly:

"Couldn't you take a pack or two of wolves along with you? We can spare you a small gang, I reckon. It is mighty wolfy about here."

"Follow further, at your peril!" said the stranger.

"You don't reckon I am to be skeered, do you? If you do, you are barking up the wrong tree. There's no backout in none of my breed, nohow."

"I repeat—"

"You'd best not! I allow no man to repeat things to me," interrupted the irritated hunter. "I'm Virginny born and Kentucky raised; and drat my skin if I take the like of that from any man—no, sir!"

"Desist, rash man—I despise your threats."

"Same to you, sir. I tell you what, stranger, as to the vally of a deer or two, I don't vally them tantamount to a cud of tobacco; but I'm not to be backed out of my tracks. So keep off, stranger! Don't come fooling about me! I feel mighty wolfy. Keep off, I say, or you might run agin a snag!" And Pete squared himself and set his trigger, fully determined to hunt the disputed game or to be vanquished in combat. To his surprise, the stranger, paying no attention to his preparations, advanced coolly to his side, and bending forward, blew with his breath upon Pete's rifle.

"You will kill no more deer," said he, turning away.

Pete Featherton remained for a moment gazing after the mysterious old man, and fancied he could smell brimstone. He then thought he would pursue the stranger, but reflection induced him to change this decision. The confident manner in which the singular being had spoken—a certain vague assurance in his own mind that a spell had been laid upon Brown Bess so unmannered and stupefied him that he quietly turned, took a "back-track," and strode homeward. He had not gone far when he saw a fine buck, half concealed among the hazel bushes which beset his path. He resolved to know at once how matters stood with the rifle and the pretended conjuror. He took deliberate aim, fired—and away bounded the buck unharmed.

With a heavy heart, Pete entered his cabin and placed his degraded weapon in its berth under the rafters.

"Where is your venison?" asked his wife.

Pete was constrained to confess he had nothing.

"Strange!" said the lady, "I never knew you to fail."

Pete framed twenty excuses. Had he not been a very young husband, he would have known that the vigilant eye of a wife is never deceived by false excuses. Female curiosity never sleeps. Pretty Mrs. Featherton saw that something had gone wrong with her helpmeet—more, indeed, than he was willing to confess; and possessing as much reluctance as himself to being "backed out of her tracks," she advanced firmly to her object, until Pete at last was compelled to own that he "believed as how Brown Bess was sort o' charmed."

"Now, Mr. Featherton," remonstrated his sprightly bride, "what tale is this? Charmed, indeed? You have been down at the store shooting for half pints!"

"May I be kissed to death if I've pulled the trigger for a drop of liquor to-day!" exclaimed Pete. Mrs. Featherton thought she saw into a millstone, but, like the prudent woman she was, she kept her own counsel.

"I believe you, Peter—you did not shoot for it; but tell me, like a good soul, what has happened. Something is wrong—for never did Pete Featherton and Brown Bess fail to get venison any day in the year!"

Soothed by the well-timed compliment, and not unwilling to have counsel in his bewilderment, Pete related his adventure. But his wife was as bewildered as himself. She could give no advice, but unwilling to remain passive in the matter, she prescribed sage tea, a foot-bath, and going to bed. Pete submitted, but could not see how this treatment would help Brown Bess.

When he awoke the next morning, the events of the preceding day seemed like a dream to Pete Featherton. But resolving to know the truth, he seized his gun and hastened to the woods. Alas! Every experiment produced the same result. Brown Bess was charmed, and the hunter stalked harmlessly through the forest.

Day after day he went forth, with no better success. The very deer became sensible of his inoffensiveness,

and would raise their heads and gaze mildly at him as he passed, or throw back their antlers and bound carelessly across his path. Day after day, week after week passed and brought no change. Pete felt himself humiliated and ridiculous. A harmless man—a fellow with a gun that could not shoot! He could fancy no situation more miserable than his own. To walk through the woods—to see the game—to get within gunshot of it and yet to be unable to kill a deer, seemed to be the depth of human wretchedness. Pete felt himself the meanest kind of a white man. There is a littleness, an insignificance about not being able to kill things, which to the true Kentucky hunter is akin only to disgrace.

At length, Pete bethought him of a celebrated Indian doctor who lived at no great distance, and to this sage he did repair. He disclosed his misfortune and applied for relief. The Medicine Man looked very wise. He examined the gun with care, and having measured the calibre of the bore with solemnity, told Pete to come to him again in three days at the same hour.

At the appointed time the hunter returned and received from the wise man two balls, one of pink, the other of a silver hue. The doctor directed him to proceed through the woods to a certain secluded hollow, at the head of which was a spring. Here he was to load his piece with one of the bullets—pointing out which one. In a few moments he would see a white fawn, at which he was to shoot. It would be wounded, but it would escape, and he was to pursue its trail until he found a buck, which he was to kill with the other ball. If he accomplished all this, the charm would be broken; but everything would depend upon his having faith, keeping up his courage and firing with precision.

Pete, who was well acquainted with all the localities, faithfully pursued the route indicated, treading lightly, and much elated with the prospect of freeing Brown Bess from the spell laid upon her and restoring her to a state of respectability and usefulness. At length he reached the lonely glen. A clear spring bubbled at his feet. No human thing was in sight. Pete took the bullets from his pocket and loaded his gun with the silver one, as he had been directed to do. Then he sat down under a tree and waited patiently, holding Brown Bess in readiness to shoot the first deer that ventured near him.

Presently a white fawn put her graceful head through the bushes and bounded into the path. She stood an instant grazing by the spring, then raised her delicate head and snuffed the breeze as if conscious of coming danger. Pete trembled with excitement—his heart palpitated. From where he was now standing the shot was a long one and the chance bad, but he could go no step nearer without starting the game—and Brown Bess—ah! she could carry a ball further than that with fatal effect.

"Luck's a lord," said he as he drew his gun to his shoulder, took deliberate aim and fired.

The glen was filled, for one fleeting instant, with a blue, sulphurous smoke. As it cleared gradually away, the sun pierced the gloom of the thicket and glanced across the face of the bubbling spring, shivering into a thousand glittering diamonds. The deep moss at the roots of the great trees looked like a sweep of soft, green velvet in the shade. The wind had died away through the branches overhead, and not the stirring of a leaf broke the silence of the forest. No human thing was visible. Huntsman, fawn and rifle had vanished in that dense smoke which followed upon the report of the charmed gun. Pete Featherton and Brown Bess were seen no more in the forests of Kentucky.

TREASURE TROVE—RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

The Stranded Bugle—L. E. Mosher—*The Aldine*

One eve I, musing, paced the sands
That skirt a shore where sets the sun;
Where every ripple of the sea
Is warm as kisses, love to love:
I listened to the droning waves—
The lace-like waves which fret and lave
The tinted shells upon the beach.

Among the jetsam washed ashore,
I found, deep in a sea-weed bed,
A bugle, with the rime of years
Corroded, tarnished, long since dumb.

I paused, and wondering whence it came,
Stooped down and took it from the sand.

Long, long before, I, young, had stood
Where armies gathered and advanced,
Where sabres clanked and trumpets blared—
And I had been a bugler then.

I dipped the mouth-piece in the sea—
I dipped the bell into the sea—
I washed its battered, brazen throat;
Then held to lip, and flung a blast
Out on the pulsing starlit air.

The long-hushed bugle woke and rang
A limpid cadence 'long the shore,
Which drifted out to sea, and came
In ripples back upon the waves,
Which rocked its echoes back and forth
From cliff to cliff—against the crags—
Far up the heights, around and round
As though it pealed, "I'm found, I'm found!"

I blew again, a softer note,
Though full, which ran along the land—
Rang full, and clear, and sweet, and far—
I thought (but could it swell so high?)
I heard it echo 'gainst a star,
Then drop into the placid sea,
A strain of perfect melody.

I hear that last note ringing yet,
Like cry of lost one far away
Adrift, and drifting past recall:
I fancy it may be a soul—
Perhaps the soul of melody!

So let it drift, and sink, and swell
With every motion of the deep!
The bugle hangs against my wall,
And when I will—I'll send once more
A blast upon it to the sea,
To keep the lost one company.

Shipwrecked—François Coppée

Before the wine-shop which o'erlooks the beach
Sits Jean Goëlle, rough of mien and speech;
Our coast-guard now, whose arm was shot away
In the great fight in Navarino Bay;
Puffing his pipe he slowly sips his grog,
And spins sea-yarns to many an old sea-dog
Sitting around him.

Yes, lads—hear him say—
'Tis sixty years ago this very day
Since I first went to sea; on board, you know,
Of La Belle Honorine—lost long ago—
An old three-masted tub, rotten almost,
Just fit to burn, bound for the Guinea coast.
We set all sail. The breeze was fair and stiff.

My boyhood had been passed 'neath yonder cliff,
Where an old man—my uncle, so he said—
Kept me at prawning for my daily bread.

At night he came home drunk. Such kicks and blows!
Ah me! what children suffer no man knows!

But once at sea 'twas ten times worse, I found.
I learned to take, to bear, to make no sound.
First place, our ship was in the negro trade,
And once off land, no vain attempts were made
At secrecy. Our captain after that
(Round as an egg) was liberal of the cat.
The rope's-end, cuffs, kicks, blows, all fell on me.
I was ship's boy—'twas natural, you see—
And as I went about the decks my arm
Was always raised to 'fend my face from harm.
No man had pity. Blows and stripes always,
For sailors knew no better in those days
Than to thrash boys, till those who lived at last
As able seamen shipped before the mast.
I ceased to cry. Tears brought me no relief.
I think I must have perished of mute grief,
Had not God sent a friend—a friend—to me.
Sailors believe in God—one *must* at sea.
On board that ship a God of Mercy then
Had placed a dog among those cruel men.
Like me, he shunned their brutal kicks and blows.
We soon grew friends, fast friends, true friends, God knows.
He was Newfoundland. Black, they called him there.
His eyes were golden brown, and black his hair.
He was my shadow from that blessed night
When we made friends; and by the stars' half-light,
When all the fore-castle was fast asleep,
And our men "caulked their watch," I used to creep
With Black among some boxes stowed on deck,
And with my arms clasped tightly round his neck,
I used to cry and cry, and press my head
Close to the heart grieved by the tears I shed.
Night after night I mourned our piteous case,
While Black's large tongue licked my poor tear-stained face.
Poor Black! I think of him so often still!
At first we had fair winds our sails to fill,
But one hot night, when all was calm and mute,
Our skipper—a good sailor, though a brute—
Gave a long look over the vessel's side,
Then to the steersman whispered, half aside,
"See that ox eye out yonder? It looks queer."
"Hullo! All hands on deck! We'll be prepared.
Stow royals! Reef the courses! Pass the word!"
Vain! The squall broke ere we could shorten sail;
We lowered the topsails, but the raging gale
Spun our old ship about. The captain roared
His orders—lost in the great noise on board.
The devil was in that squall! But all men *could*
To save their ship we *did*. Do what we would,
The gale grew worse and worse. She sprung a leak;
Her hold filled fast. We found we had to seek
Some way to save our lives. "Lower a boat!"
The captain shouted. Before one would float
Our ship broached to. The strain had broke her back.
Like a whole broadside boomed the awful crack.
She settled fast.

Landsmen can have no notion
Of how it feels to sink beneath the ocean.
As the blue billows closed above our deck,
And with slow motion swallowed down the wreck,
I saw my past life, by some flash, outspread,
Saw the old port, its ships, its old pier-head,
My own bare feet, the rocks, the sandy shore—
Salt-water filled my mouth—I saw no more.

I did not struggle much—I could not swim.
I sank down deep, it seemed—drowned but for *him*—
For Black, I mean—who seized my jacket tight,
And dragged me out of darkness back to light.

The ship was gone—the captain's gig afloat ;
By one brave tug he brought me near the boat.
I seized the gunwale, sprang on board, and drew
My friend in after me. Of all our crew,
The dog and I alone survived the gale :
Afloat with neither rudder, oars, nor sail :

Boy though I was, my heart was brave and stout,
Yet when the storm had blown its fury out,
I saw—with who can tell what wild emotion !—
That if we met no vessel in mid-ocean,
There was no help for us—all hope was gone :
We were afloat—boy, dog—afloat alone !
We had been saved from drowning but to die
Of thirst and hunger—my poor Black and I.
No biscuit in the well-swept locker lay ;
No keg of water had been stowed away,
Like those on the Medusa's raft. I thought .
Bah ! that's enough. A story is best short.

For five long nights, and longer dreadful days,
We floated onward in a tropic haze.
Fierce hunger gnawed us with its dreadful fangs,
And mental anguish with its keener pangs.
Each morn I hoped ; each night, when hope was gone,
My poor dog licked me with his tender tongue.

Under the blazing sun and star-lit night
I watched in vain. No sail appeared in sight.
Round us the blue spread wider, bluer, higher,
The fifth day my parched throat was all on fire.
When something suddenly my notice caught—
Black, crouching, shivering, underneath a thwart.
He looked—his dreadful look no tongue can tell—
And his kind eyes glared like coals of hell !
"Here, Black ! old fellow ! here !" I cried in vain.

He looked me in the face and crouched again.
I rose ; he snarled, drew back. How piteously
His eyes entreated help ! *He snapped at me !*
"What can this mean ?" I cried, yet shook with fear,
With that great shudder felt when Death is near.
Black seized the gunwale with his teeth. I saw
Thick slimy foam drip from his awful jaw.
Then I knew all ! Five days of tropic heat,
Without one drop of drink, one scrap of meat,
Had made him rabid. He whose courage had
Preserved my life, my messmate, friend, was mad !
You understand ? Can you see him and me,
The open boat tossed on a brassy sea,
A child and a wild beast on board ship alone,
While overhead streams down the tropic sun
And the boy crouching, trembling for his life ?

I searched my pockets and I drew my knife—
For every one instinctively, you know,
Defends his life. 'Twas time I did so,
For at that moment, with a furious bound,
The dog flew at me. I sprang half around.
He missed me in blind haste. With all my might
I seized his neck, and grasped, and held him tight.
I felt him writhe and try to bite, as he
Struggled beneath the pressure of my knee.
His red eyes rolled ; sighs heaved his shining coat.
I plunged my knife three times in his poor throat.
And so I killed my friend. I had but one !
What matters how, after that deed was done,
They picked me up half dead, drenched in his gore,
And took me back to France ?

Need I say more ?

I have killed men—ay, *many*—in my day
Without remorse—for sailors must obey.
One of a squad, once in Barbadoes, I
Shot my own comrade when condemned to die.
I never dream of *him*, for that was *war*.
Under old Magon, too, at Trafalgar,
I hacked the hands of English boarders. Ten
My axe lopped off. I dream not of those men.

At Plymouth, in a prison-hulk, I slew
Two English jailers, stabbed them through and through—
I *did*—confound them ! But yet even now
The death of Black, although so long ago,
Upsets me. I'll not sleep to-night. It brings . . .

Here boy ! Another glass ! We'll talk of other things.

The Children—Charles M. Dickinson

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed
O, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace !
O, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face :

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last,—
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past ;
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go,—
Of the mountains of Sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild,—
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of hearts and of households ;
They are angels of God in disguise ;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still shines in their eyes ;
Those truants from home and from heaven—
They have made me more manly and mild ;
And I know now, how JESUS could liken
The kingdom of God to a child

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun ;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself :
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule :
My frown is sufficient correction ;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more ;
Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door ;
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The groups on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street ;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed !"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed !

SCIENTIFIC, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL AND GENERAL

A Few Facts about Ourselves—Medical Record

The average weight of male adults is 130 pounds; of women, about 110 pounds. The average height of American recruits is about 5 feet 9 inches; the average height of well-built men is 5 feet 9 inches; of women, 5 feet 4 inches. One inch of height should add two pounds of weight. The specific gravity of the body ranges from 0.950 to 1.030. The heart weighs 260 grammes in women and 330 grammes (10½ ounces) in men; the average weight is 292 grammes. The period of its maximum weight is between 50 and 80. The amount of blood in the body is one-thirteenth the weight of the body, or 5 or 6 quarts, or 11 or 12 pounds. A man dies when he has lost a fifth of his blood. The heart with each contraction ejects 6 ounces of blood from each ventricle, at a pressure in the left ventricle of one-fourth of an atmosphere. The heart sends all the blood around the body twice every minute, or in about thirty-five contractions. A deadly poison injected into a vein kills in fifteen seconds, on the average; injected under the skin, in four minutes. A cubic millimetre of blood contains 5,000,000 blood cells in men, 4,500,000 in women. There are 300 red cells to every one white blood cell. The red cells have an average diameter of 1-3200 inch, the white cells of 1-25000 inch. The specific gravity of the blood is 1.055. The frequency of the pulse in the new born is 150; in infants of 1 year, 110; at 7 to 14 years, 85; in adult man, 72; woman, 80. The respirations are one-fourth as rapid as the pulse.

Wonderful Engraving and Penmanship—Philadelphia Item

Pliny, the elder, who wrote during the first century of the Christian era, mentions the fact that there existed, even at that early date, a copy of Homer's Iliad small enough to be completely hidden in the shell of a hen's egg. Prof. Schrieber, a German inventor of a stereographic process, in order to offset the wonder vouched for by Pliny, translated both the Iliad and the Odyssey in so small a compass that the volume containing both books complete could be with ease hidden in the shell of an English walnut. In the year 1881 the Chicago Inter-Ocean made mention of a gentleman who had written the entire first chapter of the Gospel of St. John on the back side of a postal card. That little notice, innocent as it was, caused the editor several sleepless nights. Within the next three days postal cards and slips of paper with minute specimens of penmanship began to pour in from all directions. Among the hundreds of samples submitted for inspection the editor acknowledged that the greatest curiosity was a postal card from John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ill., upon which was written 4,100 words in legible characters, the whole embracing the first, second and third chapters of St. John and 19 verses of the fourth chapter of the same and also the sixth and seventh chapters of St. Matthew, besides having nine words in which mistakes occurred crossed out. All of this wonderful production, which the editor acknowledges would make three columns of his paper set in minion type, could be plainly read with the naked eye. A Lacedæmonian once wrote in letters of gold a poem of eight lines, the whole of which he inclosed within a grain of allspice and sent as a present to the Shah of Persia; an act which the untutored monarch did not seem to appreciate, inasmuch as he ordered the penman thrown into prison, where he languished several

months until at last set free through the influence of the American consul. In 1883 a Jewish penman at Vienna, Austria, wrote 400 letters on a common-sized grain of wheat. It seems that the Emperor had failed to sign a bill allowing the Jew to become a clerk in some of the royal departments, giving as a reason that it was absolutely necessary to have an uncommon good penman in that department. After finishing the cereal wonder and dispatching it to his majesty the Jew picked up a common visiting card and wrote a prayer for the imperial family on its edge. This was also sent to the Emperor. It is needless to add that the dexterous Hebrew was installed at the head of a department the next day. These wonderful feats with the pen, which are all true to the letter, have been completely overshadowed by the incomprehensible achievements of William Webb, of London, England. In 1886 Mr. Webb invented a machine which is composed of exquisitely graduated wheels, running a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby he was able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's Prayer within a space which measured the two hundred and ninety-fourth of an inch in length by the four hundred and fortieth of an inch in breadth, or about the measurement of a dot over the letter "i" in common print. With that machine Mr. Webb, or anyone else who understood operating it, could write the whole 3,566,480 letters of the Old and New Testament eight times over in the space of one inch square. When this wonderful microscopic writing was enlarged by photography every letter and point were perfect and could be plainly seen and read with ease.

About Cosmical Water—New York Sunday Sun

We know that water exists in three forms upon our earth, that the solid and liquid water covers nearly three-fourths of its surface, and that the air above contains water in the gaseous state. But the law of gaseous diffusion of water is not so generally understood, though very simple. Wherever water exists exposed to free space, or to space occupied by other gases than its own vapor, it evaporates into that space until the space is filled with gaseous water, having a tension or density proportionate to the temperature of the space. Thus the water of our ocean being exposed to solar heat, and equally capable of evaporation into the dense air immediately above it, or the lighter air above the clouds, or into all the boundless space beyond, be that space a vacuum or plenum, must thus evaporate, or have evaporated until all that space be saturated according to its temperature, if not saturated already. Therefore, the fact that our ocean is not dried up indicates the existence of water, water, everywhere. The spectroscope ratifies this conclusion; water, or its chief constituent (set free when water is raised to a certain temperature), is found to envelop every star, as well as our sun and its planets.

Statistics of Sleep and Dreams—Boston Medical Journal

An interesting investigation upon the above subject has recently been made under the auspices of the University of Dorpat, Russia. Some five hundred circulars were sent out with a series of quite definite questions, which were answered with equal detail by one hundred and fifty-one students, one hundred and thirteen other males, and one hundred and forty-two females. The results for the two sexes were so different that they demand separation, while the students formed a homoge-

neous class interesting as a special study. The first problem that was proposed was the relation between the frequency and the vividness of dreams. It appears that 62.5 per cent. of those who dream every night dream vividly, 60.5 per cent. of those who dream frequently, and only 26.8 per cent. of those who dream seldom, showing that the vividness of dreams increases very rapidly with their frequency. Next, how is the intensity of sleep related to the frequency of dreams? Of the students who dream nightly, 68 per cent. have a light sleep (and only 28 per cent. a deep sleep); of those dreaming frequently, 40 per cent.; of those dreaming seldom, 32.8 per cent. Similar percentages for the other males are 68.8, 42.1 and 39.3; and for women, 72.46 and 50 per cent. We conclude, then, that frequent dreams are a concomitant of light sleep, though the relation is far from universal. As regards sex, women have 73 per cent. of their number dreaming nightly or frequently, while students have only 50 per cent., and other males 48 per cent. Again, 63 per cent. of the women sleep lightly, and only 42 per cent. of students and 44 per cent. of other males. We conclude, then, that women have a very much lighter sleep than men, and that their dreams are proportionately more frequent. Another conclusion, the evidence of which is too detailed to present, is, that as we grow older our dreams become less frequent, but our sleep becomes lighter; age affecting the intensity of sleep more than the frequency of dreams. The author regards the students as in the period of maximum dreaming (twenty to twenty-five years of age). The deep sleep of childhood (hostile to frequency of dreams) is then least counter-balanced by the lessening of dreams due to age. The vividness of dreams shows a similar relation to age and sex; the women dream most vividly; the students, being younger than the other men, have more vivid dreams. The power of remembering dreams is also dependent upon vividness and frequency of dreaming; it is accordingly greatest in women, and greater in students than in more mature men. The liveliness of the emotional nature, a prominent feature of women and youth, seems thus to be marked out as the causative agent in the production of dreams. The duration of sleep should naturally be related to the habit of dreaming, but in the men no such relation can be discovered. In the women, however, it appears that those who dream frequently sleep nearly an hour longer than those who seldom dream. This difference is regarded as due to the fact that men are more under duty to break short their sleep, and thus vitiate the statistics. This is corroborated by the frequency with which the men who dream frequently declare themselves tired in the morning, indicating incomplete sleep. The need of sleep is greater in women than in men; the duration of sleep being longer and the percentage of tired morning and evening and of not tired being 3 to 2 and 2 to 3 respectively as compared with the men. Students sleep longer and are less tired than other men. The time needed to fall asleep is about the same in all three classes—20.8 minutes for the men, 17.1 minutes for students, and 21.2 minutes for the women. In each case, however, it takes longer for those who are frequent dreamers and light sleepers to fall asleep than persons of opposite characteristics. Eighty per cent. of students sleep uninterruptedly through the night, 70 per cent. of other men, and only 43 per cent. of women. Light sleep and frequent dreams increase the interruptedness of sleep. The power of falling asleep at will is possessed by few. It is greater in youth than in age.

Twenty-eight per cent. of men, 19 per cent. of students, and 20 per cent. of women sleep in the afternoon, indicating a making-up of insufficient sleep on the part of the men. The effect of dream habits upon mental work is also evident. Those who dream seldom, or sleep deeply, are better disposed for work in the forenoon than light sleepers and frequent dreamers. The forenoon seems in general to be the preferred time of work. The statistics regarding nervousness confirm the accepted fact that this is greater among women than men. It is greater among students than other men at large. It is, too, a concomitant of light sleep and frequent dreams. As to temperament, the phlegmatic people are quite constantly deep sleepers and infrequent dreamers. Finally, a contrast between teachers and professors of the same average age shows the effect of the occupation. The teacher, with his daily toil, has a lighter sleep and more frequent dreams; while the professor, leading a comparatively congenial and worriless life, is a deeper sleeper and a less frequent dreamer than the teacher.

The Origin of Playing Cards—The Gentleman's Magazine

The Royal Asiatic Society has, it is said, a pack of cards said to be 1000 years old, and utterly unintelligible even to the most learned Oriental archaeologist of today. There are eight suits, of divers colors; the kings are mounted on elephants, the viziers upon horses, tigers and bulls. Some cards are marked with what looks like a pineapple in a shallow cup, others with the semblance of a parasol with two broken ribs. Of course the Chinese, who, according to their own histories, invented everything before everybody else, claim the merit of having first designed cards and developed the games arising out of them. The Emperor Seun-ho had many wives, who naturally found time hang heavily on their hands, so his most gracious majesty devised amusements for them. There are 30 cards in each of his packs—three suits of nine each, and three extra superior cards. One of the suit is called Kew-ko-wan, the meaning of which every schoolboy—in China—knows. In one thing the Chinamen surpass the Hindoos—their cards are oblong, like ours, while the Indian cards are round. It may surprise some persons to be told that the queen in our suits is a comparatively modern innovation; the hierarchy at first was purely military—king, knight and knave. The Italians were, it is said, the first to give her majesty a place. There have also been from time to time many changes in the suits. Old German cards have bells, acorns and leaves, instead of clubs, diamonds and spades. French writers have abounded in explanations of the meaning of the symbols, and Père Daniel endeavors to deduce a military moral. The club, with its trefoil shape, is the "treffe" or clover plant, which abounds in the meadows of France; this shows that a chief should encamp his forces where forage can be found. The spade is the *carreau* or heavy square-headed arrow shot from a crossbow. "Cœurs," our hearts, signified the courage of the soldiers. The ace is the Latin "as"—representing money, the sinews of war—and so on through several stages of fantastic symbolism. The popularity of cards has been at some periods so great as to awake the censures of the church. The synod of Langres in 1404 solemnly censured the game of all fours, and St. Bernadin so vigorously denounced gambling at Bologna that repentant players made a big bonfire of their relinquished cards in the public square. At that period the pastime must have had the charm of comparative novelty, for there is no record down to the end of the 13th century of the general use of cards. They are

not mentioned by Petrarch, Boccaccio or Chaucer. They could not have been known in France until the end of the 14th century, for an ordinance of Charles V. forbidding other games does not allude to them.

Saints—What They Are For—Catholic News

St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, is the patron of the Universal Church.

St. Pancras patron of childhood.

St. Aloysius patron of youth, purity and students.

St. Agnes patron of maidens.

St. Monica patron of matrons.

St. Maxima patron of virgins and wives.

St. Vincent de Paul patron of charities.

St. Cammillus of Lellis patron of hospitals.

St. Sabine evoked against gout and rheumatism.

St. Apollonia invoked against toothache.

St. Benedict Joseph Labre invoked against lightning.

St. Roch invoked against contagious diseases.

St. Barbara invoked for the last sacrament.

St. Blase prevents and cures sore throats.

St. Sebastian is the patron of soldiers.

St. Hubert is the patron of hunters.

St. Thomas Aquinas patron of schools.

Boomerangs—Tasmania Letter—Springfield Republican

More has been written, and less is understood, of the boomerang than of almost any other weapon. It is generally known to be a flat stick of wood bent into a shape which suggests a combination of a "V" and a "U," although with the extremities spread apart until they are at right angles with each other. In point of fact, boomerangs are of almost every shape from semi-circular to nearly straight, and seem to depend for their efficiency not so much upon the evident form as upon the curves which are shown upon their flat side. If one takes a boomerang and looks along its sharp outer edge, it is seen that this edge presents a wavy appearance—a delicately adjusted sinuosity like the line of a long screw. This curve is not elaborately fashioned or smoothed into evenness; the hard wood of which the boomerang is usually made being picked out with short blows from a sharpened flint held in the hand, almost always shows, indeed, infinite irregularities. What rule of construction the savage artificer follows even he himself would probably be unable to say. Yet he has some definite plan in mind, no doubt, for while he chips and pecks away at the wood he takes frequent squints along its edge to see how his curves are progressing. I have never seen two boomerangs that were just alike, but all are similar in their relations of curves along the flat side. The boomerang maker knows instinctively just where his boomerang will go when he throws it, although he never seems to aim any two in the same way. More lies have been told about the boomerang than can be well enumerated. One hears of men who can so throw a boomerang that it kills an enemy behind a tree and then comes cheerfully fluttering back to its owner, who thereupon hurls it on a fresh mission of carnage. A flock of frightened cockatoos, speeding in intricate gyrations through the air to escape the attack of natives who want a bird for dinner, are pursued at every turn by these erratic weapons, which strike them down a dozen each, and so return to the hand that cast them. Old wives' fables, these, at which Australians laugh, knowing in the nature of things their falsity. In the first place the war boomerang is not made for return, and is only slightly bent, so that it may go hopping and bounding along the earth like a hoop, and make capacious holes in the body of the adversary. These are of

hard, heavy wood, and ugly things to be hit withal; but the return boomerang is simply a plaything, or to be used in light hunting, and although it might give a man a painful rap, could not seriously injure him. As for the cockatoo story, it has this much of truth—that a native boomerang hurler, if he saw a flock flying by him in a straight course, could so cast his weapon as to come upon them unawares at a given point, and perhaps knock one down; but his boomerang would drop, too, having no power of flight after it has struck anything. The boomerang is sufficiently remarkable without being regarded in the light of a long bow, and drawn by every tourist in the colonies. It is held perpendicularly and taken firmly in the hand by one of its extremities, with the other pointed forward, and is hurled with a full arm and assisted by a run and swing of the whole body. A slight turn of the wrist at the moment of discharge causes it to assume various erratic courses. Sometimes it will fly straight forward for 100 or even 200 yards, then rise sharply to a great height, lose its force, and flutter down to the feet of the thrower. Again, it will rise in the air, swoop down with immense rapidity, and skim around in a great semicircle a few inches from the ground, rise once more, and return to the spot whence it started. It will also start off in a great swoop to the right, reverse it and turn to the left, skim around the thrower in a series of ever-narrowing circles, and, finding their centre, fall into it like an exhausted bird. There is something uncanny about the thing; its movements are so unexpected and out of reason that it seems to be alive, and to take a savage delight in strange shoots and dashes, which make the new chum (Australian equivalent for tenderfoot) dodge every time it turns, lest it should knock him on the head. The yarn about the Australian blacks always throwing the boomerang with their backs to the object they desire to hit is a piece off the same whole cloth as the cockatoo fable and the lie about the missile returning to its owner after killing the gentleman behind the tree. An expert thrower can cause his boomerang to shoot behind him after a short preliminary excursion in front, and come very near a given object, but if he wants to hit anything, either in hunting or war, he doesn't fool away his time with the return boomerang, but throws the heavy, nearly straight one, which goes direct to the mark without any flourishes. Such is the boomerang—a two-formed utensil, with one shape for business, the other for sport.

How the Heavens Move—The Contemporary Review

The elder Struve made the movement of the sun through space to be about five miles a second; but on the supposition of the brightest stars being between two and three times nearer to us than they seem really to be. We can now see that the actual speed of the solar system can scarcely fall short of 12 or exceed 20 miles a second. By a moderate estimate, then, our position in space is changing to the extent of five hundred millions of miles annually, and a collision between our sun and the nearest fixed star would be inevitable (were our course directed in a straight line toward it) after the lapse of 50,000 years! The old problem of how the heavens move, successfully attacked in the solar system, has retreated to a stronghold among the stars, from which it will be difficult to dislodge it. In the stupendous mechanism of the sidereal universe, the acting forces can only betray themselves to us by the varying time configurations of its parts. But as yet our knowledge of stellar movements is miserably scanty. They are apparently so minute as to become perceptible, in general,

only through observations of great precision extending over a number of years. Even the quickest-moving star would spend 257 years in crossing an arc of the heavens equal to the disk of the full moon. Yet all the time, (owing to the inconceivable distances of the objects in motion) these almost evanescent displacements represent velocities in many cases so enormous as to baffle every attempt to account for them. Runaway stars are no longer of extreme rarity. One in the Great Bear, known as Groombridge 1830, invisible to the naked eye, but sweeping over at least 200 miles each second, long led the van of stellar speed; Prof. Pritchard's photographic determination of the parallax of Cassiopeia shows, however, that inconspicuous object not only to be a sun about forty times as luminous as our own, but to be traveling at the prodigious rate of 300 miles—while Dr. Elkin's result for Arcturus gives it a velocity of little less than 400 miles—a second! The express star of the southern hemisphere, so far, is one of the fourth magnitude situated in Toucan. Its speed of about 200 miles a second may, however, soon turn out to be surpassed by some of the rapidly-moving stars at the Cape. Among them are pairs drifting together, and presumed therefore to be connected by a special physical bond, and to lie at nearly the same distance from ourselves. This presumption will now be brought to the test.

Magic Square for 1889—Philadelphia Times

1889	457¼	485¼	483¼	463¼	1889
	479¼	467¼	469¼	473¼	
	471¼	475¼	477¼	465¼	
	481¼	461¼	459¼	487¼	
1889					

This magic square will be interesting to the curious. It is composed of the series of odd numbers from 457 to 487, with ¼ added. If the numbers composing the square be added vertically, horizontally or diagonally, the sum in each case will be 1,889. The same result is obtained by adding the numbers in the four corners, or the four numbers composing a corner, or the four in the centre.

Astounding Prices of Stamps—London Standard

As a contribution to the history of human folly, the prices which a parcel of old postage stamps has just realized at a London auction are not unworthy of notice. The collection consisted of 286 lots, the most valuable being a set of rare British Guiana labels, and for these the bids ran to figures which must seem to any one not bitten with the mania little less than monstrous. A blue four cent of 1856 excited eager competition, and was finally knocked down to a dealer for £37. This specimen, however, had been used, so that when a stamp much finer, and without the defacing marks of the sorter on its surface was put up, there was nothing left but for the buyer of the £37 specimen to acquire it at £13 advance. After this a strip of four one-cent magentas, issued in 1851, on the original envelop, from the same colony, at £7; four of the one-cent 1853 issue at £1 each, and a pair of four-cent magentas, thirty-three years old, at £12, are barely worth notice, though their prices are so much in advance of what the first owner paid for them over the Post Office counter in Georgetown. Yet a book of 4,000 old issues of English stamps—postage, revenue, law, bill, railway, and receipt—brought less than eight guineas, and a thousand Mexican ones only £6 5s., while a collection of 380 Russian local stamps seem, to the uninitiated, to be simply given

away at 90 shillings. We may, however, take it that this collection, large as it is, did not, even, if genuine, contain any of the rarer ones. For, as the student of M. Koprowski's volume must be aware, some Russian stamps are so scarce as to cause the most ardent collector many a heartache in his futile endeavors to obtain a specimen which will pass the narrow scrutiny of the expert. These and all other high-priced stamps are forged wholesale, and with such ingenuity that only the experienced connoisseur can detect the knaveries. The presence of such impostors in the company of honest specimens is the reason why the amateur at sales finds, to his amazement, a wretched square inch of gummed paper going for a thousand times its weight in gold, while he can secure an album containing it and a host of similar rarities, almost at his own terms. The collection of M. Philippe de Ferrari is said to contain a quarter of a million specimens, and to be worth almost as many pounds. Mr. Philbrick is understood to have sold this wealthy Parisian virtuoso one collection for £10,000, while Sir Daniel Cooper, an Australian collector, wisely transferred to the same gentleman the fruits of sixteen years' hoarding for £3,000. Mr. Burnett's albums are currently reported to have brought something like £22,000, and it is nothing uncommon to dispose of a respectable, but by no means remarkable, set of stamps for £500, £700., or £1,000. The collection made by the late Duchess de Galliera is affirmed to have cost, up to the year 1883, in acquisition and arrangement, not less than £57,000, and the value of the 3,000 volumes in which it was contained has since that date been put at £13,000 more. Yet it is believed that both in England and on the Continent there are public and private hoards very little inferior to it in interest and value. At the Paris Mint there is a remarkable collection, and that of the Admiralty is famous throughout the world, while the Rothschild collection in Paris is so costly that the owner, with the true jealousy of the collector, reserves the pages containing his rarest specimens for the delectation of special friends. The prices given at the recent sale are said to be the highest ever paid for single stamps. We doubt whether this is correct. The 15 and 30-cent Réunion stamps bring £100; the New Brunswick 5-cent stamp, with the head of O'Connell, is rarely parted with under £30. The set of four 1852 Hawaiian stamps are valued at £300, and the four British Guiana of 1850 are worth £75. Then there is the 1847 Mauritius stamp, printed from a wood block—in two issues—one worth a penny and the other twopence when first issued, and these are so seldom met with nowadays that we believe £100 has been paid for one of them. Old black Brazil stamps are priced in catalogues at from 20 to 50 shillings apiece; the green and yellow ones of Buenos Ayres bring as high as £5, while the red ones mount to £6. The vermilion one-franc French stamp of 1849 has often been sold for £10, and the "V. R." black English penny stamp, which was in circulation a short time only, is not considered dear at something like the same price. But the rarest of all English Post Office literature of this sort is the Mulready wrapper on India paper, issued in 1840. Of these there are said to be only six or seven in existence, although £25,000 worth were issued, and the last which changed hands brought, if our memory is not at fault, the ridiculous price of £80. It would be difficult to find a parallel for this folly in its more extravagant developments. Large sums are, of course, given for coins—an American dollar of 1805 is now salable at more than 800 times its

original value. But a collection of coins is, at the worst, worth the weight of the metal. The same cannot always be said for a rare stamp. The fashion may go out as it came in. The forger may perfect his evil art, and it is certain that a collection of stamps is—like a shelf of books of the Mazarin Bible, Rommant de la Rose, Valdarfer Boccaccio, or Patissier Français order—a parlous treasure to preserve in a house where fire may consume or thieves break through and steal. They cannot be stowed in safes warranted to keep them unscotched, and in any other receptacle £50,000 worth of gummed labels is assuredly in danger. A set of imitations which might easily be sold for a £5 note would afford all the information ever likely to be imparted by all the treasures of the Ferrari, the Galliera, the Rothschild, the Taplin, the Hill, or the Philbrick collections.

How the Piano Grew—From The Musical Courier

The piano, as we see it to-day, is the growth of centuries of invention. In its infancy it was a harp with two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added, and after a while the cithara was born. The cithara was in the shape of the letter P, and had ten strings. It took many centuries for musicians to get the idea of stretching the strings across an open box, but somewhere about the year 1200 this was thought of and the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers. For another hundred years these hammers were held in the hands of the player, and then a genius invented a key-board, which, being struck by the fingers, moved the hammers. This instrument was called a clavictherium, or keyed cithara. This underwent some modifications and improvements from time to time. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal. Then it was called a spine, because the hammers were covered with spines of quills, which struck or caught the strings of wires and produced the sound. From 1700 to 1800 it was much enlarged and improved, and called a harpsichord, and this was the instrument that Lady Washington, Mrs. Hamilton, and the fine ladies of our revolutionary times played on. In 1710 Bartolomeo Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a key or key-board, such as we have now substantially, which caused hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano. In the past 150 years there is no musical instrument which has so completely absorbed the inventive faculty of man as the piano. At the present day the upright piano has the field almost entirely to itself, and has reached such a high grade of perfection in shape, tone and appearance that there would appear to be no possibility of further improvement.

Coined Money—Max Müller—Fortnightly Review

Coined money, as you know, is a very ancient invention. There may have been a golden age when gold was altogether unknown, and people paid with cows, not with coins. When precious metals, gold, silver, copper, or iron began to be used for payment, they were at first simply weighed. Even we still speak of a pound instead of a sovereign. The next step was to issue pieces of gold and silver properly weighed, and then to mark the exact weight and value on each piece. This was done in Assyria and Babylonia, where we find shekels or pounds of gold and silver. The commerce of the Eastern nations was carried on for centuries by means of these weights of metal. It was the Greeks, the Greeks of Phocæa in Ionia, who in the seventh century B. C. first conceived the idea of coining money, that is of stamping on each piece their city arms, the phoca or seal, thus giving the warranty of their State for the right

weight and value of those pieces. From Phocæa this art of coining spread rapidly to the other Greek towns of Asia Minor, and was thence transplanted to Ægina, the Peloponnesus, Athens, and the Greek colonies in Africa and in Italy. The weight of the most ancient gold coin in all these countries was originally the same as that of the ancient Babylonian gold shekel, only stamped with the arms of each country, which thus made itself responsible for its proper weight. And this gold shekel or pound, in spite of historical disturbances, has held its own through centuries. The gold coins of Croesus, Darius, Philip, and Alexander have all about the same weight as the old Babylonian gold shekel, 60 of them going to 1 mina of gold; and, what is stranger still, our own sovereign, or pound, or shekel, has nearly the same weight, 60 of them going to an old Babylonian mina of gold. In ancient times 20 silver drachmas or half shekels went to a gold shekel, just as with us 20 silver shillings are equivalent to a sovereign. This ancient shilling was again subdivided into 60 copper coins, 60 being the favorite Babylonian figure. Knowing, therefore, the relative monetary value of a gold and silver shekel or half shekel, knowing how many silver shekels the ancient nations had to give for one gold shekel, it was possible by merely weighing the ancient coins to find out whether there was then already any fixed ratio between gold and silver. Thousands of ancient coins have thus been tested, and the result has been to show that the ratio between gold and silver was fixed from the earliest times with the most exact accuracy. That ratio, as Dr. Brugsch has shown, was one to twelve and a half in Egypt; it was, as proved by Dr. Brandis, one to thirteen and one-third in Babylonia and in all countries which adopted the Babylonian standard.

The Evolution of the Corset—London Tid-Bits

As long ago as the days of the Greeks and Romans a slight *élancée* figure was admired, and stoutness looked upon as a deformity. Martial ridiculed fat women, and Ovid put large waists in the first rank of his remedies against love. Several means were tried then, as now, not only to restrain an expanding figure, but to enhance the beauties of a very slight one. But they were of a different kind from those with which we are familiar. Bandages were worn, with the generic name of *fascie mamillares*. These consisted of the strophium, the cloth worn round the bosom; the tenta, a similar band below, and the zona, or waist belt. When bandages failed, those who valued the beauty of their figure had recourse to a remedy prescribed by Seranus Samonicus. They enveloped their busts with garlands of ivy, which were thrown on the fire as soon as withdrawn, and afterwards rubbed all the upper part of their figures either with goose fat mixed with warm milk or with the egg of a partridge. Men were as vain as the women, if we are to believe Aristophanes and other writers. The great comic dramatist mocked his contemporary, Cinecias, for wearing busks of linden wood, and Capitolinus, in his biography of the Emperor Anthony, mentions that he also has recourse to them to compress his swelling figure. Testimony is conflicting, however. Some contend that the ancients wore veritable corsets, arguing that when Homer, in describing Juno's toilet when she wished to captivate Jupiter, speaks of her two girdles, he was really describing a Greek corset; and that the *égide* of Minerva, which Virgil describes, is to be interpreted in the same manner. But this view is surely mistaken, for no monument, no artistic work, no evidence point to the use of stiff whalebone corsets, as worn to-day.

SOCIETY VERSE—AIRY AND FANCY FREE

Temptation—George Crouch—To-Day

You might as well say to the bee,
 As he lights on the lip of a flower:
 "Its beauty you're welcome to see,
 But the honey must stay and get sour."
 Do you think he would list to you long,
 With the treasure just under his eyes?
 No. He'd find the temptation too strong,
 And make a bold dash for the prize.
 Or, supposing a bird on a tree,
 Where cherries were rosy and sweet,
 And you told him to let them all be,
 For you thought them too pretty to eat,
 Do you think your command he'd obey,
 And with feasting his eyes be content?
 No. "To let such fruit spoil," he would say
 "Was never Dame Nature's intent."
 So do not be cruel and cold,
 And ask me to promise in vain;
 For when pretty lips open to scold
 They but tempt one to trespass again.

Frou-Frou—A. T.—Washington Post

A light step glances through the halls,
 A silken rustle lightly falls,
 The soft air through,
 Ah, sweet Frou-Frou!
 Swifter than flying wind she rides;
 Her gallant lover woe betides,
 So Daphne flew,
 Ah, wild Frou-Frou.
 She laughs at Love. Love's self is she.
 All hearts she wins. Her heart is free,
 Beware, Frou-Frou,
 Lest Love slay you!
 Nor wedded troth, nor motherhood,
 Her spirit holds in serious mood;
 Still, still, Frou-Frou,
 Though fates pursue.
 Frou-Frou is love. Ah! Why unknown?
 She fills all hearts. Her heart alone
 Empty abides
 Its longing hides.
 Entrancing charms, alas! efface
 The subtle signs of inward grace,
 In death we rue
 Misprized Frou-Frou.

How I Courted Rose—Samuel M. Peck—Harper's Bazar

I took her little hand in mine;
 It quivered like a bird:
 And as I felt its touch divine
 A trembling sigh I heard.
 Momentous time! Should I propose?
 I knew not what to say:
 As I beheld my blushing rose
 I felt my hair turn gray!
 There was a passage in Lucille
 Just suited to my case;
 I knew 'twould melt a heart of steel
 If quoted with true grace.
 I started—stammered—shuffled—blushed,
 And though I am not brave,
 Oh, then I would have gladly rushed
 To glory or the grave.
 I thought of Byron, Scott, and Moore;
 Ah, could I but recall
 A bit of their poetic lore!
 I once had known it all.

"O woman, in our hours of ease,"

I blunderingly said,
 And then I thought my tongue would freeze,
 And wished that I were dead.

My heart was beating like a flail,
 And yet my lips were dumb.
 The clock that hung upon a nail
 Ticked louder than a drum.
 I could not see; for, strange to tell,
 The air seemed full of smoke.
 Then from my tongue the fetters fell,
 And then—and then I spoke.

"I love you dear," I said in haste;
 "I love you, too," she said;
 And then I clasped her dainty waist,
 And kissed her lips of red,
 Then came a flood of poetry;
 I spouted yards of rhyme.
 And she is going to marry me
 In apple-blossom time.

A Love Letter—Frank Dempster Sherman—Outing

Here is her note. See how the courier pen,
 All dizzy with delight, went zigzag down
 The road that leads to Eros' happy town!
 See, here a steady pace; and here again
 A sudden forward bound, as if, just then,
 Her heart beat faster for the precious noun
 That brought him near! And there to match a frown,
 A wavy course, as if doubt blurred his ken.
 So, ever near to the self-same spot,
 Bearing the message of my sweetheart true,
 Her courier went rejoicing in his lot
 To have for heavens eyes of tender blue.
 Ah, heart of mine! see, here's a tiny blot—
 A cloud for him—a tender tear for you.

Down the Lane—E. De Camp—Cincinnati Enquirer

Along the fields the shadows fall,
 The sun is hanging low,
 And on the ivy-mantled wall
 The soft lights come and go.
 A zephyr wafted from above,
 Drifts o'er the waving grain,
 My heart goes out to meet my love,
 As she comes down the lane.

I lean upon the moss-grown bars,
 As 'long the path she fares.
 My gracious queen, no blemish mars
 The coronet she wears.
 The sceptre in her woman's hand
 Will banish care and pain,
 For I am lord of all the land
 When she comes down the lane.

Soft breezes play about her now,
 And lift her shining hair
 The sunset glow is on her brow,
 To make her passing fair.
 Her beauteous face, her modest mien,
 To picture them were vain,
 And she is mine, my bonny queen,
 As she comes down the lane.

The daisies nod as she goes by,
 The wild rose blushes pink,
 Sweet song-birds round her pathway fly,
 And sing the praise they think.
 She lifts her head, her eyes so clear
 Smile into mine again;
 My heart cries out, "God bless you, dear,"
 As she comes down the lane.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS AND QUEER

Hither from Hades—A. G. Bierce—S. F. Examiner

An old man named Daniel Baker, living near Lebanon, Missouri, was suspected by his neighbors of having murdered a peddler who had obtained permission to pass the night at his house. This was in 1853, when the peddler's vocation in the Western States was more common than it is now, and was attended with considerable danger. The peddler with his pack traversed the country by all manner of lonely roads, and was compelled to rely upon the country people for hospitality, which brought him into relation with queer characters, some of whom were not altogether scrupulous in their methods of making a living, murder being an acceptable means to that end. It occasionally occurred that a peddler with diminished pack and swollen purse would be traced to the lonely dwelling of some rough character and never could be traced beyond. This was so in the case of "old man Baker." A peddler came to his house and none went away—that is all anybody knew. Seven years later the Rev. Mr. Cummings, a minister well known in that part of the country, was driving by Baker's farm one night. It was not very dark: there was a bit of moon somewhere above the light veil of mist that hung above the earth. Mr. Cummings, who was at all times a cheerful person, was whistling a tune, which he would occasionally interrupt to speak a word of friendly encouragement to his horse. As he came to a little bridge across a dry ravine he saw the figure of a man standing upon it, clearly outlined against the gray background of a misty forest. The man had something strapped on his back and carried a heavy stick—obviously an itinerant peddler. His attitude had in it a suggestion of abstraction like that of a sleep-walker. Mr. Cummings reined in his horse when he arrived in front of him, gave him a pleasant salutation and invited him to a seat in the buggy—"if you are going my way," he added. The man raised his head, looked him full in the face, but neither answered nor made any further movement. The minister, with good-natured persistence repeated his invitation. At this the man threw his right hand forward from his side and pointed to his feet as he stood on the extreme edge of the bridge. Mr. Cummings looked past him, over into the ravine, saw nothing unusual and withdrew his eyes to address the man again. He had disappeared. The horse, which all this time had been uncommonly restive, gave at the same moment a snort of terror and started to run away. Before he had regained control of the animal the minister was at the crest of a hill a hundred yards along. He looked back and saw the figure again, at the same place and in the same attitude as when he had first observed it. Then for the first time he was conscious of a sense of the supernatural and drove home as rapidly as his willing horse would go. On arriving at home he related his adventure to his family, and early the next morning, accompanied by two neighbors, John White Corwell and Abner Raiser, returned to the spot. They found the body of old man Baker hanging by the neck from one of the beams of the bridge, immediately beneath the spot where the apparition had stood. A thick coating of dust, slightly dampened by the mist, covered the planks; there was not a footprint anywhere to be seen. In taking down the body the men disturbed the loose, friable earth of the slope below it, disclosing human bones

already nearly uncovered by the action of water and frost. They were identified as those of the lost peddler. At the double inquest the coroner's jury found that Daniel Baker died by his own hand while suffering from temporary insanity, and that Samuel Morritz was murdered by some person or persons to the jury unknown.

Swedenborg and the Spirit World—New York Sun

In order that he might communicate to mankind some knowledge of the life that lies beyond our brief existence here, Emanuel Swedenborg says that his internal senses were opened in the year 1745, when fifty-seven years old, and that from then until his death, in 1772, he was permitted to traverse the world of spirits and heaven and hell, to converse with the people dwelling there, and to get an insight into their state of being, blissful or woeful. "It was given me," he says, "to be together with them, to speak with them as man with man, sometimes with one, sometimes with many in company and to see the things in the heavens and the hells." He often repeats this declaration in the most emphatic language: "To speak with spirits, and to be with them as one of them, has been granted to me for many years, even in full wakefulness of the body." "I have spoken with them as a spirit and as a man." "They have been seen to the very life, likewise heard, and, which is wonderful, touched." "I have thus seen and heard them a thousand times." "I have spoken with almost all whom I had ever known in the life of the body, with some for hours, with some for weeks or months, and with some for years," "speaking with them as a friend with a friend or as a stranger with a stranger, and I knew not otherwise than that I was with men on earth, while they knew not otherwise than that the language of man was theirs." "I have spoken also with those who are in hell, and this for years, sometimes continuously from morning to evening." It must here be borne in mind by all who peruse the sketches now given that Swedenborg was a believer in Christ as the Divine Man, and that he had full faith in the Bible, which, however, according to his view of it, has an internal or symbolical sense that was not understood until revealed to him, as set forth in his numerous books. All spirits were once men, according to Swedenborg; not all of them men of this earth, but many of them men of the other inhabited earths in the universe. "Heaven and hell are from the human race." "In the universal heaven there is not one angel who was so created from the beginning, nor in hell any devil who was created an angel of light and cast down; but all, both in heaven and in hell, are from the human race." "A great many are astonished when they see themselves in the other world like men as they had been here." "The spirit is a man as to form, and every angel is in a perfect human form." At death man first enters the world of spirits, which is neither heaven nor hell, but a middle place or state between both; and then after some time, according to his life here, he either rises to heaven or plunges into hell. Swedenborg describes what he beheld in that world. The first meeting of all spirits after this life is there, and all are there explored and prepared. They have no fixed term of continuance there; some are quickly taken away to heaven, others quickly fall to hell; some remain for weeks and others for years, according to their quality. They who had been friends or acquaintances in the body, especially

wives and husbands, or brothers and sisters, hold converse there when they desire it. I have seen a father who spoke with his six sons, and I have seen many others who spoke with relatives or companions; but, because they had been of diverse dispositions in their life here, they were soon separated. Those who pass into heaven and those who fall into hell see or know each other no more forever. The clefts that open toward the hells are guarded, and so is the narrow way that leads to the heavens. When the gates of the hells are opened dismal caverns appear tending obliquely downward, where again there are other gates, and from the caverns arise noisome odors such as are craved by foul spirits, for every one there is drawn to the evil corresponding with that which he followed here. The gates of the hells are open to those who are in falsity, and the way of heaven to those who are in truth. The spirit of man being in the human form, it has the same sensories that it had in the body, with the life of the eye and the ear and all the senses, the corporeal frame being but an instrument for the use of the spirit here; and thus man at death merely passes from one world to another, retaining the faculties as well as the thought and affection which are himself. The spirit of man remains in the body till the end of the heart's action, after which it enters the spiritual world at once. On one occasion Swedenborg himself was brought almost into the state of the dying, in which he was kept for some hours, and angels hovered around him, looking into his face, that they might know his thought, and opening his eyes, so to speak, as a man's eyes are opened when he is awaking, At the death of a man, the angels appear to him in love, tell him that he is a spirit, give him light, perform all services for him, and offer to instruct him in the things of another life; but if he repels them and the other good spirits, he is allowed to depart in the evil company which he chooses. This beginning of man's life in the other world continues only for a few days, after which he passes from one state into another, and at length enters either into heaven or into hell. When a man enters the world of spirits, he has a face and tone of voice similar to those he had in the world, but afterward they are changed to resemble the ruling quality with which they correspond. "I have seen there men who had recently arrived, and whom I knew by their features and speech, but after a time I failed to recognize them, some being more beautiful and others hideous, for no one can there counterfeit affections that are not properly his own, and all speak as they think, while showing their thought by look or gesture. Man carries with him into the other world all things that are his, except his earthly body, and hence at first does not know otherwise than that he is in his body. He also carries with him the natural memory, retaining all that he had known, heard, read, learned, and thought from earliest infancy to the end of life. Some men were seen who denied the misdeeds they had perpetrated here, but their deceit was disclosed from their own memory until they convicted themselves. The angels looked into their faces and through the whole body, beginning from the fingers of each hand, as their history was inscribed there as well as in the brain. Swedenborg spoke with all varieties of human beings in the world of spirits, and he found that each one of them was the same as he had been on earth. He spoke with some who lived 2,000 years ago, and they were found to be still like themselves as described in history. The result was the same when he spoke with others who had been dead for seventeen centuries, or four or three cent-

uries; their affections still reigned with them, not to be changed in eternity. Those who were in evil appeared like monsters; those in the truth were beautiful. The spirits of evil hide in darkness amid filth; the spirits of truth enjoy perpetual happiness. In that world man after death passes through three states, the state of his exteriors, of his interiors, and of preparation; but there are men who are at once ready for heaven or for hell. "I have seen some taken up soon after the hour of death; I have seen others hasten directly to hell, one with his head downward, others in other ways." There is often mutual rejoicing between friends when they meet in the other world, and this is common when husband and wife come together there, but if they are not united in heavenly love they separate or even fall foul of each other in combat. In this first state after death man may continue for days, or for months, or for a year, but seldom beyond a year. He then glides into the second state, which is his own very life, and in which he appears just as he had really been in the body. Evil spirits rush headlong into evil of all kinds, every one of which brings its own punishment, while good spirits enjoy experiences in accordance with their nature. The evil and the good, who were together at first, are now separated, the evil flying toward hell and the good being prepared for heaven through instruction by the angels. There are various places of instruction—a place for infants, a place for adults, a place for Mohammedans who had lived in the truth known to them, and who are now taught the Christian religion; a place for heathen who had led a good life, and who in number exceed all the rest, "the best of them from Africa." After being thus prepared for heaven, they are clothed with angelic garments, as of fine white linen, led along avenues adorned with olive and fruit trees or with vines and laurels, delivered to the angel guards, who give them joyous welcome, and taken to the society chosen for them.

A Few Odd Executions—The Philadelphia Item

An officer of the Danish Navy related the other evening some odd executions he had witnessed. He began with a decapitation witnessed near Homburg. The victim, a notorious scoundrel who had added the cap-sheaf to a career of crime by murdering an officer, was ordered to have his head cut off. At the appointed time the victim took his seat in a chair properly prepared. It was in a yard to which quite a crowd of officials and others were admitted. The executioner, a powerful man, took his position just behind and a little to the left of the chair, after the victim was seated, precaution being taken that he should not be seen by the man whose life he was about to take. He held a short, very heavy and very broad sword or knife, the hilt grasped by his right hand, the blade resting in the hollow of the bared left arm. The victim was smoking a pipe, which he puffed vigorously while the preliminaries were being arranged. At a signal from the officer in charge the headsman made one step backward, and grasping his sword with both hands let it swing down by his side. The victim during all this time sat bolt upright, his unbound eyes gazing steadily in front of him. The movement of the executioner was heard by him, and he said in a clear voice, "Macht Schwindt," his pipe dropping from his mouth when he opened it to speak. Almost before the words were finished the glistening blade was whirled around the executioner's head, and the same motion taking a literal direction with a swish, sent the keen steel through the neck close to the shoulders with a precision of aim that was faultless, and the severed

head rolled on the ground. A fountain of blood spurted three feet into the air and the deed was done. Some of the most remarkable executions ever witnessed by the narrator took place in Canton, China, or rather, outside the walls of the city. At the time referred to Europeans were not allowed to reside in the city proper, but there was an outer or suburban city composed largely of foreigners. In this outer city was an open space or common, devoted to the punishment of criminals. On one occasion a Chinaman who had committed a crime punishable by death was brought into this open space to be quartered. After the preliminaries, which were brief and expeditiously arranged, the prisoner was placed in a standing position with his legs spread quite wide apart, both arms extended on a level with the shoulders, and held by a man on each side of him. The chief officer stood directly in front, and when the prisoner was properly posed gave a signal to the headsman, who stood a few feet away holding a sword about two and a half feet long, the blade slightly curved—a cross between a ship cutlass and a scimeter. At the signal he stepped forward and with a sidewise blow struck off the victim's head, and then with lightning-like rapidity swung the blade aloft again and brought it down squarely in the centre of the spot from which the head had just been severed with such force as to almost completely split the body, which was still held in an erect position by the men grasping the extended arms. The two halves fell apart and at the same instant two assistant executioners stepped forward, and with swords similar to the one described severed these two halves at the thighs. "This," said the narrator, "was probably one of the most bloody death scenes ever witnessed." Another exceedingly horrible execution was the burial of a man near an ant-hill. This was also at Canton. The fellow's crime was of a political character. A hole was dug near an ant-hill, and he was placed in it standing erect. The earth was packed closely and firmly around him, so that his chin was just above the surface. His mouth was then forced open and fastened so with a piece of iron. The next step was to completely paint his face and entire head with some sweet stuff about the consistency of New Orleans molasses in cold weather, the inside of the mouth being filled and a swab being run well down his throat. Then a train of the stuff was laid leading to the ant-hill. Almost before this was finished the ants found it, and in a minute there were thousands of big red ants, some of them a fourth of an inch in length and even larger, following the trail. They soon swarmed over his head and face, into his eyes, ears and nose, and down his throat. The sufferings of the fellow must have been horrible in the extreme, but he was alive three days later when visited, and a week afterward the ants were still at him. Another method of torture witnessed in the same locality was this: The victim was securely bound in an upright attitude to a strong post, with his head fastened in a glare of the blazing sun. Then his eyelids were cut off dexterously, so as to leave the eyes intact. Lime was then smeared over the face, and he was left to die by inches. Another execution witnessed was more unique than horrible. The Danish man-of-war, on which the narrator was at the time, was cruising for pirates in the Straits of Malacca, with masked port-holes, but with guns loaded with chain-shot and ready for action. A Malay vessel was sighted. There was a little chase, and a few chain-shot stripped the pirate ship of its rigging. Then came the boarding and a fierce hand-to-hand conflict, ending in the complete dis-

comfiture of the pirates. The ship was burned, and the man-of-war returned to Prince of Wales Island, or Pulc Penang, with a cargo of prisoners. Three of these prisoners, leaders of the pirates and desperate fellows, were ironed and placed on deck, securely chained to a small anchor hanging over the bow of the vessel. The next morning the Danish captain discovered all three of the desperate devils at work on their irons with poignards of a peculiar make—snake shaped and of very fine steel. The second officer was summoned, and, without any preliminaries, the order was given to cut the lashings by which the anchor swung, and down it dropped into the sea, dragging with it the three Malay pirates. There was no trouble with the rest of the prisoners.

A Ride With Death—W. J. Beck—Indianapolis Sentinel

Nip Hunter and I were studying medicine in the office of old Dr. Cross, who was then practicing in one of the larger towns of southern Indiana. Like all medical students, we were anxious to dissect. Of course the first thing was to provide ourselves with a subject. But it was a very great question with us how we were to do that. We mentioned our longings to the old doctor, who rewarded our confidence by laughingly placing the office basement at our disposal, and jokingly locating a real fine subject that had just been planted in a graveyard two or three miles from town. This graveyard was near Nip's home, and we recognized our opportunity. The office janitor was an old colored man whom everybody called Dr. Joe. He had gained his title and worn off his natural dread of spooks while acting as janitor in a medical college dissecting-room in Cincinnati a few years before. We took him into our confidence and laid our plans. The coming night all three of us were to walk toward Nip's home, steal slyly into the graveyard, take up the body, carry it across the field to the barn, get out Nip's horse and buggy and convey it to town and to the office. While we were making preparations at the barn the colored man was to hurry back and prepare the office for us, so that there might be no delay. The office was on the main street, and had a side door which opened on an alley, and as the back end of this alley had just been ditched preparatory to laying sewer pipe our only chance to reach the office was by the main street. We had a bigger job than we had expected and time had hardly entered as a factor into our calculations. Daylight had overtaken us when we reached the barn, cold and covered with snow—for it had been snowing all night. We hastily decided to hide our prize and wait until the next night to get it to town. But just as we were in the act of tucking it away in the hay Nip's father appeared on the scene and with righteous indignation threatened us with exposure and demanded that we take the body away at once. We quickly decided to adopt the bold expedient of attiring the body in clothing to be taken by Nip from his sister's wardrobe and to convey it to town in a sleigh. We accordingly dressed it up, opened wide its eyes, put a veil over its face and sat it bolt upright in the sleigh between us. All went tinkling as a marriage bell until we struck the main street. It was the first sleighing of the season and everyone was making the most of it. Suddenly it appeared to me that we had become the objects of everybody's attention. A feeling of terror took possession of me. I watched the faces of the passers-by with eagerness. It seemed to me that the look of joyousness which beamed in their faces as they approached us changed to one of horror as they dashed past. I dared not turn my head to follow them, for I felt that they

were watching us over their shoulders. Presently the veil blew off the face. I made a convulsive effort to grasp it, but it was gone with the wind. My terror increased. It seemed to me now that the corpse was attempting to leap from the sleigh. "Is it all imagination?" I thought. Then I looked at Nip in order to catch some light as to the realities. His face was as pale as death and his jaw convulsively set. He looked straight in front, turning his eyes neither to the right nor the left. "My God, Tom," he hissed through his teeth; "she's straightening out. Hold her down. Ain't her eyes shut?" and he grasped a tighter rein on the little mare, which, though going at a rapid rate, seemed to us to be making a snail's pace through the street. "Ain't her eyes shut?" he hissed again, as he leaned further forward if to assist the mare to greater speed. I looked into the face of the corpse. Its eyes were still wide open and staring. "No," I said, "but her jaw has fallen." And though I spoke in as low a tone as I could command I thought I must have yelled. "My God!" he hissed, and great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead. The people on the sidewalk stopped and gazed. "See that cop at the corner?" I stammered. Nip instinctively threw his weight upon the rein and the mare almost fell, so suddenly did she stop. The policeman passed the corner. "For God's sake drive on!" I said. The whip came down on the now almost terrified little mare, and with a great bound and with a jerk that threatened to make pieces of the sleigh she was off at a run. "Pull up," I said, "we're at the alley." Nip didn't seem to hear me, but the next moment the little mare wheeled from the street, the sleigh went over, Nip went into the snow on one side of the alley and I on the other. "That woman's killed," shouted a half dozen voices, as a crowd gathered in the opening in the alley behind us. "You mistaken dar, suh. She sum hu't, but she be all right in a sho't time. I tuk her in to de doctah. He'll fotch her roun' all right. I'll tend to de hoss now." "Good thing I wuz at the do," he said aside to me as I brushed the snow from my clothes. And he looked Nip and me over with a merry twinkle as he turned the sleigh up. You may rest assured that was my last experience in that line.

Superstition about Gems—The British Jewelers' Review

Each gem is supposed to possess certain qualities which are its special dowry. The origin of this practice can generally be traced in the etymology of the word, or in the myth or legend attached to each gem in the country where it was first found. Many of them are doubtless of Persian or Semitic origin, but the Greek mythology contains them nearly all. Thus, Adamas or diamond was a Cretan youth transformed by Zeus into a brilliant and placed among the stars. Amethyst was another godly favorite, whom Diana turned into a purple-tinted stone, to which Bacchus added the color of wine. To some such origin, and chiefly from the color of the gems, their various qualities owe their prestige in ancient and modern lore. The kingly diamond, which has become the appanage of aristocracy, is the symbol of justice, innocence, constancy and impassivity of fate. Camillo Leonardus assures us that it baffles the deadliest poison and the most subtle witchcraft. It moreover protects ladies against those horrible nocturnal visitors, incubes. The Koh-i-noor was for centuries the talisman of India, and when, years ago, the Governor of Borneo offered \$500,000, two equipped war brigs and numbers of cannon for the famous stone of Matan, the Rajah refused, on the plea that the fortunes of his family were

connected with it, and that the water in which it was dipped cured all diseases. Not less powerful was the sapphire, so useful once to the necromancer, or the holy stone, as it was called, being the emblem of chastity and securing the granting of all prayers. The pagans dedicated it to Apollo. It became the episcopal stone by decree of Innocent III. in the twelfth century, but in modern days it has met with a sad reversion of fate, and is no longer a lucky stone. The ruby, the live coal of the Greek, is not less emblematical and potent, and the Brahmin traditions speak wonders of the abodes of gods, lighted by enormous rubies and emeralds. It was believed to dispel evil thoughts, and warned its wearer of danger by becoming black or obscure. The East Indian merchants still prize it so highly that they will not willingly show a fine specimen without a bribe; and the Chinese present it, to the present day, as a most sacred token of friendship. The now humble garnet and the oblong carbuncle share the favors of their parent, the ruby, the latter of the two being famous for its light-giving properties in the dark. Topaz, the gold-stone of the ancients, was much valued by them for medicinal purposes, for dispelling enchantment and for calming frenzy. If superstition had still so firm a hold as once it had upon the minds of educated people, what a favorite the amethyst would be, since such a stone, especially when set in a cup, rendered the possessor of it incapable of intoxication. According to modern etiquette, the amethyst is the only stone which may be worn during mourning. The peerless, starry opal, that child of love, as it has been called, far from being an unlucky stone, as it is now supposed to be, was once believed by Albertus Magnus, Marbodeus and others to rejoice the heart of its owner by rendering him lovable and bestowing upon him the gift of invisibility, which made it the patron stone of robbers. To be on the right side of this gem's influence some say that one ought never to accept it as a present. It has, however, been asserted that the opal was not considered unlucky in England until Sir Walter Scott published his "Anne of Geierstein." The veneration of the Peruvians for the green emerald, dedicated to Mercury by the ancients, is well known, and the worshippers of Mantu still believe that the mines whence are extracted all the daughters of the mother-gem are guarded by terrible genii, dragons and other one-eyed people. The beryl was once supposed to increase conjugal love and to cure distemper and leprosy; an agate to quench thirst and turn away storm and lightning, even as coral, of which the Neapolitans still wear amulets to avert the evil eye. Turquoise, according to Boethius, especially protects against falls, and heals differences between man and wife. Amber wards off erysipelas and all soreness of the throat. Sard, cornelian, and the stone bezoar, mentioned by Lord Lytton, especially stanch all flux blood and cure serpents' bites, while heliotrope confers the gift of prophecy and long life. Many more precious stones might be quoted, and these cursory remarks should not be closed without a word about the lily among gems, the moonlight queen where the opal is the star, viz., the pure and delicate pearl. Whether simple-minded fishermen still believe or not that they are the tears of angels or of naiads, or celestial drops of dew, hardened within the shell of the oyster, the priceless gem will ever be considered as the emblem of purity and the representative of all feminine virtues. If but a part of the potent qualities ascribed to precious stones in general by world-old traditions, could be conferred in reality, what influence gems would have!

IN DIALECT—SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

A Game of Marbles—R. W. Mitchell—Portland Oregonian

First, three boys easily found,
 Next, three holes in the ground—
 Three marbles, smooth and round.
 "H'yeh now, fenn dubs! No hunchin'!
 'Nuckle down, yuh now! Fenn span!
 Yuh wun't hit tit! Thet's scrunchin'.
 Never! Yeh didn't tech it, Dan"—
 "Yes, I did, too! Saw it *jest* roll"—
 "What! Huh!" "Well, leave it tuh Jim;
 He's on'y got his fuss hole—
 Makes no differns tuh him!"
 "There, smarty! What tid I say?"
 "Nuthin'!" "It hit all the same,
 Yuh cud see thet enny day,
 If yuh'd play a fair game."
 "Jim, it's yer go! Make yer third!
 I'm safe! Yer near up tuh Dan;
 Thet's it! Bully! Jess like a bird—
 Here, hol' up! Thet's *me*! Thet san'
 Was right there before yuh shot;
 Fenn clearins! Well, I guess *yes*!
 Don't care how much yuh guess not!"
 Thus the game is played;
 Thus the sides arrayed,
 Thus our men are made—
 Thus the game is played.

Dot Fritzey—Oofy Goofy—New York Telegram

I kin saw you, you shly leetle raskel,
 A beekin' ad me drough dot shair;
 Come here righd away now und kiss me—
 You doughd I don'd know you vas dere.
 You all der dime hide from your fader,
 Und subbose he can'd saw mit his eyes;
 You vas goin' to fool me—eh, Fritzey—
 Und gafe me a grade big surprise?
 Dot boy vas a reckular monkgey—
 Dere vas noding so high he don'd glimb;
 Und his mudder she says dot his drouers
 Vants new bosoms in dem all der dime.
 He vas shmard, dough, dot same leetle feller
 Und he sings all der vile like a lark,
 From vonce he gids ub in der mornin',
 Dill ve drofe him to bed afder dark.
 He's der bissiest von in der fam'ly,
 Und I bed you der louder he sings
 He vas raisin' der dickens mit some von—
 He vas ub do all manner of dings.
 He vas beekin' away, dot young raskel,
 Drough de shair—Moly Hoses! vot's dot?
 Dot young sun-of-a-gun mid a sceesors
 Is cot all der dail off der cat!

Two Opinions—Eugene Field—Chicago News

Us two wuz boys when we fell out—
 Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
 Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
 Some small diff'rence, I'll allow.
 Lived next neighbors twenty years,
 A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.
 Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
 Courted sisters, 'nd marr'd em, too;
 'Tended same meetin'-house onct a week,
 A-hatin' each other, through 'nd through!
 But when Abe Linkern asked the West
 F'r soldiers we answered—me 'nd Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

But down in Tennessee one night
 Ther wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
 'Nd the Sergeant allowed there'd be a fight
 With the Johnny Rebs some time nex' day;
 'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
 Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!
 Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
 Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
 Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
 But never a word from me or Jim!
 He went his way 'nd I went mine.
 'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
 I havin' my opinyin uv Jim
 'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me!
 Jim never come back from the war again,
 But I hain't forgot that last, last night
 When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
 Made up 'nd shuck hands before the fight;
 'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
 That here I be 'nd yonder's Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

That Air Youngen—James W. Riley—Northwestern Miller

That air youngen ust to set
 By the crick here day by day,
 Watch the swallers dip and wet
 Their slim wings and skoot away;
 Watch these little snipes along
 The low banks tilt up and down
 Mongst the reeds, and hear the song
 Of the bullfrogs croakin' roun'.
 Ust to set here in the sun
 Watchin' things, and listenun,
 Peared-like, mostly to the roar
 Of the dam below, er to
 That air raffle nigh the shore
 Jes' acrost from me and you.
 Ust to watch him from the door
 Of the mill.—Ud rigg him out
 Sometimes with a hook-and-line—
 Dig worms fer him—nigh about
 Jes' spit on his bait!—but he
 Never keered much, 'pearantly,
 To ketch fish!—He druther fine
 Out some sunny place, and set
 Watchin' things, with droopy head,
 And "a-listenun," he said,—
 "Kindo' listenun above
 The old crick to what the wet
 Warter was a-talkin' of!"
 Jevver hear sich talk as that!
 Bothered mother more'n me
 What the child was cipher'n at.—
 Come home onct and said 'at he
 Knowed what the snakefeeders thought
 When they grit their wings, and knowed
 Turtle-talk, when bubbles riz
 Over where the old roots grewed
 Where he th'owed them pets o' his—
 Little turripins he caught
 In the county ditch, and packed
 In his pockets days and days.—
 Said he knowed what goslins quacked—
 Could tell what the killdees sayes,
 And grasshoppers, when they lit
 In the crick, and "minnies" bit
 Off their legs.—"But, blame!" says he,
 Sorto' lookin' clean above

Mother's head and on through me—
And them eyes!—I see 'em yet!—
"Blame!" he says, "ef I kin see
Er make out jes' what the wet
Warter is a-talkin' of!"

Made *me* nervous! Mother, though,
Said best not to scold the child—
The Good Bein' knowed—and so
We was only riconciled
When he'd be asleep—and then,
Time, and time, and time again,
We've watched over him, you know—
Her a-sayin' nothin'—jes'
Kindo' smoothin' back his hair,
And, all to herself, I guess,
Studyin' up some kind o' prayer
She aint tried yet.—Onct she said,
Cotin' Scriptur—"He," says she
In a solemn whisper, "'He
Giveth His beloved sleep!'"
And jes' then I heerd the rain
Strike the shingles, as I turned
Restless to'rds the wall again.
Pity strong men dast to weep!—
'Specially when up above
Thrash! the storm comes down, and you
Feel the midnight plum soaked through
Heart and soul and wonder, too,
What the warter's talkin' of!

* * * * *
Found his hat way down below
Hinchman's Ford. Yes, Anders he
Rid and fetched it. Mother, she
Went *wild* over *that*, you know—
Hugged it! kissed it!—*Turribul!*
My hopes then was all gone too.
Brung him in, with both hands full
O' warter-lilies—'peared-like new
Bloomed fer *him*—renched whiter still

In the clear rain—mixin' fine
And finer in the noon sunshine.
Winders of the old mill looked
On him where the hill-road crooked
In on through the open gate.
Laid him on the old settee
On the porch there. Heerd the great
Roarin' dam acrost—and we
Heerd a crane cry in amongst
The sycamores—then a dove
Cutterin' on the mill-roof,—then
Heerd the crick, and thought again,
"Now what's it a-talkin' of?"

The Hymn of the Dead—Eli Shepperd—Belford's Magazine

Oh! somebody dead in de graveyard
An' somebody dead in de sea,
Gwine ter wake up an' shout in de mornin',
An' sing dat Jubilee.

Roll, Jordan, roll!
Sister you oughter been dar
Ter hear that water roll;
You oughter been shout in de kingdom
To hear that river roll.

Oh! father kilt wid a bullet
An' father cyarved wid a knife;
Yo' woun' 'll be heal' some mornin',
When you get ter de Lan' er Life.
Roll, Jordan, roll!
There's nairy a tow nor tugboat
Ter cross dat river's roll.
I wanter go cross in der calm time,
Fer Jordan's chilly an' cole.

Oh! chillen dat's burnt in de cabins
Whilst de mammies out in de fiel',

An' chillen dat hears de death call
Whilst dey be singin' a reel.

Roll, Jordan, roll!
On Jordan's bank I'll stan'
Ter hear dat water roll;
I'm aimin' for Canaan lan',
Oh! chillen, for Canaan lan',

Oh! sister dat's swingin' wid fever,
An' sister dat's trimblin' wid chill,
Gwine have a love-feas' to-morrer;
You better had drink yo' fill.

Roll, Jordan, roll!
Dar's nary a skiff fer de sinner
Ter 'scape dat water's roll:
Nairy a boat nor dugout
Ter save de sinner's soul.

Oh! dem dat's pizen' wid conjure
An' dem dat's bit by a snake,
Dar's comin' a time to-morrer
Fer you ter turn over an' wake.

Roll, Jordan, roll!
Brother, you better wade in
Ter hear dat water roll,
You'll leave yo' body laden
Des on de t'urrer sho'.

Oh! mother dat drag at de plough han'te
An' mother dat drap at de hoe,
When you walk up de ladder ter heaven
You won't hatter work no mo'.

Roll, Jordan, roll!
Mother go over dry shod
Ter hear dem waters roll;
You'll sholy shoutin' ter glory.
Across dat river's roll.

St. Monan—Jessie Kerr Lawson—Scottish World

There's a queer auld village close doon by the sea.
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';
Just twa three grey hooses, an' twa three broon boats,
An' twa three douce fishers in blue duffle coats;
An' bairns by the hunder, as merry's can be,
Oh, a queer auld toon is St. Monan.

It has an auld kirkyard that's washed by the sea,
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';
An' richt in the middle o't stands an auld kirk,
Wha's origin's lost in antiquity's mirk;
It's auld-fashioned, hoary, an' quaint as can be—
Oh, a rare auld kirk is St. Monan.

An' airtin' the sunset, owrelookin' the sea,
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin',
There stands an auld castle, sae eerie an' still,
Crumblin' fast to decay, on the tap o' the hill,
An' the birds build their nests in't as couthie's can be,
An' the craws, wheelin' owre frae St. Monan.

The streets o' this village sae close to the sea,
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin',
Gude sooth! to speak plain, there are nae streets ava,
But ye just come ootside, an' keep steppin' awa'
Till ye come to the place whaur ye're ettlin' to be—
They can do without streets in St. Monan.

The folk are douce fishers, an' live by the sea,
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';
Wi' their lives in their hands they gang doon to the deep
In the mirk oors o' nicht when a' else are asleep;
For the honest maun fend, an' their weird they maun dree,
Though they come nae mair back to St. Monan.

Oh, leeze me upon them doon there by the sea.
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';
Year in an' year oot there they are as ye see;
They live an' they love, an' they marry an' dee;
An' a heart or twa breaks noo an' then; ay, wae's me!
E'en in the auld toon o' St. Monan.

PARAGRAPHS OF NATURAL AND UNNATURAL HISTORY

A Night in a Snake's Throat—The Boston Bulletin

Locating our camp on a suitable spot on the south shore of the Amazon, as nearly as that river can be said to have any shore, Murilla and I proceeded to make daily excursions into the forest in all directions, usually leaving two of the boatmen in charge of the camp, and taking the other two along to carry supplies. The concession proved to be a most magnificent forest. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, needing but the woodman's axe and transportation down the river to fetch 250 pounds apiece. The tract was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated to the river. It was some ten days after our arrival at the concession, when I took Murilla with me for a short expedition into the forest. It was a feast day with the Indians, and as we intended to return before evening we left them all four in camp, merely providing ourselves with a round of hard-tack apiece and some cold venison for lunch. At noon, where we sat down to eat our lunch, Murilla discovered near by a clump of low bushes bearing a yellowish berry. This fruit he professed to recognize as a familiar variety which he had often eaten down toward the coast, though he had never seen any before so far in the interior. After testing them he pronounced them delicious, but of somewhat different flavor to those on the east coast. We both ate of the berries liberally without the least suspicion of injurious effects, I finding them, as Murilla declared, delicious. Ten minutes after eating the first berry, however, both of us became thrilled with a strange exhilaration. We became almost deliriously happy, Murilla bursting out in the Portuguese doggerel with boisterous hilarity as though intoxicated with absinthe. As for myself, my whole nervous system tingled with pleasing excitement to the very finger-tips. I was fairly intoxicated. I have a vague recollection of making a ludicrous resolve to check my own wild impulse to sing, by nodding my head in rhythmic approval of Murilla's vocal outburst—of seeing Murilla roll over on the ground, and immediately following his example. Then all became a blank. This happened about midday. Not until nearly sunset on the following day did consciousness again slowly commence to assert itself. I then awoke—if a foggy idea of trying to extricate one's self from a hideous nightmare can be called an awakening—with a horrible sensation of helplessness. It seemed as though the lower half of my body was numbed and paralyzed by heavy pressure from all directions. A vague impression that my lower limbs were dead and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of my body, crept over me. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets almost, a singing was in my ears, and my breath came in labored pants; my throat was hot and dry with a raging thirst. I was not yet fully returned to my senses; like one drugged with chloroform, or a person freezing to death, my natural inclination was to let things take their course. It seemed useless to think of trying to extricate myself from the vise-like embrace that appeared to clutch me as in a rubber mould at terrible tension, from the waist down. It was only a nightmare which would pass away in a little while. And yet, it couldn't be a nightmare, for I was dimly conscious of being awake after all, and not asleep and dreaming. Realizing this, by a supreme effort of the will I aroused

my well-nigh dormant faculties to a sense that something terrible was the matter. The numbness had not reached my arms, and I tried to raise myself up—I was lying face downward. As I strove to rise I was dragged backward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered, I raised myself up with a frantic effort, sufficient to look toward my helpless extremity. My God! I was half engulfed in the throat of a monster boa. This hideous reptile, finding me lying at length on the ground, stupefied, had deliberately set about swallowing me. Now I was thoroughly aroused, the sensation was as though some powerful suction-pump were employed in dragging me remorselessly down, down, down, inch by inch, into the slimy depths of my devourer's stomach. I was suffering no physical pain to speak of; the dreadful pressure on the lower half of the body created only numbness there; above was a sense of oppressiveness, but there was an utter absence of acute pain. An indescribably sickening odor also emanated from the monstrous reptile that was leisurely working me down his throat. It was the breath from the foul and slimy stomach that already entombed my feet and legs, and would ere long close over my head. Maddened at the loathsome prospect, I gave a horrified scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground I struggled desperately to release myself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat. As well might some modern Canute try to stay the tidal wave's resistless course, as I to struggle for freedom from that living vise stretched like rubber about every hair-breadth of what it engulfed. As I struggled I could feel the hooked fangs of my devourer clutch the buckskin jacket I was wearing, and hold me like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible suction-pump below seemed to be worked with anxious energy. As soon as I realized the utter hopelessness of accomplishing anything by struggling a complete change came over me. I became as calm and collected as if there was nothing to be alarmed at in my position. So cool and philosophical did I begin to review the situation that I concluded I must have suddenly gone mad. If there was the slightest hope of escape, I argued with myself, it would be in keeping my presence of mind and remaining perfectly quiet. Every struggle I might make to get loose would land me an inch further down into the depths of the boa's slippery tomb, by bringing into play the hooked fangs, and arousing the activity of that horrible suction force within. From my school-boy recollections of natural history came the conclusion that my devourer must have been a good twenty-four hours engulfing me up to the waist, and that by offering a merely passive resistance I might keep my head and shoulders outside as long as life remained. From the time I discovered myself to be in the boa's lethiferous grip until the above sensible resolve was arrived at could hardly have been three minutes. For the first time since recovering consciousness my thoughts now found opportunity to wander from my own sensations, and my first thought was of Murilla. What had become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed? A gleam of hope shot through my brain at the query. Perhaps he is unharmed, and when he recovers from the stupefying effects of the berries will be able to render me assistance. In my anxiety to see if Murilla were anywhere around, I tried to look about me. The

movement disturbed the boa, and again he dragged me backward two or three feet, and again the pressure from below exerted itself anew to try and drag me in. So long as I remained perfectly quiet the boa seemed content to let nature take its course, and to remain in a semi-comatose condition. He seemed to realize that he had undertaken a tremendous job, and one that required a great deal of patience. The least movement on my part, however, he would interpret at once into an effort of his prey to escape, and would reciprocate by trying to swallow me. Hours, that the horror of my position seem to lengthen into days, passed by. I thought I should go stark, raving mad, as I felt the fangs of my hideous devourer scraping against my buckskin jacket to try and inch me further down his throat. The heavy odor of the reptile's breath was like some overpowering drug, which if distilled and applied in moderation might even be tolerable to the nostrils. Darkness came, and added to the terror of my situation. My nerves were now badly shattered, and in the darkness my plight was pitiable in the extreme. How shall I describe the weird horrors of that dreadful night? It seemed an eternity spent amid all the blackness and the mental tortures of hell itself. Morning dawned at last, although I never thought it would come and find me in possession of my senses. Why it didn't find me a raving maniac, or a blubbering idiot, seemed the strangest thing that had yet happened. My first thought was to ascertain whether the gutta-percha-like opening in my living tomb had gained on me during those awful hours of darkness or not. I was lying all this while face downward, and although by this time weakened almost to a state of helplessness, I used my left hand to feel the taut rim of the boa-constrictor's jaws. They were three full inches higher up my body than yester eve. The excitement of the night I had just passed through had exhausted my emotions, and I remember that this sinister discovery awakened in me no sense of uneasiness. I tried to form some plan of putting an end to my existence; but my brain refused to make connection between my dim, disjointed flights of thoughts. It was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. I was now beyond all active emotions. Once I fancied I heard the cry of some animal or human being near by; but I was too far gone to pay any attention. At last all seemed to be over with me. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over me again; a roaring noise in my ears continued for awhile in the darkness, and then all was silent. I had sunk into the unconsciousness of complete exhaustion. I remember nothing more until I came to my senses again in our camp on the river bank. A couple of days' nursing by Murilla brought me round so that I could sit up and listen to his account of my rescue. The cry I fancied I heard just before sinking into unconsciousness was from Murilla. The effects of the berries had kept him stupefied until the dawn of the second day, the close of the night so full of horrible experiences to me. He had awakened, weak and burning with thirst. Rising up, he beheld not a dozen yards away, my head and shoulders protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine length among the debris of decaying forest fungus. Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, he uttered the horrified cry which I had dimly heard, and rushed away to camp. Being an expert woodman, he had no difficulty in finding his way. The Indians had about given us up for lost. They had searched for us, but had never happened to visit the

right place. Two were out searching when he reached the camp. Trembling with weakness and terror, he told the Indians the fate that had befallen us. Returning with axes and crocodile spears the party attacked the boa, chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in his body caused by my feet and legs, before he could escape. At the first blow of the axe the monster made spasmodic efforts to disgorge in order to attack his assailants. He tried hard to escape, but the axes were skilfully applied, and he was rendered powerless. The severed head and neck had to be slit open before I could be released. At first they thought I was dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life. Carrying me to the camp, resuscitative remedies were applied, and I was, as you have seen, finally brought around. In a few days my health was restored sufficiently to start on our return journey down the river; but my own mother would have failed to recognize me. My hair, which was a dark brown when Murilla and I sat down to eat our lunch of hard-tack and venison, was now as white as the scant locks of an old man of ninety—as white as you see it now. My nervous system had received a shock that left me a victim of nightmares and nervous fears and tremors for years afterward.

A Mexican "Counter Irritant"—The New York Sun

"I read in The Sun the other day an account of a French physician who has discovered that he can cure rheumatism by the stings of bees," said a New York railroad man recently returned from a trip to Mexico. "The doctor says he has met with great success in treating that obstinate disease with bees, the only difficulty with the treatment being that he has to use such a large number of bees before he can introduce sufficient counter-irritation, or whatever it may be, to the afflicted spot. I want to give the French doctor a pointer that will let him out of that trouble at once if he will follow it. He don't want to fool with the ordinary, every-day sort of bee any longer. All he has to do is to get an invoice of a cheerful wasp that makes Mexico its home and hunting ground, and he won't need more than one of them to knock out the worst case of rheumatism any man ever struggled with, if there is really any virtue in the bee-sting treatment. The Mexican wasp is built entirely for business. He is over two inches long when he is of age, and is about the color of a bay horse. His plunger is a full inch long, and as fine as a spider's web. Unlike the stinger of the common bee, the stinger of the Mexican wasp is non-forfeitable. He doesn't give it up after making one plunge, but has it always in readiness for an all-day's job if necessary. The mission of the Mexican wasp seems to be merely to hunt up people and run that stinger of his into them. The natives say that he will go ten miles out of his way to get a whack at a person. The natives seem to get fat on snake bites, centipede bites, and scorpion stings, but if they discover one of these wasps in the neighborhood they hunt for cover without delay. I had the pleasure of personal contact with a Mexican wasp one day. It sampled me on the cheek. I have been actively in the passenger business for many years, but that wasp foyed my cheek. The stinger went clear through it and about a quarter of an inch into the side of my tongue. Instantly that whole side of my head and face felt like a foot asleep. I didn't know what had hit me. The cheerful numbness lasted for a minute, and then I turned as cold as an icicle. I thought I was dying. I pinched my face, but there was no feeling in it. I bit my tongue and it didn't hurt. There was some feeling a minute later, though,

for such a pang as no mortal man ever felt, unless he was hit by one of these base-burning insects, shot to the top of my head and then shot back again. Then it grabbed me in the throat, tackled the roof of my mouth, and dallied with my palate. If you can imagine how it would feel to have wires drawn into the most sensitive parts of your person, and then have the wires heated to a white heat and left there to simmer, you can have some idea how I felt. A native told me, then, what ailed me. I would willingly have lain down and died, and I felt sorry when they told me that the Mexican wasp was so cruel that it never killed persons with its sting, but just dipped them and let them enjoy the aftermath. That most agonizing pain remained with me two hours, which is the regulation time for it to torture its recipients. When it passed away my cheek and tongue were as sore as two stone bruises, and remained so for two days. But, strange to say, they didn't swell. Let that French doctor get a few of these Mexican wasps, and if there is any good in sting cure for rheumatism he will have every one of his patients out of bed before he has used up one wasp. This I guarantee."

A Tusker Breaks Loose—"Tent Life in Tiger Land"

"Run, run, Sahibs—the Tusker has gone 'must' (mad). He has broken loose." We all started to our feet. George had just gone down to the bank of the river to where the cooking was going on, which lay nearer the mad elephant's picket. By this time, the terror-stricken servants were flying in all directions. The huge brute, with infinite cunning, had all along been making mighty efforts to wrench up the stake to which he was bound. This at last he had succeeded in doing. With the first desperate bound or lurch forward, the heavy ankle chains, frayed and worn in one link, had snapped asunder; and with the huge stake trailing after him, he charged down on the camp with a shrill trumpeting scream of maddened excitement and savage fury. The men with the spears waited not for the onset. One poor fellow bending over his pot of rice, trying to blow the smoldering embers of his fire into a flame, was seized by the long flexible trunk of the unfuried brute, and had but time to utter the terrible death scream which had startled us, ere his head was smashed like an egg-shell on the powerful knee of the maddened monster. He next made a rush at the horses that, excited and frightened by the clamor around them, were straining at their ropes, and buried his long blunt tusks in the quivering flanks of one poor Caboolie horse that had struggled in vain to get free. All this was the work of a moment. Poor George, who was bending over some stewpan, wherein was simmering some delicacy of his own concoction, was not aware of the suddenly altered aspect of affairs, till the huge towering bulk of the elephant was almost over him. Another instant, and he would have shared the fate of the hapless mahout, had he not, with admirable presence of mind, delivered the hissing hot stew, with quick dexterity and precision, full in the gaping mouth of the furious brute. His next sensation, however, was that of flying through the air, as the brute, with one swing of its mighty trunk, propelled him on his aerial flight, and he fell souse in the middle of the stream, with the saucepan still tightly clutched in his hand. Over the river we could see the infernal brute, who had thus scattered us, in a perfect frenzy of rage; kneeling on the shapeless heap of cloth, furniture, poles and ropes, and digging his tusks, with savage fury, into the hangings and canvas, in the very abandonment of mad, uncontrollable rage. We had little doubt but

that poor Mac lay crushed to death, smothered beneath the weight of the ponderous animal, or mangled out of all likeness to humanity by the terrible tusks that we could see flashing in the clear moonlight. It seemed an age, this agony of suspense. We held our breaths, and dared not look into each other's faces. Everything showed as clear as if it had been day. We saw the elephant tossing the strong canvas canopy about as a dog would worry a door-mat. Thrust after thrust was made by the tusks into the folds of cloth. Raising his huge trunk, the brute would scream in the very frenzy of his wrath, and at last, after what seemed an age to us, but which in reality was but a few minutes, he staggered to his feet (for all this time he had been kneeling) shook his massive bulk, looked fiercely and defiantly around, made as if he would have marched straight through the dining-tent, where the snowy cloth glistened white under the tent-lamps, then, with a parting shrill trumpeting scream of concentrated wrath and malice, some fresh idea seemed to enter his demented brain, and he rushed into the jungle. Just then a smothered groan struck like the peal of joy-bells on our anxious ears, and a muffled voice from beneath the folds of the shamiana in Mac's well-known tones groaned out, "Look alive, you fellows, and get me out of this, or I'll be smothered!" In trying to get out of the way of the first rush of the elephant his foot had caught in one of the tent ropes, and the whole falling canopy had then come bodily upon him, hurling the camp table and a few cane chairs over him. Under these he had lain, able to breathe, but not daring to stir, while the savage beast had behaved as has been described. His escape had been miraculous. The cloth had several times been pressed so close over his face as nearly to stifle him. The brute, in one of its savage, purposeless thrusts, had pierced the ground between his arms and his ribs, pinning his Afghan choga, or dressing-gown, deep in the earth; and he said he felt himself sinking into unconsciousness, what with tension of nerve and brain and semi-suffocation together, when the brute had happily got up and rushed off. "How did you feel?" I asked. "Well, I can hardly tell you. Whenever I recognized that the brute was on me, I felt at once that my only chance of safety was to lie perfectly still. Once or twice the oppression on my face from the pressure of the heavy canvas was almost suffocating, and when the huge tusk buried itself in the earth close to my side, I could scarcely refrain from calling out." "It must have grazed your ribs?" "It did. After that I seemed to turn quite unconcerned. All sorts of funny ideas came trooping across my brain. I seemed, too, to have a quick review of all the actions I had ever done, and was just dropping off into a dreamy unconsciousness, after pulling a desperate race against Oxford with my old crew, when your voices roused me to sensation again."

Br'er 'Coon's Oyster—The Atlanta Constitution

Aha! Caught at last! When the tide is out the raccoon walks the shore in search of a free lunch of oysters on the half shell. The 'coon is very cunning, and long experience has taught him the danger of falling into the clutches of the oyster, as innocent and dumb as the bivalve appears to be. When the oysters open their shell and are feeding, and the shallow waters trickling through the rushes and everything is moving along so nicely, the raccoon finds it an easy matter to scoop in a jolly supper of oysters without consulting the waiter. But suddenly he reaches out his paw and makes a scoop at the oyster lying so quietly in his shell, and he allows

that paw to linger just an instant too long. "Snap!" He feels the fatal grip of the hard shell on his foot, and he knows that he has met his fate. With a savage cry of pain and dismay he turns those great yellow eyes landward for a last look at the sweep of curving shore where he has lived in peace and quiet so many, many years. If 'coons think, and from the curious expression of their almost human eyes I almost believe they do, he doubtless thinks of the happy days he has enjoyed asleep in the hollow of some great oak, and the jolly evenings he has spent bird-nesting among the woods. A freshening in the breeze causes him to turn his eyes seaward. The song of the surges is coming nearer. The vast stretch of rushing waters seems to be rushing down upon him, and he shrieks with the agony of mortal fear. He begins to gnaw at the foot that has been imprisoned. He will hobble out to the shore leaving his foot there rather than be drowned. The sharp teeth cut through the furry hide, crunch through the tendons and sinews, rasp against the bone. He had just missed the joint. The waters are rising higher and higher. The boom of the billows is in his ears. Still that unyielding shell refuses to give up its prey. He tears the flesh with his teeth. The joint turns. It is nearly separated. One little tendon holds it. When the tide goes out the fisherman walking along the bank exclaims: "Hello, dah! Ol' mahn 'coon 'e love de oystah, but 'e lahck 'um mos' too well." "Ha! Ha! Ol' 'coon git catch up wid dis time, sho; better had er stay in de mahrsh grahss, w'ah 'e belong," says another. "Ol' mahn hah der good grip dough. See yeah w'ah 'e gnaw dis yeah foot, mos' in two. Tide hahd er lef' 'um 'lone minit longah, ol' mahn 'coon gone home on free laigs."

The St. Elias Bear—The Youth's Companion

This country has certainly done its part in furnishing new species of bears. To the Old World list it has added the cinnamon bear, the true black bear, the roach-back, or silver-tip, and, most terrible of all, *ursus ferox*,—the grizzly,—the most formidable brute that walks the surface of the planet. Recent accounts from the Alaskan Alps indicate that America has even broken its own record: Two miners, who had set off from Yakutat to prospect the foot-hills of Mt. St. Elias, were crossing a valley densely wooded with yellow cedar, fir and hemlock on the southeasterly side of the mountain, and had sat down to rest for a few minutes on an immense log, when they heard a slight noise at the far end of it, followed by a loud snuff. Glancing in that direction, they saw an animal resembling a bear in size and other respects, save that the head seemed rather broader, and the color, at a distance of a dozen yards, was that of a silver-gray fox or a brindled wolf. Three slugs, delivered in quick succession from a Winchester in the hands of one of the miners, laid the animal lifeless in the thick, soft moss beside the huge log. In all generic particulars, the creature was then found to be a bear, but its pelage was made up of a thick under-coat of fur of a slate-gray color, out of which grew a second coat of longer, coarser hair, both black and white, giving the beast its peculiar bright gray and brindled tints. The skin seemed to be so fine that the men took it off, and on their return trip, two days later, carried it to Yakutat. It proved to be a considerable prize, for a trader offered them fifty dollars for it. In the adjoining Indian village they saw another similar skin, for which the natives had refused a hundred dollars, which was kept as a hunters' talisman. A chief had killed the animal. The trader told the two miners that hides of this bear were only

occasionally brought in by the native hunters, and that he had never heard of them elsewhere. Several other furriers confirmed the statement that this species of the genus *ursa* is peculiar to the foot-hills and valleys of the St. Elias range. It is distinguished at Yakutat, by the hunters and trappers of that region, from the black and the grizzly by the name of the St. Elias bear.

The Old Shark "San José Joe"—S. F. Chronicle

"Several well-spun sea yarns have been told by old shell-backs regarding what they had seen at sea," said Chief Officer James Brown, of the Pacific Mail Company's steamer Acapulco, to a Chronicle reporter recently, "but there is one thing certain," continued he, "and that is I have reason to believe that fish not only have instinct, but also reasoning power." "How do you come to these conclusions?" was asked. "Well, let me tell you. Now, every seafaring man who has frequented the port of San José, at Guatemala, knows that old San José Joe has been in and about that port for the last thirty years. Joe is, without exception, one of the largest sharks ever seen in the waters of the ocean. He is over thirty feet in length. This was ascertained beyond a doubt by the officers of the Acapulco on the trip before the last, when a spar measuring thirty feet had fallen over the ship's side, and old Joe came along, and, after smelling of it, floated alongside, measuring exactly its length. As to his age, that is not positively known, but the barnacles on his back indicate that he has been a resident of San José waters for a number of years. The barnacles are so old and crusty as to repel a rifle ball with the same respective force as a sheet of steel on the side of a man-of-war. Captain Pitts, of the Acapulco, has time and again shot at this monster and without effect, so far as his back is concerned. The balls glance off the old fellow's back without doing him any damage. Yet Old Joe carries enough lead in his carcass to sink an ordinary whale, as almost every officer whose vessel anchors in those waters takes a whack at him when the runs his sides and belly upward, but the bullets don't seem to do him any harm." "Well, about his reasoning capacity?" "Oh! yes. Some years ago an English man-of-war, while lying at anchor, undertook to destroy the old brute by firing a charge of dynamite into him. Joe was hit on the side, and about fifty pounds of shark's flesh tore away, but the shot failed to kill him. But now, mark you, since that time he will not make his appearance in the anchorage near where a man-of-war is anchored. But, just as soon as these vessels leave, Joe comes to the surface again. He regularly meets the Acapulco about fifteen miles outside and pilots her in. Once anchored, he is satisfied, and seems to delight in feeding from the offal. But, no matter how well you bait a hook Joe's reasoning qualities tell him to leave it alone, and he invariably follows that line of reasoning. As to his capacity to stow away grub, that was proved on one occasion when the vessel was taking aboard some hogs. One of ten hogs, weighing probably about eighty pounds, fell overboard, and old Joe, who is ever on the watch, saw the prize, and with one plunge and a pair of extended jaws, the porker disappeared as though it had gone into a hole. On another occasion we had a lot of mules on board for the Government and one of the number died and was thrown overboard. Joe made the acquaintance of the defunct mule, and after the lapse of six hours the mule was safely stowed 'thwart ships in Joe's locker. Yes, Joe is the largest shark known to us seafaring men. We have tried to kill the monster by all possible means, but so far have miserably failed."

PRATTLE—CHARMING BITS OF CHILD VERSE

A Bed-Time Song—Frederick (Md.) News

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of the day
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest little head on my shoulder, so,
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See where the firelogs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadow land;
The winter rains on the window, hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake is shimmering cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say "Good night,"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

Breaking Sad News—N. S. Cox—Galveston News

"Where is my mamma?" question oh, so strange
To ask of mortal on this mundane sphere,
I can but hold my brother to my breast,
So like a lone bird fallen from the nest.
And, kissing him, my thoughts I so arrange
To answer: "Darling, mamma is not here."

"Where is her, den?" the little mourner asked;
"Is her asleep?" "Yes, yes, my dear one, yes!"
I can but whisper, keeping back my tears;
"She is asleep, and never more in years
Will mamma come in all her tenderness."
My heart is breaking o'er my useless task.

Try as I may he cannot understand,
And I, as ignorant in my crushing woe,
Am but repeating all his lips have said.
I can but tell him that our mother 's dead,
But what that means I feel I cannot know
Until we meet her in the heavenly land.

Do You Know?—M. A. Sutfin—New York World

Do you know how babies emigrate
To this world of blight and bloom?
There's never a boat in the heavens afloat
Except the crescent moon.

Do they set sail in the new moon's boat
The sunset bars above,
With never a sail but the sail called Hope,
And never an oar but Love?

Through seas of ether the silvery boat
Drifts on, to this far-off land;
But the baby is safe, for the mystic helm
Is grasped by an angel's hand.

A Home-Made Scare—Margaret Eytinge—St. Nicholas

Carl was a jolly little fellow,
With eyes of blue and curls of yellow,
And rosy cheeks, and just the chin
To hold a pretty dimple in.
He found himself alone one day,
And wondered what 'twas best to play
While his mamma remained away.
Pencil and paper soon he saw,
And seized them both. Said he, "I'll draw
An ogre like the one so grum
Poor Jack heard growling 'Fee-fo-fum.'

First, here's his forehead full of bumps,
And then his nose with three big humps,
And then two ears of 'normous size,
And then two dreadful staring eyes,
And then a mouth from ear to ear,
With long, sharp, teeth-like tusks." But here
The artist, with eyes opened wide
In fright, gazed on his work and cried,
"Mamma, Mamma—come, come, please, do,
I'm very lonely without you;
And oh! Mamma, I'm so afraid
Of this old ogre that I've made."

Repentance—Unidentified

O de'! O de'! I'se out o' bwef—
I fought I heard a boogger!
Curtain wustled—sca't me mos' to def—
I'se been a-takin' soogar!

But, oh! me did want one lump mo'
'Ey stood up so, and distened,
An' so me twep' atwoss 'e flo'—
I dess nobody listened—

An' dot it; 'en me 'unned—'hat's 'at?
I fought I heard a gnawin'!
Teep 'till! I fink it was a wat,
Or, maybe, dwoun'-moles tlawin'!

It's Sam! Now, Sam, doe wite away,—
You s'an't see in pottit!
I don't tare 'hat you do and say,—
Nobody saw me dot it.

Aw! Sammy, say! Say, Sammy! aw!
Me div' you ev'y playfin'—
'Hat's 'at you dot all down you' jaw?
Loots lite 'hat's on my ap'n!

'Hat's 'at you dot stut up you' s'eeve?
You needn't hide it, neiver!
You've been a-stealin', I berieve,
'E same as I have, eiver!

Aw, Sammy! 'Hat would muvver say?
Sammy, we bofe is thieves—
An' Dod tan see as bwite as day,
Down froo' 'e dreencorn-leavers!

I dess I'll fro' my lump out here,
An' you fro' yours' too, bwuvver;
I dess we'd better say our pwayer,
An' 'en doe in tell muvver!

A Little Hand—F. L. Stanton—The Tribune of Rome

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for His blessings,
And the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand that softly stole
Into my own that day,
When I needed the touch that I loved so much
To strengthen me on the way.

Softer it seemed than the softest down
On the breast of the gentlest dove;
But its timid press and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love!

It seemed to say in a strange, sweet way,
"I love you and understand:"
And calmed my fears as my hot heart tears
Fell over that little hand.

* * * * *

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for His blessing
And the clasp of a little hand.

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS—WIT AND WISDOM OF CHILDREN

Philadelphia Record:

First Little Girl (at the theatre)—Ain't it nice to have two of those funny Dromios? Second Little Girl—Yes, it's twice as funny as if there was only one.

Washington Critic:

Here is a practical "kid's" essay on "the good girl:" "Once upon a time there was a very good little girl and every body loved her. She had lovely blue eyes and long light curls. She lived with a lame aunt. She was goody good, and was too cute for nothing. If she got hurt she smiled. She never told a lie, not even a fib. Her name was Elsie, and she liked castor-oil and cried for bitter medicine. Elsie picked poseys and—died."

The Youth's Companion:

Some people begin very early in life to hate Aristides because they are "tired of hearing him called 'The Just.'" "Why don't you walk home from school with Minnie Spring?" a mother one day asked her little daughter; "I never see you together now." "No'm, we're not together very much," said the little girl, demurely. "You are in the same classes, aren't you?" "Yes'm." "And you live in the same street. It must be that you don't think her a nice little girl." "Mamma," burst forth the child, with a gush of confidence, "she is so good that I hate her!"

New York Tribune:

A sleepy little soul at bedtime found it hard work to keep awake when she knelt down to say her prayer. Half-way through, she stopped and sighed: "Well, I've got froo the worst of it, mamma."

Burdette: Brooklyn Eagle:

"Father," said Rollo, affirmatively, "Tom Ochiltree and I broke a window in the school-house to-day." "Well?" said Mr. Holiday, inquiringly. "Well, Tom said he didn't know anything about it and the teacher licked him for lying, and I owned up and said I did it, and then he licked me for breaking the window." "That seems hard," said Rollo's father, "but Tom's punishment was greater than yours, for his conscience upbraided him." "I don't think he has any," said Rollo sadly, "and besides I got the worst of it anyhow, for Tom licked me after school for owning up." "I know, my son, but remember the wicked are exalted for a little while, but are soon found out and brought low." "I guess that's so," said Rollo, greatly comforted, "for just as he was climbing over the fence I caught him on the head with a brick that sent his left ear two inches ahead."

Portland Transcript:

Little four-year-old Sallie was astonished to see the dog eating grass, but her mother explained to her that it was his instinct that told him it was good for him. Next day Sallie coolly announced the fact that she had seen Neptune, the dog, running off with two pounds of sausages from the larder. "Why didn't you stop him," said mamma. "Oh, his instinct said it was good for him."

From Treasure Trove:

A youthful Chicago story teller offered the following unique prize story: "The minister's wife had nine small children, each of which was one year younger than the other. Though poor she was a diligent woman."

Boston Journal:

"I never saw my hands so dirty as yours," said a mother to a little girl. "Well, I guess Grandma has."

The Pittsburg Press:

I had been reading to him—he was a sunny-haired little four-year-old—the story in Arthur's Child's History of England of Prince William's drowning: "And when the news reached the king that his only son was lost at sea, it is said, he covered his face and wept; and no one ever saw him smile again." "But are you sure he never smiled again?" "Quite sure; at least, the history says so." After a moment's deep thought: "You are really sure, Cousin Florrie?" "Yes." "Well, then, what did he do when they tickled him?"

Boston Sunday Times:

Amy Williams—Ruth, dear, won't you walk up to the corner with me? I don't like to go alone. Ruth Ward—I'm never alone, Amy. The Lord is always with me. Amy—Well, Ruth, you walk up to the corner with me, and then you will have company back.

The Hartford Courant:

A teacher in one of the Hartford city schools requires her pupils to write sentences containing the words in the lesson. These sentences sometimes are very funny. Here are two: One of the words in the lesson was "urchin." A little fellow who would evidently rather stay at home and play than go to school, wrote: "The father is urchin his boy to go to school." The following is more subtle. The word was "pacify," and the sentence written was, "The author pacifies the poem." "Why, what do you think 'pacify' means?" asked the teacher. "The dictionary says it means 'compose.'"

Terre Haute Express:

"How did you get along at school to-day, Tom?" asked the old man at supper. "Papa, our physiology says that conversation at meals should be of a pleasant character. Let's talk of the minstrels."

Providence Journal:

Grandmamma has been explaining to the little girl how our earth is kept from flying off into infinite space by the attraction of the sun, which is constantly trying to draw the earth toward itself, while the latter always keeps its distance. "Grandmamma," said the little girl, "I should think the sun would get discouraged after a while and, like Mr. Gallagher, 'let it go.'"

The Washington Post:

A Western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of the public school. Here are a few passages from the contributions. "Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends." "But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers." "My father desired me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gaming table." "'Vat I dell you, vat I dell you,' shouted the Irishman." "As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her cross-eyed sight."

Nebraska State Journal:

Sunday-school teacher (to new pupil)—"We are taught by the Bible that when some one smites us on one cheek we should turn the other to him. Isn't that a beautiful sentiment?" "Yes, ma'am." "Now, if an enemy were to smite you on one cheek, what would you do?" "I'd pound der top of his head off."

THE WORLD OVER—A SERIES OF PEN PICTURES

Temperate and Tropical Sun—Benj. Constant—Harper's

It is two in the afternoon. I have just come down to the beach. The superb belt of sand is spread out before the sea. It is here that the diplomatic world of Tangier comes, either on foot or on horseback, to take the air at the hour of sunset; but now there is not a living soul in view, except the souls of the mighty sea and of the sun. Everything is hushed beneath the vast swathing light. The Mediterranean slowly develops its long silver fringes while a white sail on the horizon, coming from some distant port, makes one dream of galley-slaves toiling at their oars, of Christian captives, of pirates, and of the manners of the bygone ages. At the head of the loop of the bay, Tangiers seems to crackle in the light. This African light, when it is considered in the full glare of the sun, discolors and devours all that it touches; it wipes out everything with its fiery vibration. Indeed, to say the truth, these Southern countries are for the colorist painter countries of shadow rather than of sunlight. In point of fact, by reason of this very intensity of the light, the shadow remains bright, transparent, and pearly; the flowers retain their coloration, the gold embroidery on the caftans of the women preserves its brilliancy; every detail can be distinguished, and everything takes its place sharply in its exact value; whereas in the sunlight the values and the planes get mixed and confused, and puzzle and confound the impotent palette. Delacroix received the same impression, and in his *Noce Juive*, now in the Louvre Museum, he has demonstrated and utilized all the resources that shadow affords in such sunshine. Paint shade in the South and sunlight in the North. The Eastern sun suffers us not to look him in the face, or to look at the objects on which he sheds his light. The Western sun allows us to contemplate him; he bathes forms and caresses them, but never burns them up; he is suave and not a devouring monster. You must go to Holland to paint nature in sunlight. Cuyper and Rembrandt are the greatest sun painters who ever existed. They paint only in broad daylight; for Northern shadow is heavy, cold and obscure. In Italy, and even at Venice, where the sun is tenderer and more delicate than anywhere else, Paul Veronese never made his models pose in the sun as Rembrandt did. All the figures of the *Noces de Cana* are painted in white light, in bright *demi-teinte*, in shade; and in that shade every object retains its proper color. If you want to paint the African sun, you must suspend it in the horizon, at the hour when it sets in its glory, illuminating nature with the splendor of its apotheosis, alas so brief and so fugitive! You may catch it also in winter when the sky is covered, and veils its implacable and strident blue. At that season, between the great clouds which glide past like silver avalanches, there are formed rents of turquoise blue so exquisitely soft that no words can qualify it; then the whitewashed houses no longer burn your eyelids when you look at them, but appear of a quite, milky and rich white, the sea flows like a lake of liquid emeralds, and in the serene atmosphere there trembles a warm haze like the harmonious expiration of a light a short while ago too vibrating and brutal.

The Great Congo Forest—Stanley—Edinburgh Scotsman

While in England considering the best routes open to the Nyanza (Albert) I thought I was very liberal in allowing myself two weeks' march to cross the forest region

lying between the Congo and the Grass Land, but you may imagine our feelings when month after month saw us marching, tearing, ploughing, cutting through that same continuous forest. It took us 160 days before we could say, "Thank God, we are out of the darkness at last." At one time we were all—whites and blacks—almost done up. September, October, and half of that month of November, 1887, will not be forgotten by us. October will be specially memorable to us for the sufferings we endured. Our officers are heartily sick of the forest, but the loyal blacks, a band of 130, followed me once again into the wild, trackless forest, with its hundreds of inconveniences, to assist their comrades of the rear column. Try and imagine some of these inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colors, murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 28 to Dec. 5, 1887, and from June 1, 1888, to the present date, to continue again from the present date till about Dec. 10, 1888, when I hope to pay a last farewell to the Congo forest. Now that we have gone through and through this forest region I only feel a surprise that I did not give a greater latitude to my ideas respecting its extent; for had we thought of it, it is only what might have been deduced from our knowledge of the great sources of moisture necessary to supply the forest with requisite sap and vitality. Think of the large extent of South Atlantic Ocean, whose vapors are blown during nine months of the year in this direction. Think of the broad Congo, varying from one to sixteen miles wide, which has a stretch of 1,400 miles, supplying another immeasurable quantity of moisture to be distilled into rain and mist and dew over this insatiable forest, and then another 600 miles of the Aruwimi or Ituri itself, and then you will cease to wonder that there are about one hundred and fifty days of rain every year in this region, and that the Congo forest covers such a wide area. Until we set foot on the grass land, something like fifty miles west of the Albert Nyanza, we saw nothing that looked a smile or a kind thought or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage, and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti—are worse still, far worse. Animal life is likewise so wild and shy that no sport is to be enjoyed. The gloom of the forest is perpetual. The face of the river, reflecting

its black walls of vegetation, is dark and sombre. The sky one-half the time every day resembles a wintry sky in England; the face of nature and life is fixed and joyless. If the sun charges through the black clouds enveloping it and a kindly wind brushes the masses of vapor below the horizon and the bright light reveals our surroundings, it is only to tantalize us with a short-lived vision of brilliancy and beauty of verdure. Emerging from the forest finally, we all became enraptured. Like a captive unfettered and set free, we rejoiced at sight of the blue cope of heaven, and freely bathed in the warm sunshine, and aches and gloomy thoughts and unwholesome ideas were banished. You have heard how the London cit, after months of devotion to business in the gaseous atmosphere of that great city, falls into rapture at sight of green fields and hedges, meadows and trees, and how his emotions, crowding on his dazed senses, are indescribable. Indeed I have seen a Derby day once, and I fancied then that I only saw mad men, for great bearded, hoary-headed fellows, though well dressed enough, behaved in the most idiotic fashion, amazing me quite. Well, on this 5th of December we became suddenly smitten with madness in the same manner. Had you seen us you would have thought we had lost our senses, or that Legion had entered and taken possession of us. We raced with our loads over a wide, unfenced field (like an English park for the softness of its grass), and herds of buffalo, eland, roan antelope, stood on either hand with pointed ears and wide eyes, wondering at the sudden wave of human beings yelling with joy as they issued out of the dark depths of the forest. We poured out on the plain a frantic multitude, but after an hour or two we became an orderly column. Into the emptied villages of the open country we proceeded to regale ourselves on melon, rich-flavored bananas, and plaintains, and great pots full of wine. The fowls, unaware of the presence of a hungry mob, were knocked down, plucked, roasted or broiled; the goats, meditatively browsing or chewing the cud, were suddenly seized and decapitated, and the grateful aroma of roast meat gratified our senses. An abundance, a prodigal abundance, of the good things had awaited our eruption into the grass land. Every village was well stocked with provisions, and even luxuries long denied to us. Under such fare the men became most robust, diseases healed as if by magic, the weak became strong, and there was not a chicken heart left. Only the Babusesse, near the main Ituri, were tempted to resist the invasion.

The City of Delhi—The New York Evening Post

Delhi, for the past 3,000 years the Rome of Asia, possesses a history dating back to the mythical period of the Aryans. The city is situated on the banks of the Jumna, just outside the Northwest Province and within the boundary of the Punjab. It has succumbed seven times to attack, and as often risen again to dominion and grandeur. Delhi owes her present renown to the extravagant ideas and abject cruelty of Shah Jehan, who swayed the rod of empire from 1627 to 1658. The Great Fort, the Dewan-i-Kas, or hall of private audience; the Motee Musjid, the Mosque of Pearls and the Crown of the World, the Taj Mahal at Agra, built for the last resting-place of the fair Persian Queen of the ruthless Emperor, all stand as eulogies to perpetuate his name. The fort is a little less than two miles in circuit, and its walls rise forty feet from the ground; inside this inclosure are the most superb and costly buildings of Hindustan. Entering by the Lahore, now Victoria Gate, succeeded by a long vaulted aisle, which at present is utilized

by the native hawkers for the display of their wares to the English soldiers who occupy the citadel, the Hall of Public Audience and the Pearl Mosque stand out against the clear Asiatic sky, bringing to mind the productions of Gerome and Constant, who have immortalized the scenes of Eastern luxury. Pre-eminent among these marvels of man's handicraft is the Hall of Private Audience, which commands an extensive view of the silent Jumna and the monotonous expanse of rolling plain. The hall is of marble, open at the sides and supported by pillars rich in precious stone and gold mosaic and carving. At each corner rises a kiosk, composed of the same material as the building, and the ceiling is decorated with gold and silver filigree work. The culmination of all this splendor is attained in the Takt-i-Taus, the famous Peacock Throne, which stood in the centre of the palatial chamber before its destruction by the Persian Nadir Shah in the early part of the last century. It is formed of a mass of gold wrought in the form of two peacocks with distended tails, fashioned to life with diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and suspended between them a parrot of normal size. This regal seat was perfected at a cost of six crores, or 60,000,000 rupees, nominally about \$30,000,000. The Jumna Musjid—i. e., the Friday mosque, that day being the Mohammedan Sabbath—contains a large quadrangle 450 feet square, approached on three sides by broad sandstone steps. A small fountain in the centre gives forth a constant stream of cold crystal water for the ablutions of the faithful. On one side stands a building extending the entire length of the court, surmounted by three white marble domes, which are capped with gilded spires. At the extremities two minarets, alternately striped with sandstone and marble, perfect the symmetry of the religious edifice. To westward, toward Mecca, the middle building lies open, and on Fridays the vast area is crowded with worshippers, principally men, for, according to the Mohammedan education, women have no souls; they live for and are the property of men, the Koran permitting a man to have four wives, to say nothing of concubines. A drive of some hours brings us to the Kutub Minar, written monument. Having passed through one deserted city after another, some containing a few buildings in a tolerable state of preservation, it is not strange that this tower should seem of such colossal height. Undoubtedly it was erected in the middle of the Dark Ages, and was one of the wonders of the period. At the base it measures 100 feet in circumference, and gradually diminishes in a series of five stories to thirty feet at the summit. In proximity to this Pillar of Victory are the ruins of a mosque built from the remains of a previous religious building. At the time of the acquisition of the Punjab territory by the English, and in the battles which prefaced it, among other spoils came the Kohinoor diamond, now the property of Queen Victoria. The stores and bazaars are all built on the main street, Chandee Chowk, running from the entrance of the imperial palace to the Lahore Gate. These stores contain products varying in value—lacquer ware from Sind, silken shawls from Kashmir, and carved sandal-wood jewel-cases. The bankers form no small part of the motley throng, the city being the principal money mart of Southern Asia, since the bronze-colored financiers extend their dealings over Arabia, Afghanistan, Turkistan and Thibet. The shoemakers, their stalls laden with hundreds of brightly decorated trappings for the feet, carry on a thriving trade with their eager customers. Delhi being a money centre, the goldsmiths find it profitable to locate their

shops with the others and exhibit jeweled and metallic work surpassing in actual quality and delicacy of manufacture the productions of the best Parisian or American establishments. The "bowlee," or well-house, was formerly a favorite retreat for the rich during the intense heat of the summer. It consists of a large stone building built around a deep well resembling a small pond in size. Almost all of it has fallen into a state of decay, and the remains are only used by the urchins and indolent men as a means of deriving a livelihood by leaping from the domes down into the slimy, stagnant water. For this foolhardy act the tourists and foreign residents give them three or four annas, virtually about a cent, and for this they will jump eighty feet without injury.

Old and New Yucatan—From The Brooklyn Times

Mme. Alice Le Plongeon, the famous explorer of the almost unknown Central American districts, who shares with her husband alone perhaps the honor of being the most learned student of Maya and aboriginal antiquities, lectured lately before the Long Island Historical Society upon the old and new in Yucatan. She had previously given a very successful lecture upon the explorations of herself and Dr. Le Plongeon into the incalculably old remains of a lost civilization, and had given data and explained their theory that, upon the ancient American civilization the Egyptian civilization and religion was based or that both were built upon similar foundations. Large interest is added by the numerous and well-chosen illustrations which form a rapidly changing accompaniment to Mme. Le Plongeon's interesting talk. She first spoke of the visit of herself and her husband in the country and their arrival at Progreso, which is a settlement only a quarter of a century old. Near there is a very ancient cemetery in which were found intricately constructed funereal urns and very large skulls. There is little doubt that the country was once inhabited by a very large statured race. Spanish priests, writing soon after the conquest by Cortez, spoke about finding the skeletons of very large men. The lecturer described with pictures and words the hemp plant, which provides industry for a very large part of the population. The large wells used in obtaining water for drinking and irrigation were depicted and then some description of the City of Mateador followed. The transportation of produce of this city is done by women and children. This makes them as straight as palms and great pedestrians. The speaker gave her hearers the tip of an experienced traveller when she advised them to enter any time-worn city as she entered Mateador, by moonlight. Early in the century the site of this city, which now has 50,000 inhabitants, was a large artificial mound. Pictures and descriptions were given of the Town Hall, of the College D'Alfonso, which was founded by an extraordinarily long-named prelate, of the town garden in which she caught the yellow fever, and of some characteristic domestic architecture. This city seems to be a little world by itself, with painters, composers and poets enough to give it quite an artistic reputation. The working people in this part of the world have to work indeed. The servants commence their labors at four o'clock in the morning. An interesting legend from one of the sacred books of the Mayas was told. It referred to the punishment of ghosts by worn-out grindstones. The preference of the people for corn to wheat was commented upon, and the primitive method of planting corn with sharp stick and the foot pictured. Pottery making is a principal occupation, and a picture of a 150-year-old potter, who was again contemplating matrimony, was thrown

upon the canvas. The contrast between the modern simple methods and the beautiful ancient ceramics was shown. The soil of the country is filled with fossil shell-fish. The land is honeycombed with caves and with extinct geysers, which now are wells. Mme. Le Plongeon describes a visit to ruins thirty miles east of Mateador. It is the oldest ruin upon the peninsula. Upon one terrace stands thirty-six columns, each formed of nine stones. Each stone marks a period of twenty years. Each column marks a period of 180 years, and the whole row shows that the first of the stones was laid in place 6,480 years before the last one, which was probably laid in the sixteenth century. Traces of ancient worship remain in the custom of the Indians of keeping the skulls of their ancestors in the shrines which stand outside the villages. This is a custom now of equatorial Africa. Other traces, of tree worship, are found in the custom of planting palms outside all churches. The speaker recited the legend of the Dwarf's House, which is told about a vast and beautifully carved ruin upon the top of a very large mound. It is the old story of the feats of Hercules, only the Indian Hercules was a dwarf. The conquest of the Mayas has not yet been completed. When least expected a force of these fierce natives, who have an unquenchable hatred of the Spanish intruders, arrives at some town and then there is a fight. The national guard has to be in constant readiness. The lecturer gave a brief and most interesting description of the ruin in which is contained the Awful Record, first interpreted by Dr. Le Plongeon, which describes the overwhelming of the fabled continent of Atlantis by the sea. A spirited description of the excavation of the grave of the priest Ki was given and the unearthing of a statue of heroic proportions, the burial urn of the priest himself and of several curious finds were pleasingly told. In this urn was found a graven face, of which the eyes were green jade, such as is only found in Burmah. This, the speaker thought, showed the ancient inhabitants of Yucatan had communication with Asia.

A Sailor "King of the Pacific"—S. F. Examiner

George Wright, who arrived here on the steamer Australia a day or two ago from the Caroline Islands, brings a queer story of the sudden rise of a sailor to distinction in the largest island of an archipelago seventy-five miles west of Haweis, where Mr. Wright has a trading store. "The sailor," said Mr. Wright, "is Carl Benjamin, and he has no less than nineteen wives and fifty odd copper-colored children. He was wrecked in the schooner Bombazine off the Ladrone Islands nine years ago, and floated at sea on a raft a couple of weeks before he struck land. If you will look at a map of the Pacific you will find lying midway between the Tropic of Cancer and the equator, 600 miles west of the Marshall group, thirteen dots. On some maps they are marked Thirteen islands, well inhabited. That is all there is to point out their significance. It is on the biggest of these, called by the sailor Benjamin Island, after himself, that he has taken up his home. It is about ten by twenty miles in extent. Well inhabited means that there is quite a sprinkling of dark-skinned natives there, as well as many more who move to and fro in the archipelago with boats. They eat bread fruit, bananas, cocoanuts, and fish. They don't work at all. Benjamin has got to be King. He has nothing at all to do but go swimming in the surf, talk the native gibberish, which he has learned, or loll under a palm tree. Sometimes he has his wives fan him while he lazily smokes the Kaseba leaf, which grows plentifully there, and which, after one

becomes used to it, is liked better than tobacco. Benjamin is doing some good work there, however. He carried three or four books with him on his raft, the last thing you would have expected, and he has contrived to teach the natives English. Benjamin is an American of German or Jewish descent, and is a lover of books. The first thing he did was to select an intelligent native and teach him the alphabet. The fellow learned rapidly, and soon began to teach it to others, and a number of them can now speak English, while the rising generation immediately around are gradually picking up a knowledge of the language. Benjamin is looked upon as a sage. The chiefs, of whom there are four, come to him for points, and of their own accord they have made him their ruler, the chiefs being a sort of Cabinet. Benjamin has picked out the handsomest women for wives, and they esteem it quite an honor. The King lives in the biggest bamboo house in the village of Ki, a straggling aggregation of native houses on a coral reef. His children are of all ages, and are a sprightly, lively lot. Nobody bothers much with clothes in the South Pacific, still Benjamin wears a little something, and is gradually prevailing on the natives to do so, too. He keeps telling them that there is no civilization without some clothes. Benjamin is about 30 years old. He was formerly from Newburyport, Mass., but says that he no longer has any desire to return to America. He is the only white man, with one exception, for hundreds of miles around. He has taken to wearing a string of shells around his neck like the natives, and he sometimes imitates them and puts dots of blue paint, got from a native shrub, on his face. The permanent population of his island is given at 600 or 700. The island is indented with beautiful bays, and is dotted with trees and shrubs of a tropical growth covered with fragrant flowers. Benjamin Island is about 600 miles west of the Marshall group."

Alaska, the Land of the Totem—The Washington Post

The coast of Alaska is made picturesque by immense columns of wood, rising sixty or seventy feet into the air, carved with grotesque figures and painted in all the brilliant colors known to savage art. Many of these columns are rendered conspicuous by being surmounted with ravens, cranes, and bears, which stretch their wooden wings or sit upon their stiff haunches in silhouette distinctness against the sky. Each of these columns stands in front of an Indian lodge. Each has its own story to tell—a story which, when interpreted, is full of romance, of tragedy, and of superstition. In the National Museum at Washington, in a little corner shut off from the hammering workmen by maroon-colored screens, Ensign Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N., is busy finishing a report which tells not only of these curious columns, but is full of interesting matter about the natives of Alaska. For three seasons Mr. Niblack, who is a son of Judge Niblack of Indiana, remained in Alaskan waters, studying the habits and history of the Alaska Indians and bringing with him a mass of interesting material and several hundred photographs. Many of the latter are instantaneous pictures of bits of Nature which struck the young officer's fancy—salmon leaping a waterfall, the surface of the ocean rippled by immense runs of herring, and the edge of a cliff with nothing else in the picture save an eagle soaring in the sky. "It is the most lonesome picture I ever saw," said Robert G. Ingersoll, as he looked at the latter photograph. "It is as lonesome as the old chimney of a burned house." "My visit to Alaska," said Mr. Niblack to the reporter, as he took up the manuscript and illustrations of his book, "was due to the car-

rying out of a scheme of the Navy Department in ordering eighteen officers to fit themselves for exploring work. Several officers went with the Greely relief expedition, several others are connected with the Fish Commission steamships, and others, myself among them, were drafted into the Alaska coast-survey service. I found that the Indians on the coast differed radically from those in the interior. They live in primitive villages, however, in canoes, and, as their food is easy to secure, life is comparatively easy for them. The food supply is gathered mainly in the summer months, and the long winters are leisurely spent in feasting, dancing and gambling; in working raw materials into finished products, in relating the deeds of their ancestors while seated around log fires, and in practising the elaborate ceremonials for which these Indians are peculiar." "What do these villages look like?" "They are extremely picturesque, the most striking feature being tall, elaborately carved columns in front of the different houses or lodges. These houses are capable of containing twenty to thirty people, and involve in their construction the heaviest timbers and the co-operation of many hands. The builder, too, must go to enormous expenses in feasting and entertaining his guests. He distributes gifts so profusely that he is frequently nothing but a beggar when his house is finished. This ceremony of distribution is called pot latch, and is frequently practised by those who aspire to a high rank among the Indians. It takes as much delicacy and shrewdness to distribute these gifts as it does to select partners for an army and navy german in Washington. The Indians, however, are not without guile, and they give most largely to those whom they think will return in kind. Position among the Alaska Indians is secured mainly by all the arts of assertion, bargain, intrigue, wealth, display and personal prowess. The unit of wealth is a Hudson Bay company's blanket of the quality of two and one-half points, and a copper shield is worth about 200 blankets. Many of the chiefs are quite wealthy. Each family has its totem, representing the animal from which it has descended. Each individual belongs to one of these totems, and many marry only into certain other totems. A child takes the totem of its mother. The inheritance of property is through the mother. A man's nephew—his sister's son—is his heir, and a chief's son can only succeed to his father's title and wealth by being adopted by the chief's sister. Descent is practically in the female line, and the women have the greatest influence in the tribe. They conduct the bargains and their word is law. In the respect which is shown to women these Indians certainly command the admiration of civilized people. The carved columns erected in front of the houses are of two kinds, totemic and mortuary. The totemic columns, which are the most prominent, are heraldic in their significance, and indicate the totem of the inhabitant of the lodge, besides illustrating in a crude pictographic way some legend of ancestral prowess. Mr. Niblack's report goes extensively and thoroughly into all their habits and customs, myths and legends, and their political and tribal organization. Here mere mention only can be made of the fact that these Indians, although growing tobacco, never knew, until the white men came, that it was good for smoking as well as chewing; of their canoes, sometimes sixty feet long and eight feet wide, with their occupants bandy-legged from much sitting in them; of their bloody wars and peaceful pleasures; their inveterate love of gambling; their ceremonials for the dead; their marriage feasts; their dances and their immoralities.

CURIOSITIES IN VERSE—QUAINT AND SINGULAR

The Horn of Scarcity—Joseph Kirkland—America

Out of the shades of obscurity into the ranks of creators
Come I, exalting my horn and preparing to blow it.
Seeking my meed of renown ; also of beef and potatoes ;
Room on the ladder of Fame ! Room for the poet !

Surcharged is my heart with exulting ambition,
While poesy beckons me onward to glory :
And soon as my works reach their second edition,
I'll print in the preface my wonderful story.

It's all very well to be striving for fame,
Foreseeing posterity prone at my feet ;
But once in a while I should like, all the same,
To have something contemporaneous to eat.

The leaves of memory make slender fare,
The buds of hope are poorer diet still ;
E'en poets cannot always live on air,
For fancy's feasts do not the stomach fill.

I will not work ! I am a poet !
Mankind a living owes to me !
Insensate world ! I'll surely show it
I'll live and die by Poetry.

Who would not be a poet
In these enlightened times !
Such happiness and fortune
Reward him for his rhymes !

Thought for and sought for,
Wrought for and fought for,
All of life's guerdons
Seem to be burdens.

Lovely visions,
Wealth and fame,
Are ye real
Or a flame
Bright burning,
Then returning
Whence ye came ?
All gone !
Alone
Die
I.

Early Roman Kings—Fred. M. Harrison—The Argosy

Romulus founded the city ;
Numa Pompilius then
Founded the Roman religion,
Striving to elevate men.
Tullus Hostilius, warrior,
Had a belligerent reign ;
With Ancus Marcius, ditto,
The Latins contended in vain.
Tarquin the Elder, succeeding,
Built the great circus and sewer ;
Servius Tullius, needing
A census, the same did procure.
But a prince soon after committed
A crime that could not be allowed ;
And the Roman monarchy ended
By expelling Tarquin the Proud.

Sovereigns of England—The Journal of Education

First William the Norman,
Then William, his son ;
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard and John ;
Next Henry the third,
Edwards one, two and three ;
And again after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, three Richards,

If rightly I guess ;
Two Henrys, six Edwards,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess,
Then Jamie the Scotchman,
Then Charles whom they slew ;
Next Jamie the second
Ascended the throne ;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on.
Then Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
And Victoria came,
May she long be the last.

Adieux among the Sioux—A. W. Bellaw—Puck

Now trouble brioux among the Sioux,
Because the whites their rights abioux,
The sky is red with battle hioux ;
Big Injun, squaw, and young pappioux
Are on the war-path by the sioux ;
They're filling up with fiery bioux,
They swear their lands they will not lioux.

Without an E—Unidentified

Each of the following verses contains all the letters of the alphabet save the vowel E, the letter used most in the language.

A jovial swain should not complain
Of any buxom fair,
Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain
To quiz his awkward air.
Quixotic boys who look for joys,
Quixotic hazards run ;
A lass annoys with trivial toys,
Opposing man for fun.
A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might ;
To quiz is vain, for 't is most plain
That what I say is right.

A Medley Song—The Manchester Guardian

"The moon was shining silver bright,"
"All bloodless lay the untrodden snow"
"When freedom from her mountain height"
Shrieked : "Gallagher ! let her go."
"An hour passed on, the Turk awoke,"
"A humble bee went thundering by,"
"To hover in the sulphur smoke,"
"And spread its pall upon the sky."
"His echoing axe the settler swung,"
"He was a lad of high degree,"
"And deep the pearly caves among,"
He heard, "O woodman, spare that tree !"
"Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,"
"By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,"
"Beneath yon ivy-mantled tower,"
"The bull-frog croaks his serenade."
"My love is like the red, red rose,"
"He bought a ring with posie true,"
"Sir Barney Bodkin broke his nose,"
"And Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu !"

Nobody's Darling—Queries

Her face is wide, her head is thick,
Her tongue keeps up a clackety-click ;
Minds every one's business but her own,
A nuisance abroad and a pest at home.

GOOD GHOST STORIES—THE CLUB-FOOTED LADY*

A most singular adventure happened to me while staying for the Easter holidays at Bleaklawns, my old schoolfellow Harry Fenwick's place in the north of Ireland. The way it came about was this.

It was a rude evening in the end of March; half a score of neighbors, including the clergyman of the parish and his wife, had dined at Bleaklawns, and we were sitting in a close-drawn circle about the great, old-fashioned parlor chimney, and listening to the wind as it roared in the leafless trees, and wailed and sobbed at the windows of the house, almost like a human being.

To such an accompaniment it is not wonderful that the conversation ran on shipwrecks and perils of the deep, and that from this subject it passed, by an easy transition, to that of murders. Hence, at the instance of a fair member of our conclave, whose tongue bore the slightest touch of the music of Munster, and who voted murders commonplace, it was on the point of leaping the grave, and going headlong into the chapter of ghost stories, when two of the company entered a protest.

I was one. I objected to ghost stories, on the ground of their manifest antagonism to the spirit of an enlightened nineteenth century. The other protesting party went on opposite grounds. This was a young lady who had come from a greater distance than the other guests, and was to sleep at Bleaklawns, and who declared that if she were to hear a ghost story in an old house like that, where it was impossible not to believe in such things, she would not be able to close an eye for terror.

Our hostess, upon this, observed, for the encouragement of her young guest, that at Bleaklawns there was happily no occasion for fears of the kind; since, ancient as the house certainly was, it had never had the reputation of being haunted.

"Well, do you know," said another of the party (a rather forward young fellow), "I think that almost a pity. Such a house as this ought to be haunted. We must try and conjure a ghost into it, Harry, out of the old Fenwick vault under the church. Perhaps Mr. Hammond would lend us a helping hand. What would you think, sir, of reading the burial-service backward?"

The clergyman looked grave, and said Mr. Fenwick should be very thankful that his house was free from all intrusions of the world beyond the tomb; and that the subject was by no means one to be treated in a light and jesting spirit. To this our host agreed; and added, that Mr. Emerson (that was the forward man's name) himself would adopt a very different tone with respect to such matters, if he were to spend a short time in some houses to which he could give him an introduction.

"Harry," said I, "I'm not quite sure that I understand you. Do you mean to say that there are houses in which such things as Mr. Emerson—jestingly, I am sure,—just now spoke of, are really to be met with?"

"Fifty, to my own knowledge."

"Haunted houses!" said I.

"Houses," replied he, "which the people who live in them believe to be haunted; houses in which things are heard and seen which there is no explaining but on the supposition that they are haunted."

"But the nineteenth century"—began I.

"My dear fellow," interrupted Fenwick, "if you can get the other world to believe in the nineteenth century,

your business is done; but the misfortune is, you can't; and so, in spite of the nineteenth century, the houses I tell you of are haunted."

"I should be glad," said I, "to have an opportunity of passing some time in one of these houses. I shrewdly suspect I should find a clue to the mystery."

"Then you would like to spend a night in a haunted house?" cried my old schoolfellow.

"In a house having the reputation of being haunted," answered I, "by all means."

"Then, by all means, you shall," said he; "there is a house not five miles off that will just suit you. I can get you leave to pass a night in it; and if you come out of it in the morning, and talk to us of the nineteenth century, I give you up."

"Mr. Fenwick," said the clergyman, "I must express my hope that you will reflect very seriously on what you are about to do, before you determine on sending your friend to that awful house. And you, my dear sir," added he, turning to me, "would also do well not to play with things, the terrible nature of which you are far from being aware of."

I was astonished. "What! reverend sir," I exclaimed, "am I to understand that you, a clergyman, and, as I can afford my humble testimony from having listened to your most excellent, most edifying, and most logical discourse on Sunday last, a clergyman of no ordinary amount of talent, of erudition, and of sound good sense—am I, I would ask, to understand that you attach credit to the exploded tales handed down to us from an age groping in the darkness of an unreasonable superstition?—that you believe in what are called ghosts?"

"I am sorry to say," was the clergyman's answer, "that I have had proof—proof most unwelcome—that the tales of which you speak are not so idle as the present age is too generally disposed to believe."

"That you have seen ghosts!"

"No, not seen; but I have certainly had indications of the proximity of a being no longer of this earth. I have heard sounds which could not otherwise be accounted for; and Mrs. Hammond, and other members of our household, have not only heard, but have actually seen the being in question."

"Bless my soul!" said I; "this is a most surprising circumstance. May I, reverend sir, pray you to put me in possession of the circumstances of this very extraordinary case of what you will pardon me for calling mental hallucination? It will be of advantage to all the company to hear them explained."

"I must begin, then," commenced the clergyman, "by mentioning that, before my being appointed to the living which I now hold, I was for a short time curate at Wester Hilton, a market-town between four and five miles from this place. When I first went to that curacy, which was about fifteen years ago, strange reports were current about a house in the outskirts of the town, which was said to be haunted; and although I laughed at these things when they first came to my ears, yet, finding that the whole town believed them, that sober, business-like people—the last I could suppose to be given to anything like romancing or flights of fancy—spoke of them as undoubted facts, and that the owner of the house (a gentleman of the name of Greenborn) could neither live in it himself, nor get any one to take it off his hands—

* From "Weird Irish Tales"

so that it had now for some years past stood empty—I felt myself compelled to believe that there was something very extraordinary in the matter, although I was still very far from going the length of supposing that there was anything preternatural.

"To come to particulars—it was said that all kinds of inexplicable noises were continually heard in the house, chiefly at night, but sometimes even in the daytime; that the most frequent sound was that of a person walking through the rooms, or up and down the stairs; and, what was most curious, that the steps were like those of a club-footed person—that, in fact, it was not so much a walking as an uncouth kind of stumping that was heard, and which could not be listened to without feelings of the most strangely disagreeable kind. It was said that the doors would often open and shut of themselves, as the footsteps went into or out of the rooms, and that, still oftener, the sound of the opening or shutting of a door would be heard, while to the eye the door remained unmoved. Frequently sighs were heard; sometimes, though not often, a slight laugh, and sometimes a low whispering that would continue for hours together, as if the being that made all these noises were talking to itself as it stumped along. It was not often that anything had been actually seen, though this had occurred too, the form of a woman having appeared to more than one person, at different times, when the club-feet were distinctly to be remarked. But it was observed that when the form was seen, the steps were inaudible, the spirit never manifesting itself to more than one sense at the same time. However, if two persons were together, it would be heard but not seen by the one, while it would be seen not heard by the other.

"A circumstance that most painfully spoke for the authenticity of these stories was this: the apparition had been seen by the maiden sister of Mr. Greenborn, and the shock had been so great as to derange her mind. This lady had the misfortune to have distorted feet, and the spectre appeared to her a perfect duplicate of herself: her insanity took the horrible form of fancying herself the spectre, and she was living in retirement and under restraint, in another house of her brother's, at the opposite side of the town.

"I was unmarried at this time, but an engagement already subsisted between me and the lady who is now my wife; and our union was delayed only till I should have got properly settled in my curacy, and be in possession of a suitable dwelling to bring my bride to. On first arriving at Wester Hilton, I had taken a small lodging sufficient for a single man, and then proceeded to make inquiries about a house, intending to see everything that was to be disposed of in the little town, and to choose the most agreeable. However, a month passed over, and I had met with nothing that would answer; another month, and I was no nearer to the object of my quest; a third month had begun, still no prospect of settlement, and all the impatience of an engaged man chafing in my breast! All at once I thought of Mr. Greenborn's house. It was a good house, and agreeably situated, had a nice garden, was out of the noise of the town—in fact it was the very place a new-married lady would like to come home to. Why not take it at once? To be sure, there was all that talk about its being haunted, but how absurd it would be to suffer myself to be influenced by such nonsense! What rational being, in these days, believed in a haunted house? No, I would show the Wester Hiltonians that they had an enlightened man among them; I would

make them ashamed of their superstition; I would put down the foolish tale which had so long frightened their town from its propriety: in short, my dear sir, I was extremely impatient to marry, and I wrote to Mr. Greenborn, proposing to become his tenant.

"Mr. Greenborn was glad to get a tenant, and let me have the house on reasonable terms. He wrote to his man of business at Wester Hilton, to put me in possession, and, next day, the town talked of nothing but the curate's impiety, and how shocking it was to have to listen to the sermons of a man who did not believe in the other world. It was not long before I had proofs that my acceptableness among the Hiltonians had received a serious shock; my pastoral visits seemed scarcely welcome—fewer hats were lifted as I passed through the streets—and some of the more zealous parishioners walked out of church when I ascended the pulpit. I believed the people would have broken my windows if they had not been afraid that it might be taken amiss by the ghost. However, I comforted myself by thinking all this would pass off, and pushed forward the preparations for bringing home my bride. Meantime, I retained my lodging, feeling a sort of repugnance which I did not care too curiously to analyze, to sleep in my new house alone. At length all was ready, and, leaving the house in charge of a rough, fearless fellow, whom Mr. Greenborn had already had in it as a caretaker, I went my ways, married, and brought home that lady—with a smile and a nod toward Mrs. Hammond—"as my wife.

"I must confess that I did not act quite fairly toward her—I told her nothing about the ghost. The motive I assigned to myself for this concealment was fear of making her uneasy; but I am afraid, at bottom, there lurked another fear—that of its leading to a delay of our marriage. Well, as I said, we came home; my wife's mother accompanied us, and we brought with us a man and a maid-servant, whom I had engaged in another place, besides a maid of my wife's mother's, a Frenchwoman, who neither spoke nor understood a word of English.

"The morning after our arrival, my mother-in-law said, at breakfast, that she had been disturbed, she did not know how, during the night. She had fallen asleep soon after lying down, and slept, she thought, some hours, very soundly, when, on a sudden, she had awoke all at once, and though she could not say she had heard anything, she had had, in the most distinct manner possible, the feeling of having been called and awakened, as if by some person come for the purpose to her bedside. She always slept with a light in her room, and on awaking in this singular way, she had sat up in the bed, and looked with great anxiety about her; all was still, however, in the chamber, but an oppressive sense of fear, which she could not account for, continued to disquiet her for some hours, and she had not fallen asleep again till toward daybreak.

"At hearing this, I confess I was not without some stirrings of conscience; however, I put them down, and told my mother-in-law she had, no doubt, had an attack of nightmare, occasioned, probably, by the fatigue of the journey, and that I hoped she would rest better the next night. It happened that that day was very wet and stormy, and nobody left the house. In the evening I heard our man-servant asking the maid what was the matter with Mamzell, that she had been walking about all day on her heels. The maid replied that she knew nothing about it, but supposed it was some of her Pop-

ery. Now, I knew very well that Mamzell had not been walking about on her heels, having spent the day in reading some French book—I remember it was Florian's Tales—to her mistress. I confess the man's expression brought the club-feet to my mind in an unpleasant manner; however, I had made an irrevocable determination not to believe in the ghost, and to hold the rats responsible for all unaccountable noises I might hear, or hear of, in the house. I therefore continued to keep my own counsel, and was glad to observe, at bed time, that my mother-in-law's thoughts did not seem at all to be running on her disturbance of the preceding night.

"The next morning my wife awoke in a state of singular agitation of spirits, for which she could assign no cause. She felt, she said, as if something had been related to her, which was at the same time very melancholy and very absurd, and which had excited in her mind emotions of pity and horror, so startlingly mixed up with a sense of the ridiculous, that the most painful conflict of feelings was the result. I asked her if she had had any dream, the recollection of which affected her in this disagreeable way; but she answered that, although she had some vague consciousness of having dreamed during the night, no trace of what the dream had been about remained in her memory—only the feeling she had described rested on her like a load which she could not shake off, and filled her with an uneasiness unlike anything she had ever before experienced. This disturbed me, I will not deny, seriously. If the ghost (supposing it to exist) could extend its influence into the region of sleep—could approach the soul in her dreams—could inspire dark terrors, of which the mind could give no account to itself—could act directly upon the feelings, and depress and agitate them at its pleasure, without affording any clue to its mode of operation, any notice of the moment of its assault—what could exceed the horror of our situation?—what was to hinder madness, as in poor Miss Greenborn's case, from being the end of it? But then, I thought again, all this was supposition. Who could say that any preternatural influence had had a share in producing my wife's state of feeling? Supposing she had had a frightful dream, which had faded from her memory, but left its effect upon her nerves, what reason had I to conclude that she would not have had the same dream anywhere else as here? The probability was that she was not well—that she was nervous, perhaps feverish; and I resolved that I would call on the doctor in the course of the morning.

"Well, at breakfast we met my mother-in-law, who, as I saw at a glance, had had another disturbed night. She looked worn and unrefreshed, and told us she had been awakened just as the first night, suddenly, out of a profound sleep; had felt the same indefinable dread, which lasted some hours, and then passed off all at once; and had again lain awake until morning.

"Nightmare, my dear madam, again," said I; 'the effect of your having been confined to the house all day.'

"But I'm not subject to nightmare," pleaded the good lady; 'I never had nightmare in my life.'

"No doubt the strange bed," said I, 'had something to do with it. Emma herself did not sleep well either, and I think, my dear madam, the doctor must be seen.'

"Indeed, my wife's looks told as plainly as her mother's, though in a different way, of the effects of a disturbed rest. She was pensive, pre-occupied, had a peculiar expression of perplexity in her countenance, like that of one to whom some illusion is presenting itself. Whence this impression came—from a dream,

or from what other source—she knew not; but there it was, and, spite of all she did to reason it away, there it remained, weighing her down with a sense of inquietude which she in vain struggled to cast off. She begged, however, and her mother joined in the request, that I would not think of sending for the doctor that day; the weather was fine, she would go out, the air would revive her, a walk would do good both to her and mamma, and things would get right again without the help of physic.

"The house, as I mentioned before, was situated in the outskirts of the town, and there were green lanes, and footpaths leading over stiles and under hedgerows, from one field to another, in its neighborhood. By these pleasant ways I led my wife and her mother a stroll of some hours, and, when we came back, Mrs. Hammond was really so much cheered up, and altogether so different from what she had been in the morning, that I began to think we should be able to do without the doctor.

"But, on coming home, I found new perplexities awaiting me. No sooner had I entered the house than John (our man-servant), begged I would let him speak to me in private. He told me a curious story.

"He had been brushing my clothes, he said, in the hall, and, he confessed, making a great dust, when he heard, as he thought, the French Mamzell coming downstairs, walking in a sort of Popish way she had lately taken to—on her heels. He stopped brushing, that she might not be incommoded by the dust as she passed; however, there was still quite a cloud of it in the hall and up the stairs, and he was not at all surprised to hear her sneeze once or twice on her way down. But when she came, as he judged by the sound of the steps, to the landing-place at the top of the last flight of stairs, leading down into the hall, and which was full in his view, he was surprised, for he saw nobody! The steps, nevertheless, continued audibly coming down toward him—stump-stump, stump-stump—till they reached the bottom of the stairs, came on directly for the spot where he was standing, passed, not by, but, as it were, through him, as if he had been so much air, and the next moment were heard behind him, going along the hall toward the street door. After the lapse of about a minute, they were heard as if coming back; again they seemed to go through him (he, however, not feeling anything as he was thus permeated), and finally they went up-stairs in the same stumping manner as they had come down.

"He had said nothing, John added, of all this to the maid, as he saw no use in frightening her, and perhaps making her unwilling to stay in the house. As for him, he was not afraid; he had a good conscience, and besides, with a clergyman in the house, he thought there could not be much danger. He had considered it his duty to tell me, both as a clergyman and as his master.

"It is curious that at this very time Betsy, our maid-servant, was making a communication to her mistress, not less startling and mysterious than John's to me. Several times that forenoon, as she was alone in her kitchen, she had plainly felt something brush by her, or had found herself jostled, as if some person whose footing was not steady had staggered against her in passing. There was no sound accompanying this, and poor Betsy could not tell what to think of it. She had observed silence respecting it to John, lest he should laugh.

"Thus, John and Betsy had each a secret from the other, and the same was the case between my wife and me, for she feared to tease me with the maid's story, and I feared to frighten her with the man's.

"The night came, and the morning in due time fol-

lowed. My wife was in the very same state as the morning previous; had had she knew not what dream, of which no trace remained at awaking but in the tone it had given to her spirits; if possible, her agitation and distress were greater on this than the preceding day, and I saw that the matter would not brook being trifled with. At breakfast I learned that my mother-in-law had had her usual night's unrest, and no sooner was the meal despatched than I went to look for the doctor, accompanied by whom I came back to my two invalids.

"The doctor was one of the few Hiltonians who did not believe in our ghost, and who continued my good friend after the scandal I had given by becoming the tenant of the haunted house. Having been informed that my wife was troubled with unpleasant dreams at night, and consequent agitation of mind during the day, he felt her pulse, told her that she was nervous, but he would soon have her herself again, and then began to chat on general subjects.

"In the course of conversation he came on the subject of our house, and asked me if I had ever heard the history of its first possessor. On my replying in the negative, he said that the house had been built, about ninety years before, by a lady of the Greenborn family, who was said to have been a great beauty, as far as the face and upper part of the figure were concerned, but who unfortunately had club-feet. A young gentleman, who saw this lady in her box at the theatre one evening, fell in love with her, met her next day in an open carriage in the park, and a mutual acquaintance being by good luck at hand, got introduced to her on the spot, rode two hours at the side of her carriage, called the next morning to hope she had caught no cold, and, in short, made such good use of his time, that in less than a month they were a betrothed couple, and their wedding-day fixed. All this time the gentleman had never, except on that one occasion in the theatre, seen the lady anywhere out of her own house, but in the open carriage; and at home he always found her sitting on a particularly low sofa, her hooped petticoat spreading in such a wide waste of satin over the floor all round her, that not only were her feet invisible, but it was impossible to guess whereabouts they were. Thus he remained without a suspicion of the truth, until, on the very morning of the day that was to make her his own for ever, fate willed that a boy carrying a green bag should come up just at the moment that he was knocking at the door. The door opened, the gentleman was stepping in, when the boy took a pair of nondescript objects out of his bag, and handed them to the servant with the words, 'Miss Greenborn's shoes.' The bridegroom's eye rested on them. 'Are those Miss Greenborn's shoes?' he asked, in an accent of horror. The servant looked confused, but the boy answered ingenuously, 'Yes, sir.' 'And,' faltered the unhappy gentleman, his gaze riveted on the dreadful tell-tales, 'they fit her?' 'Oh, bless you, to be sure,' replied the boy, in a cheerful tone; 'all the ladies and gentlemen as has got them kind of feet in Lunnun deals with master, and he have the knack of fitting of 'em, just as if they was reglar Christians.' The gentleman did not say another word; he stared wildly a moment at the boy, then turning about, ran down the steps, climbed into the carriage that had brought him to the place, drove to the nearest hotel, took post-horses down to Dover, and embarked by that night's packet for the Continent. The lady never saw him again, and the servant's report of what had happened left no doubt of the cause of his sudden disap-

pearance. She left town, and shut herself up in her house at Wester Hilton, where, some say, she died of a broken heart, others, of the influenza, and others, again, maintain that she hanged herself in her garters.

"While the doctor related this story, my wife looked like a person on whose mind the solution of a great riddle is dawning, and as he pronounced the concluding words, she exclaimed, 'That is what I have dreamed these two nights past I remember it all now.' She then told us that this very story had been related to her, both the last night and the night preceding, by the unfortunate lady herself; and though it had till this moment so entirely eluded her waking memory, the lively feelings of sympathy with which she had listened to it in her sleep had continued to tingle on, even when she could not recall their origin. The lady, she added, by her own account, had not hanged herself, but died of a broken heart, which the people mistook for the influenza.

"It was very remarkable that, from the time my wife was able to tell her dream, its effects on her spirits went off, and her composure and cheerfulness returned. In fact, the change was so obvious, that the doctor gave up all idea of prescribing for her, and expressed a desire to see his other patient, for my mother-in-law had not been present at the conversation. My wife went to look for her, and when the doctor found himself alone with me, he could not help expressing his wonder at the circumstance, that the history of Miss Greenborn should have been the subject of a dream to a person who had never heard of it. With true medical scepticism, however, he resolved the difficulty by supposing either that my wife had heard the story before, and forgotten it, or that she did but fancy now that it had been the subject of her forgotten dream. I was not quite satisfied by his solution, and told him of the stumping and sneezing which had been heard by John the day before. But he had a very ready explanation for this: the rogue, he said, had certainly heard all about the club-footed ghost from some one in the town, and he had trumped up his story, merely for the sake of being listened to by his master.

"After a few minutes my wife returned, accompanied by her mother. On hearing what the good lady complained of the doctor said the only thing he would prescribe for her was an attendant to sleep in her room. She was quite well, he assured her, and to give her anything to make her sleep would be to do her a great injury; a few nights more would accustom her to her new bed; she should go out, too, every day, and she would soon sleep as well as ever she had done in her life. In the meantime, as long as watchfulness did continue to trouble her, the presence of another person in the room would prevent her feeling it dreary.

"The doctor now took his departure, leaving us all in much better spirits than he had found us, and the day passed without anything remarkable occurring. We walked out, as the day before; and the air, the sunshine, and the face of the earth and waters put to flight all lingering shadows which the night had left in our soul. A bed was put in my mother-in-law's room for her own maid, Annette, and at the end of this day we retired to rest in a more tranquil and cheerful mood.

"I might have slept about an hour, when I was awake by my wife, who, in a voice that expressed an agony of terror, asked me if I heard nothing. I listened—and it is impossible to describe to you the icy feel that crept over me, as I distinctly heard a low wailing and sobbing, as if of a person in the bitterest grief, and which it was impossible to doubt for a moment was in the room.

Never did human tones meet my ear that gave such an impression of utter and desperate sorrow as that crying did; my own heart was wrung, even to weeping, as I listened to it, in the midst of all the horror which I felt at the thought that a being was near me whose life was not of the earth—for in the character of the tones I felt there was something not earthly. Shrill, and wild, and yet not rising above a kind of sighing whisper, they were like shrieks heard from a great distance, or like the faint cries of a dreaming man, who tries to shout. It was some moments before I could collect resolution to ask who was there; when I did so, there was no answer, nor were the sounds of woe interrupted. I got up and struck a light, but there was no one to be seen in the room but ourselves, and still the wailing continued. I approached the part of the room from which the tones proceeded, till it seemed to me that the invisible mourner was close to my face; I put out my hand, but no substance encountered its touch. I made a step in advance, and felt that I was standing on the same spot—filling the same space—with a being whom I could not see, but whose voice I still heard distinctly, and now as if coming out of my own breast! Seized with insupportable horror, I sprang forward, and the sounds of lamentation were behind me. I thought now of what had been told me by John; this mysterious being had passed through him, or he through it as if he had been air; and so had I now passed through the space occupied by it. And yet this being, to which body was no obstacle, and which was itself no obstacle to body, was no unsubstantial shadow, for John had heard its footsteps, and I was at this moment listening to its voice. Such things, told me three days before, I would have scouted, as contradicting the law which governs the universe.

"All hope of sleep was gone. I lay down in bed, but left the light burning; and now my wife told me, in broken whispers, what had happened the maid the day before,—a confidence which I requited in kind, by imparting to her all about John and the footsteps.

"‘This is a dreadful house,’ said my wife; ‘I never believed in such things before, but you may depend on it, it is haunted by the club-footed lady.’

"Scarcely had she spoken these words when stumping footsteps were heard approaching the bed. Our hearts beat aloud with terror; but at the moment that the steps reached the bedside all was still, and an air, as of the charnel, seemed to float around us, for perhaps half a minute, and then passed gradually away.

"That, I may say, was the drop that made the cup overflow. My wife lay more dead than alive, and it was only the necessity of supporting her that enabled me to preserve some remains of composure. As soon as she had in some degree recovered herself, I promised her that we should leave the house at as early an hour as possible next morning, and rather submit to be lodged less roomily, for a while, than once more encounter what we had been this night exposed to. But the terrors of the night were not yet at an end.

"My mother-in-law slept in the room over ours, and, as I have mentioned, her maid Annette, on this night, shared her bedchamber. While my wife and I were talking over our designs for the morrow, we suddenly heard the good lady's voice overhead, in a loud and anxious tone, calling ‘Annette!’—a piercing shriek from the maid succeeded. We were both on our feet in a moment, and hastily wrapping ourselves in whatever lay nearest, we flew up-stairs. On entering the room, we found the girl sitting up in her bed, her face white, her

eyes dilated, pointing with frantic terror toward my mother-in-law, who lay in her own bed, apparently awake, but motionless, and with an indescribable character of anxiety and indefinable distress stamped on her features, like one suffering under an attack of nightmare. ‘There, there,’ cried the girl, in her own language, ‘don’t you see it? It lies where madame lay but this moment. Ah! *mon Dieu*, I see them both lying in the same place!’ I followed the direction of her finger, but saw only my mother-in-law, lying in the state I have already described; but my wife clung almost fainting to my arm, and whispered, scarce audibly, ‘I see it!’ I asked what she saw, but she could only say, ‘Take my mother out of the bed—I will help you.’

"Wrapping the good lady in the bedclothes, we lifted her up, though not without difficulty, for she was perfectly cataleptic, every muscle rigid as iron, and her body weighing like a mass of lead. But the moment we had succeeded in drawing her aside a little, both the rigidity and the preternatural weight all at once disappeared, the haggard look passed from her countenance.

"However, we brought her down-stairs, followed by Annette, whom no power on earth could induce to remain in the room a moment by herself, and who trembled and sobbed hysterically, as she collected her mistress's and her own clothes; for it was determined that all should dress, and that there should be no talk of going to bed again in the house. Leaving the good lady and her maid with my wife, therefore, to put themselves in a condition to stay up, I went to call the other servants, that we might have fires lighted, and pass the night with as little discomfort as circumstances would permit.

"John was awake, and seemed very glad when I told him to get up and dress himself. He had heard the heels, he said, stumping about the house, more than once during the night, and the doors of different rooms opening and shutting, and had not been able to close an eye for uneasiness; though he had a good conscience, he said, too—to say nothing of the encouragement he found in thinking that his master was a clergyman. Betsy I found not only awake, but up and dressed; she had been afraid to go to bed, and was sitting at the window of her room, which she had opened for the sake of company. The poor soul had had a dreadful fright, and was crying bitterly; her candle had been blown out, and her foot trod on by she could not tell what strange animal in the dark, and she hoped I would not take it amiss, but she was going to-morrow. I told her we were all going to-morrow, so that there would be no need of parting; and comforted her much by the intelligence that all in the house were up, and that she would find John in the kitchen.

"On meeting in the breakfast room, in which a good fire was soon blazing, my wife and I on one side, and my mother-in-law and her maid on the other, compared notes on the night's disturbances. My mother-in-law said she had awakened as usual, with the impression of having been called, and, feeling the same vague inquietude as on former nights, had waked Annette for company; that, presently after, the sense of suffocating oppression and nameless dread, the approaches of which she now knew so well, had come over her, and from that time she had lain unconscious, but deprived of all power of speech and motion, until my wife and I removed her from the place she was lying in, when it had seemed to her as if she had been taken out of an atmosphere in which she could not breathe, into the pure air, and her faculties had returned to her at once.

"Annette's account was this: on awaking at her mistress's call, she saw a woman, with frightfully misshapen feet, in the act of stepping up on the bed of the good lady. Her first thought was that it was a crazy person, who by some accident had got into the house; but what was her horror when she saw the woman lie down, not beside her mistress, but in the very place where the latter was already lying! This was what had drawn from her the shriek which had reached our ears. At first, the woman's figure had, as it were, seemed to obliterate that of her mistress; but as her eyes dwelt longer on the horrid object, the lineaments of both forms were plainly visible to her, each filling the place, yet neither displacing the other, as if two transparent pictures were laid together, and held up against the light!

"Something of the same kind had been seen by my wife. As she looked at her mother lying on the bed, the uncertain contour of another shape had seemed to her to blend dimly with that of the known one, bewildering her eye in the manner which is experienced when two shapes of the same object illude the vision, the one almost covering the other, but the baffling outlines refusing to merge into singleness, and to give to the sense the impression of unity.

"The next morning we left the house, to the great triumph of the West Hiltonians, to whom I had the satisfaction of perceiving that my ministry now became more acceptable than ever. I was a convert to their way of thinking, and they set more store by me than by ninety and nine who had never been in the wrong about the haunted house, and had no need to be converted.

"That's the end of my story, my dear sir, and I have to apologize to you, and indeed to all our friends, here, for making it so long."

I will not relate the conversation which ensued on the end of the clergyman's narrative. Suffice it to say, that I was not brought over, by anything that it contained, to the side of the superstitious party. I explained all that he and his family had experienced—or seemed to themselves to have experienced—in Mr. Greenborn's house, by the well-known agency of the imagination.

However, what I had heard added to the liveliness of my wish to pass a night in the house of which such absurd stories were related. What Mr. Hammond had failed in I would accomplish; I felt that it was an achievement reserved for me, to disenchant the Wester Hiltonians, to slay their dragons, and enable them to call their town their own.

Harry Fenwick was as anxious as I that I should pass a night in the haunted house, and I thankfully accepted his offer of writing to Mr. Greenborn to obtain me permission to undertake the enterprise.

Mr. Greenborn's consent was readily given.

It was on Saturday that my preparations for the exploit were completed, and, late in the evening, I sallied forth in Harry's gig, with a man-servant of his from a distant part of the country to drive me, for Wester Hilton. In the gig was a basket, containing a bottle of Madeira and other materials for a cold supper, besides a couple of books and a brace of pistols. For fire and light I reckoned upon the caretaker (the same Mr. Hammond had found there), an Irishman, as I was informed, of the name of Leary, to whom I had an order for admission from Mr. Greenborn.

Wester Hilton seemed a pretty, little, old-fashioned town, as well as I could judge by the twilight, which, as we drove into the main street, was fast changing into darkness. My guide knew no more than I where the

house was which was the place of my destination; all we knew was, that it was in the outskirts of the town. To meet the difficulty, I made him draw up as we were about passing a group of boys about the town fountain, and, calling to one I asked for Mr. Greenborn's house?

"Mr. Greenborn has two houses, sir."

"Yes; but I have a letter to a man named Leary, a caretaker; I want the house he has the care of."

"They are both in care of Learys—Mat Leary takes care of one, Mick Leary the other."

"Humph," said I, "my note is addressed 'M. Leary;' that may be either Mat or Mick."

"The gemman wants the house where the lady is, what makes a queer noise with her feet," said my guide.

"There are two ladies that make queer noises with their feet," was the baffling reply.

"The gemman wants to go to the house where the lady is what's dead, then," said the man.

Then they vociferously proclaimed their readiness to act as guides, and ran off in a troop, crying, "This way!"

At length we were out of the lanes, which had gradually conducted us to a height overlooking the greater part of Wester Hilton. One large, dark-looking house stood here alone. "That's it! there you are, sir!"

I will not say that there was absolutely nothing queer in my sensations as I alighted and walked up the steps, through the interstices of which, as I felt rather than saw, a rank growth of grass had found way. Nor will I be positive that the prevailing tone of my mind was liveliness, as I looked up at the house, with the consciousness in my mind of what had brought me there. It was a tall, black-looking, silent building, with a wide area on each side of the door-steps, to look down into which, at this hour, was like looking into gulfs of darkness.

"There are no such things as ghosts," said I, encouragingly, to myself; "let me not forget in what century I live; these are not the dark ages."

It was, nevertheless, with some tumult about the heart that I lifted the knocker at the door.

After knocking, I waited a long time; no answer.

I gave another knock. This time there was an answer. Heavy steps made themselves heard from within, not, as it seemed, in the hall, but in a room adjoining; then one of the windows overlooking the area was opened, and a gruff voice asked.

"Who the devil's there?"

I said I had a note from Mr. Greenborn to the caretaker of the house; and if he, as I supposed, was that person, I would trouble him to come to the door.

Instead of doing this, he reached me a stick out of the window, and bid me "fix the letter in that." The end of the stick was split, and I placed the letter in it, marvelling, however, at the excessive reluctance the fellow showed to quit his solitude. I thought, if I were the inmate of such a dwelling, I should be glad at any time to come to the door, and hold a little converse with mortals yet in the body. But the man seemed to have got used to spiritual society, and had no wish to extend his acquaintance in an earthly direction. After a while, his steps were heard coming along the hall, then there was the moving of a chain, the drawing of bolts, the taking down (to judge by the sound) of a ponderous bar, and, lastly, the turning of the massive key, which grated in the lock as if it liked the work it was doing as little as he in whose hand it was held.

At last the door opened, grinding and growling on its hinges as if it had no more mind to be opened than the key and the porter had to open it; it did open, never-

theless, and the man of the window appeared, with a candle in his hand. He was rather a savage-looking fellow, strongly built, and with something peculiarly hard and determined in his look. I recollected what Mr. Hammond had said of him, and could not but confess that, had there been such a thing as a ghost, he was, to all appearance, the very man to keep house with it.

"This is a curious thing," said he, in a tone that did not express much liking or respect for my person; "what's the meaning of it at all?"

"Does not the note tell you what you are to do?"

"What's the meaning of it, I say?" repeated he.

"I am the bearer of a note to you," replied I, "from the gentleman in whose employment you are. If I am not mistaken, he directs you to suffer me to pass a night in the house alone."

"It's a devil of a curious thing!" said the man, soliloquizingly; "it's a thing I don't know the meaning of, at all at all." Then eying me with great disfavor, and with a strong expression of suspicion in his features, he asked rudely, "And what do you want to pass a night in the house for?"

"I should think," answered I, "it may suffice you that Mr. Greenborn places me at liberty to do so; if he is satisfied, I presume you may be so!"

"I'm not satisfied, then," said the fellow, with an oath. "This paper says, 'Let the bearer take your place for one night, or more if he wishes'—but he won't. 'Place everything at his disposal, and make him as comfortable as you can. You can go to the other house for the night, or to the Greenborn Arms if you like it better. Signed, Valentine Greenborn.' I say I'm not satisfied at all: I want no one to take my place."

"Why, what objection can you possibly have, when the gentleman who owns the house has none?"

"What objection, is it? Why wouldn't I have an objection? I'm to give you up my place for a night! And where would I be if you wouldn't give it back to me again in the morning?"

"Not give it back to you! Oh, upon that score, I assure you, you may be perfectly easy. One night is all I wish for. I am surprised you think I want to make a longer stay."

"But I do think it," persisted the man; "sure I see it plain enough"—and his voice grew hoarse with anger—"it's to supplant me is what you want to do."

"To supplant you!"

"Ay, to supplant me—to get the place. That's English, isn't it? You want to get the place. You'd take it a night on trial, and you'd take it to-morrow for good. And I'm to put everything at your disposal, and make you as comfortable as I can! The devil may make you comfortable and to him I pitch you."

I had never been treated with such rudeness in my life, and I felt inexpressibly shocked: it mortified me, too, to be taken for a person of the class likely to come on the errand he supposed. Did I look like a servant out of place? I could not utter a word.

"Go away," continued the fellow; "you're losing your time. They were looking for an April fool that sent you here. Go home with you, man. You're not fit for the place, I tell you. You haven't it in your eye. You have neither the constitution nor the courage for it. She'd frighten you out of your life in the first three days. She'd cow you, man alive, and then where would you be? Under her feet. And pretty feet they are."

I confess that a thrill ran through my heart at these words, they conveyed so direct an allusion to the club-

footed lady. However, as soon as I could find utterance, I assured him that his suspicions were misplaced; that I had no ambition to supplant him in his place; that I was a person in his master's rank in life, and had a servant of my own in London, where I lived when I was at home. That I was at this time on a visit at Mr. Fenwick's, of Bleaklawns, in whose gig I had come, and whose servant was at that moment sitting in the said gig, with a basket for me, and would put up for the night at the Greenborn Arms, and come to fetch me in the morning. "He shall give you a set down," said I, "if you like; you can go in the gig anywhere you fix on, to spend the night. That will convince you. Look, there is the gig in the street; I am sure you must perceive, now, that I am a respectable person."

By degrees, conviction appeared to dawn on his mind, and when I added the clinching argument of a guinea, that he might drink my health at the Greenborn Arms, the last shadow of a doubt fled; I had paid my footing, and was free of the haunted house. Well, I ran down to the gig, and received the basket from the servant's hand. It occurred to me that the young man might like to share my adventure, and I made him the offer, which was "declined with thanks." I now entered the house, and found its internal aspect such as not to belie the external. A wide hall, wainscoted, and looking vaster than it was by the light of a single candle; a broad staircase, of a most forlorn aspect, with a massive wooden balustrade, that spoke of times when the old mansion was merrier; a long passage, along which the echoes of our own footsteps pursued us, and I shot the thought into my brain, "What sort of footsteps shall I, perhaps, hear along this passage, when this man has left me alone in the house;" then another staircase—a back staircase, narrow, of stone, winding down into regions I could only guess at, and up to the second floor, to which we ascended by it; finally, a back-room on the second floor, into which my guide conducted me, and in which a fire was burning. This was the room, he said, he generally kept in, and he thought I should be more comfortable there than anywhere else; there was his bedroom adjoining, in case I should feel inclined to take a stretch in the course of the night.

After making some arrangements for my accommodation, the man was going to take leave, when I thought I should like first to have a few words of conversation with him about the ghost. I therefore asked him, as he was about to quit the room, whether he ever saw the lady, in short, with the club-feet?

"Did he ever see her?" repeated the man, in surprise; to be sure he saw her, every night of his life.

"Every night?" said I. "Then she doesn't appear in the day-time?"

"Not often," was his reply.

"And, do you think it likely, may I ask, that I shall see her to-night?" inquired I, somewhat taken back by finding the man give such an unequivocal testimony to the reality of the apparition.

"Will you see her to-night? To be sure you will," answered he, with a look of surprise.

"Then she appears every night?" said I, hoping perhaps to hear that now and then, at however long intervals, a night passed without the visitation.

"Every night, as sure as the night comes."

"And," I hesitatingly asked, "are you afraid of her?"

"Faith, I'm not," replied the fellow, with a hardened laugh. "It's little use I'd be here, if I was. It's she, poor soul, that's afraid of me."

I was thunderstruck.

"And you must make her afraid of you too," he pursued, "or faith she'll make you afraid of her, sure enough; and if she sees that, you're a lost man. I see you're a gentleman that has no notion or understanding of these kind of things, and I can't think, at all at all, what made you come here. But I tell you, you mustn't let her think you're afraid of her, or you're done for. It's the eye does it all; keep a steady eye, if you can, and you'll manage her easy. A child could manage them, if it would keep a steady eye."

"But, dear me," pleaded I, "surely if I am afraid, she will know it, in spite of any efforts I may make to keep from showing it in my countenance. Surely it is impossible to deceive such a being."

"It isn't easy," replied the man; "but it isn't impossible all out. Still, I don't think you'll do it, and upon my soul, sir, I'm sorry to leave you in this house to-night. If I was a gentleman of your meek temper, I wouldn't be a night in this house for a thousand pounds. Good night, sir."

With these encouraging words he withdrew. I went to the door of the room, listened to his footsteps along the passage, down the winding stair, and then along the passage on the first floor. In the deep and echoing silence of the old house, I could catch the reverberations of his heavy tread until he reached the hall below, and then I heard the huge house-door open and shut, and, a few moments after, the gig rumbled slowly away.

I now resolved to make myself as comfortable as circumstances would admit, and to think as little as possible of where I was, and for what purpose. It would be too much to say that my opinions on the subject of apparitions were changed; they rested on far too solid a substratum of argument to be easily shaken. Still, the positive way in which the caretaker had spoken of seeing the club-footed lady made me feel odd, the more from the very easy way in which he had treated the matter, as if there were nothing at all in it to be wondered at. I could understand a fearful man's fancying that he saw ghosts, but this savage was not a bit afraid—nay, he boasted that the ghost was afraid of him. By what influence, then, could his imagination—a faculty seldom lively in people of his stamp—be worked up to the pitch necessary for such illusions? Did he, perhaps, drink? He looked not very unlike it. Yes; no doubt, he drank; that explained the mystery; the spirits by which he was haunted were not without but within him. A superstitious man—as all the lower orders, and especially the Irish, were—and living in a house reputed to be haunted—what could be more natural than that, when his senses were disordered by liquor, the confused impressions they gave him should assume the shapes with which the popular tradition taught him to believe himself surrounded. I set it down, therefore, for a made-out thing, that Leary was a drinker, and felt considerably comforted in my mind by the establishment of this satisfying point.

Still more comforted did I feel after I had drawn a chair to the fire, thrown on a fresh shovelfull of coals, unpacked my basket, drawn the cork of a bottle of Madeira, poured myself out a glass, tossed it off, poured out another, left that standing at my elbow, and then, snuffing my candles, and taking the last *Maga* out of my pocket, threw myself back in my chair, and stretched out my legs for a luxurious read. The fire was good, the Madeira better, *Maga* the best of all; and I basked, and sipped, and read, till really a very great tranquillity

began to steal over my spirit, my pulse beat again in full unison with the pulse of my century, and I felt that I was doing a very enlightened thing, and dealing a heavy blow and a great discouragement to all superstitious and dark-age ideas, by being where I was, and doing what I did. It is true that the silence of the great house would at times drag away my thoughts from the page before me, and lead them through the lonesome rooms and deserted passages which, I knew, were below, and above, and around me; and show them that drearily-echoing staircase again, and that hall, with its age-blackened panelling, which lay between me and the door that shut out all human life but my own; and remind them of the dark depth that seemed to insulate the house, and of that grass-grown bridge which it had vainly thrown across to the world that repudiated it, to tempt men with warm blood in their veins into its woe-stricken solitude. But these feelings were momentary, and every glass of Madeira contributed to widen the intervals between them—to make them fewer and farther between. In short, I was getting on well in the haunted house.

At last, what with the fire, and what with the wine, in spite of Anthony Poplar, I fell asleep. I dreamt I was at Bleaklawns, and giving the Fenwicks a triumphant account of my enterprise, and that a deputation of the Wester Hiltonians, with the Mayor at its head, was come out to bring me the thanks and freedom of their town in a blue bandbox, when something, I don't know what, awaked me. For a moment I forgot where I was, but in a moment more I was fearfully reminded. Standing not three paces from me was a lady, whose face was white and still as death and whose eyes gleamed with a peculiar vague brightness, staring at me in silence, and with an unchanging, stony expression, that made my own heart feel as if suddenly turned into stone.

I knew it was the ghost.

At first I tried to believe that I was still asleep, but could not accomplish it. Then I said, "It's the *Ma-deira*;" but I could not believe that rightly either. Then I looked down at the lady's feet—involuntarily, I must say; for I felt, the moment I had done it, that I had been guilty of a great breach of politeness. However, it was but a glance, and it was sufficient; there were the club-feet, sure enough.

How I felt, words cannot tell. Amazement and desperate fear were, I think, the uppermost sensations—I call them sensations, for I had them in my nerves, and in my blood, as well as in my mind. I did not for an instant indulge the hope of making the ghost think I was not afraid of her, much less of making her afraid of me. I was conscious that it was out of the question, that it would be madness to think of it; and Leary's words, "She'll cow you, and then where will you be?—under her feet!" recurred to my mind with a terrible distinctness. I looked at her feet again.

"That's twice you've looked at them," said the ghost; "you'd better not do it a third time."

The voice was as unearthly as her aspect—a strange, shrieking whisper, which sounded as if she drew in her breath when she spoke, instead of letting it out.

I was confounded; I tried to articulate something about not meaning any offence, but my voice stuck.

"Of course you are aware," said the lady, in the same tone, and after a short pause, "that I am the ghost of poor Miss Greenborn."

I was still voiceless; but, as she seemed to expect an answer, I bowed.

"There's a poor, foolish creature," proceeded she,

"in Mr. Greenborn's other house, who fancies that she is the ghost. But she is not, for I am."

I bowed again.

"She's out of her wits," continued the apparition; "I frightened her out of them."

I must observe that the ghost's countenance never changed, let the subject she spoke of be what it might. It assumed no expression of passion—of pleasure or displeasure; but wore the same vague, troubled stare, that varied as little as if the features had been cast in marble.

"I have been expecting you long," resumed the spectre after another pause. "Indeed, ever since you died I knew that sooner or later you would find your way to me. You are come, and we will part no more."

"God bless my soul!" murmured I, my voice beginning to return, but dying away again before I could say that I wasn't dead.

"No—in the world of which we are now denizens," she pursued, "there are no partings; they who meet in this world are united for ever."

She paused again, and added, "We will haunt this house together—we shall be very happy."

Making a great effort, I now, in faltering accents, assured the lady that she was under a mistake, that I was not a ghost, not dead, but a gentleman residing in London, who, being on a visit in this neighborhood, and hearing of the extraordinary things said in connection with this house, had solicited and obtained Mr. Greenborn's permission to pass a night in it, for the satisfaction of a philosophical curiosity. I added, that I had never believed in ghosts before, but that this did not leave me a word to say.

"You are one of those unhappy spirits, I perceive," began the apparition, when I had done, "who are in the dark as to their own identity. There are many such among the departed. They who have been faithless to their vows while living are often punished by not knowing who they are when dead. This is your case. You have existed sixty years"—

"I beg your pardon; I'm not forty yet."

"You were not forty when you died," said she; "but you have been sixty years dead, and these sixty years you have passed in a dream, believing yourself alive, believing yourself another person—a person who, if he be living at all, might be your grandson. It is time to undeceive you. You are he who broke this faithful heart—this heart which, in the grave, still beats for you. You are he who won this heart, and then flung it from him, and left it to break in loneliness. And for what? For these feet!"

She put one forward as she spoke, and I felt as I looked at it, that the faithless gentleman had not been so very much to blame.

"Feet," she continued, "which in China would be considered particularly handsome! But you are come back. All is forgotten. Are you a good rider?"

"Pretty well," replied I, wondering what the drift of this question could be—"nothing very extraordinary."

"I am," said she, "and will take you up behind me. We are but twelve miles from the Scottish border, and, on a black cat which I have below-stairs, we shall be there in three quarters of an hour."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed I; "I never rode on a black cat in all my life!"

"If you'd rather have a broomstick, say so," replied the ghost; "there's one in the house."

"I declare," said I, "I don't think I should make it out much better on the one than the other."

"Then a horse," said the ghost; "there's a horse in the stable which belongs to the live man, Leary. He will be unquiet under ghosts, but we shall manage him."

"But what are we to go to the Scottish border for?" asked I, feeling a horrid anxiety taking possession of me.

"To be married," answered the ghost.

"Oh, dear!" cried I; "I must really say —

"What?" said the ghost.

"I am not the person you take me for," said I; "I am not, indeed; it's quite a mistake. I'm not dead—I never was dead in all my life; and I don't at all feel that I am the sort of man likely to make a ghost happy."

"Wait," said the ghost; "I perceive you are under an enchantment, and you will never know how you are till it is dissolved. Did you ever read the White Cat?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Do you remember how the beautiful princess in the tale was disenchanted?"

"I think the prince cut off her head."

"He did; and you must be disenchanted in the same way. Just give me that knife you have in the basket."

I protested strenuously against this treatment.

"I have it," said she; "I will go fetch my wand, and disenchant you with it."

She stumped gravely away, leaving me a prey to the most indescribable tumult of feelings. It occurred to me that the best thing I could do would be to start off before she came back; and putting on my hat and great-coat I proceeded to put my design into execution. Taking a candle in my hand, and hastily swallowing a couple of glasses of Madeira, I stole out of the room, and along the passage, reached the winding stair, hurried along the passage on the first floor, and was near the great staircase, when I met the ghost.

It was my own fault; if I had not stopped to drink those two glasses of Madeira, I should have been out of the house before she knew anything about it.

She held her right hand behind her back, and without expressing any surprise at meeting me, bid me take off my big coat. Of course I did not dare to disobey. She then directed me to take off my coat; this I also did. Upon this she showed the hand which she had held behind her back, and in which was a very neat riding-whip.

"Do you know what that is?" said the apparition.

"It's a horsewhip," said I, feeling very queer.

"No," replied she, "that's a wand; and I must conjure you with this wand until you are disenchanted."

Without another word she rained a perfect deluge of blows with the cursed cutting whip upon my shoulders and arms. I made a run for the stairs, but she was before me, and turned me back, laying on all the while with an energy that I should never have given a disembodied spirit credit for.

At last, making a fortunate plunge, I got at the stairs, and ran down. It was a happy circumstance for me that the ghost had club-feet, for it prevented her running quick enough to come up with me before I reached the door; and, although I did get a cut or two more while I was opening it, I scarcely felt them for the joy of being so nearly out of her clutches; nor did it in the least diminish the satisfaction with which I sprang down the steps that bridged the yawning area, to reflect that I had paid with my coat and hat for my curiosity.

I went to the Greenborn Arms, and set off next morning for London, having left a note for Harry Fenwick, at Hilton, to say that I gave up the nineteenth century.

Yet I don't know how it is—I sometimes suspect those infernal village boys brought me to the wrong house.

NEWSPAPER VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

The Clouds—Frank D. Sherman—Harper's Young People

The sky is full of clouds to-day,
And idly to and fro,
Like sheep across the pasture, they
Across the heavens go.
I hear the wind with merry noise
Around the house-tops sweep,
And dream it is the shepherd boys—
They're driving home their sheep.

The clouds move faster now; and see!
The west is red and gold.
Each sheep seems hastening to be
The first within the fold.
I watch them hurry on until
The blue is clear and deep,
And dream that far beyond the hill
The shepherds fold their sheep.

Then in the sky the trembling stars,
Like little flowers, shine out,
While Night puts up the shadow bars,
And darkness falls about.
I hear the shepherd wind's good-night—
"Good-night, and happy sleep!"—
And dream that in the east, all white,
Slumber the clouds, the sheep.

The Headlight's Song—Hardy Jackson—N. Y. Tribune

When the full moon lays a radiant haze
From earth to Heaven's wall,
Or the tranquil stars mark the viewless bars
Whence the arrows of vision fall,
Or I send my glance where the quick drops dance
With a pattering call of the rain,
To their comrades asleep in the hidden deep
Of the subterranean main,
Or if storms are out and the free winds shout
With fitful falls and swells,
A steadfast glow of light I throw
On my gleaming parallels.
I guide the train o'er the level plain,
A swiftly nearing star,
And I bend and swerve where the mountains curve
My iron-bound path to bar.
Up their rocky steep the fleet flame leaps,
Or I flash to their depths below,
Till the mosses that dress each dim recess
And the nodding ferns I show;
I spring to illumine the frowning gloom
Of precipices gray,
And waters smile from the deep defile
In my momentary day.
Where the wood benign with beck and sign
Invites all timid things
To its shelter spread for the crouching head
And its covert for drooping wings,
I bear my light, till in vain affright
The doe with her trembling fawn
And the creatures meek that refuge seek
In the forest shade withdrawn,
Press closer yet to the copse dew-wet,
Or speed through the whispering grass,
To hide them away from the searching ray
I shoot through the dark as I pass.
As a meteor flies in star-set skies
By a myriad moveless spheres,
I hurry along where lamplights throng
As the sleeping town appears;
Like the coming of Fate, to those who wait
Till I bear their loved away,
I seem as I shine down the widening line,

Ere I pause for a moment's stay;
But he who feels those rolling wheels
Lead home, to his heart's desire,
Can half believe his eyes perceive
The prophet's chariot of fire.

Still on and on till the night is gone
I follow the vibrant rails,
Till the east is red, and overhead
The star of the morning pales.
As foes may fear the soldier's spear,
But comrades have no dread,
The lances of light I hurled at the night
Pierce not where sunbeams spread,
So I cease my rays when the Heaven ablaze
Proclaims the darkness fled.

Song of the Scythe—Andrew Lang—London World

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass—
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?
Hush, ah hush, the scythes are saying,
Hush and heed not and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush, 'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush and heed not, for all things pass.
Hush, ah hush, and the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

Place d'Armes—Charles C. Loomis—N. O. Times Democrat

In the City of the Crescent,
Where the Past confronts the Present,
Like a proselyte is sitting at the old Cathedral's feet—
Holy feet—
The Place d'Armes, revering
The gray monk sternly peering,
Over crumbling arches, westward where the city's pulses beat.
Like a Spanish maiden glowing
O'er the balcony, and throwing
Passion-laden glances at the lover at her feet—
Little feet—
Lies the garden efflorescent,
Amid shadows sere, senescent,
From the flowers in her bosom shedding perfume o'er the street.
Here the blare and bluster
Of drum and trumpet muster
Called the Creole chivalry clamorous to war—
Red-visaged war—
Quelling and repelling
The horde of painted, yelling,
Undisciplined and naked Chickasaw.
Here stood bold O'Reilly,
When the blood ran highly,
Unyielding, cold, inscrutable and stern—
Immutable and stern—
Kneeling beauty weeping—
Oh, the sowing! Oh, the reaping!—
See the gallant soldier the poor petition spurn.
Oft came the Dons and Donnas
Round those antiquated corners,
Stately stepping in their lordly Spanish way—
Haughty way—
Senors and Senioritas,
Pablos, Pedros and Perdidas,
Promenading and parading in that fair colonial day.

When the last notes of the choir
 Uprose on wings of fire,
 And home the white-robed sinners their heavy burdens bore—
 Meekly bore—
 Frothing, foaming, fretting,
 Caracolling and upsetting,
 Came the cavaliers curvetting past the Cathedral door.
 Then the merry demoiselles,
 Maries, Jacquelines, Estelles,
 Down this fragrant pathway coquettishly did pass—
 Alack, alas!—
 Whilst the red sun, slowly sinking,
 Kissed their bosoms—lightly linking
 Sylph-like shadows gliding o'er the grass.
 Now in the circle's centre,
 Immobile as a centaur,
 On a plunging charger, sits a soldier gaunt and grim—
 Bronzed and grim—
 Whilst the dewy roses blowing
 Round the pedestal are throwing,
 From bosoms brightly glowing, perennial incense up to him.
 On that furrowed forehead
 Invasion, huge and horrid,
 Lowered fierce and awful o'er the city gates—
 Open gates—
 Straight he faced the dread disaster—
 (Iron horse and iron master)—
 Breathless ere the struggle pale Andromeda waits.
 Then the concentrated power
 Of those features in that hour,
 Burst and rolled above the foemen in his wrath—
 Leaden wrath—
 From his breastworks lightings leaping—
 (Oh, the dying! Oh, the weeping!)
 Swept the wreck of armies in a whirlwind from his path.
 Now the war-horse on the column
 Bears the hero stern and solemn,
 Brazen horse and granite column, through the wind and rain—
 Leaden rain—
 Whilst the sparrows downward flitting
 On his bridle reins are sitting,
 And their sweetest music making in the meshes of his mane.
 The houses silent, sleeping,
 The shadows slowly creeping,
 Ghost-like whisper: " 'Tis the Past, and It is Dead "—
 Sacred Dead—
 And the soldier on the charger
 Through the twilight loometh larger,
 Whilst the shadow of the spire lays a blessing on his head.

Song of the Sea—Richard E. Burton—Harper's Weekly

The song of the sea was an ancient song
 In the days when the earth was young:
 The waves were gossiping loud and long
 Ere mortals had found a tongue;
 The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
 Or soothed to a siren strain,
 As they tossed the primitive isles among,
 Or slept in the open main.
 Such was the song and its changes free,
 Such was the song of the sea.
 The song of the sea took a human tone
 In the days of the coming of man;
 A mournful meaning swelled her moan,
 And fiercer her riots ran;
 Because that her stately voice began
 To speak of our human woes;
 With music mighty to grasp and span
 Life's tale and its passion-throes.
 Such was the song as it grew to be,
 Such was the song of the sea.
 The song of the sea was a hungry sound
 As the human years unrolled;
 For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drowned,
 Or choked with a shipwreck's gold;

Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
 So sorry a story said
 As the midnight cry of the waters old
 Calling above their dead.
 Such is the song and its threnody,
 Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
 For it mirrors human life:
 It is grave and great as the judgment-day,
 It is torn with the thought of strife:
 Yet under the stars it is smooth, and rife
 With love-lights everywhere,
 When the sky has taken the deep to wife
 And their wedding day is fair—
 Such is the ocean's mystery,
 Such is the song of the sea.

Cash—Pearl Eytinge—Judge

O Cash! thou art a ruling power,
 A mighty king.
 In busy mart, at every hour,
 Thy voice doth ring.
 In paper green, and yellow gold,
 Thy cumulative wealth is told;
 To gain thee good, pure souls are sold
 For what they bring.
 O Cash! thou art a bonded slave,
 Poor little one!
 A day of liberty you crave,
 When all is done.
 At everybody's beck and call,
 Up-stairs and down, through crowded hall,
 What matter, now and then a fall?
 Life's just begun.
 But by-and-by a maiden fair
 You'll be, 'tis true;
 With form divine, and golden hair,
 And eyes of blue.
 And then the man who owns the place
 Will bow before such gentle grace;
 He "Cash" will gain in your sweet face,
 And so will you.

Decoration Day—Samuel Davis—Carson Appeal

Oh! who would stand where hostile weapons gleam,
 Where camp fires glow and destinies are cast,
 Or tread that misty bridge which spans the stream
 That sweeps between us and the tragic Past;
 To see the glare of crimson on the sky,
 Or hear the woods resound again with clam'rous battle-cry?
 Wouldst view once more the heaps of mangled flesh,
 Where rise the smothered moans of men in pain?
 Wouldst see the wounds of martyrs bleed afresh,
 And red-mouthed trenches gaping for the slain—
 The shivered sabre and the crushed cuirass,
 The hoof-flailed grain, the powder-blackened grass?
 No! rather seek some consecrated court,
 Where surplined choir with organ's solemn note
 Chant requiems for the dead; or boys in sport
 Peer down the cannon's dark and rusty throat;
 Where scents of roses drench the summer air
 On ruined moat, and black and yellow tiger-lilies flare;
 Or find the rent redoubt, where ivy creeps
 O'er shattered shell and broken bayonet;
 Planting its leafy standard on the steeps,
 To win the grim, dismantled parapet;
 Making a conquest none the less complete,
 Than when 'sanguined slope was pressed with weary feet.
 The Past has left its heritage of hate
 To souls still grieving for the dead adored,
 But who would turn the dial hand of Fate
 To cancel legacies so golden-stored;
 Or rouse the ranks from fratricidal field,
 To place again the blot of bondage on a Nation's shield?

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR JUNE, 1889

Art and Architecture :

- Corot the Artist : Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer : Century.
 Italian Old Masters : Spinello : W. J. Stillman : Century.
 Our Artists in Europe : Henry James : Harper's Magazine.

Biographic and Reminiscent :

- A Blessed Daughter of the People : M. E. Blake : Cath. World.
 Abraham Lincoln : Nicolay and Hay : Century Magazine.
 Bishop Ken : Atlantic Monthly.
 General Lee after the War : Marg. J. Preston : Century.
 Hector Berlioz : Atlantic Monthly.
 Joseph Jefferson at Home : Wm. Hosea Ballou : Cosmopolitan.
 Rawdon Brown : Charles Eliot Norton : Atlantic Monthly.
 Sketch of William Graham Sumner : Popular Science Monthly.

Dramatic and Musical :

- The Negro on the Stage : Lawrence Hutton : Harper's.
 The Player's Club : Geo. Edgar Montgomery : Cosmopolitan.

Educational Discussion :

- Cheap Academic Titles : Leonard Woolsey Bacon : Forum.
 German Gymnasium in Working Order : Geo. M. Wahl : Atlantic.
 Languages in Modern Education : J. Stuart Blackie : Forum.
 State, Church, and School : Horace E. Scudder : Atlantic.
 Student Life at Michigan University : E. S. Sheffield : Cosmop.
 The Chinook Language or Jargon : Ed. H. Nicoll : Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Town and University of Cambridge : C. E. Hodson : Cath. W'ld.

Fiction—Serials :

- A Little Journey in the World : C. D. Warner : Harper's.
 A Vagabond's Honor : E. Delancey Pierson : Belford's.
 Jupiter Lights : Part 6 : Constance F. Woolson : Harper's.
 Paul Ringwood : Autobiography : Harold Dijon : Cath. World.
 The Begum's Daughter : 5-8 : Edwin L. Bynner : Atlantic.
 The Master of Ballentræ : Robert L. Stevenson : Scribner's.
 The Tragic Muse : Chapters 13-16 : Henry James : Atlantic.
 Wu Chih Tien : Part 5 : Wong Chin Foo : Cosmopolitan.

Fiction—Short Stories :

- A Light-house Keeper's Adventure : A. E. Ross : Belford's.
 A Safety Duel : A Story : Walker Kennedy : Belford's Mag.
 Bonny Hugh of Ironbrook : Edith Brower : Atlantic Monthly.
 Friendly Rivalry : A Story : James Sully : Harper's Magazine.
 King Solomon of Kentucky : James Lane Allen : Century Mag.
 Meal : A Western Story : Marion Manville : Belford's.
 Monsieur Nasson : Grace H. Pierce : Scribner's Magazine.
 The Last Assembly Ball (End) : Mary H. Foote : Century.
 The Murder of Philip Spencer : Gail Hamilton : Cosmopolitan.
 The Smuggler's Bride : J. Heard, Jr. : Cosmopolitan.
 The Woman in the Case : George A. Hibbard : Century.
 "T" other Miss Mandy : Mamie Mayo Fitzhugh : Harper's.

Historical Studies :

- An Incident in the Irish Rebellion : W. H. Russell : Harper's.
 Anti-Slavery Conventions : Oliver Johnson : Cosmopolitan.
 Early Heroes of Ireland : Charles de Kay : Century Magazine.

Literary Criticism :

- Snips From an Occasional Diary : Coates Kinney : Belford's.
 The Thousand and One Nights : C. H. Toy : Atlantic.

Natural History :

- A Marsh-Marigold : Katharine Tynan : Catholic World.
 Fungi : Toadstools and Mushrooms : T. H. McBride : Pop. Sci.
 The Bloodhound : Edwin Brough : Century Magazine.
 The World in a Drop of Water : J. A. Moony : Cath. World.

Poetry of the Month :

- A Dedication : Condé Benoist Pallen : Cosmopolitan.
 A l'Empire : M. E. W. : Century Magazine.
 A May Idyl : M. L. Murdock : Century Magazine.
 A Villanelle : Charles H. Webb : Century Magazine.
 A World of Roses : Edith M. Thomas : Atlantic Monthly.
 At the Ferry : Graham R. Tomson : Scribner's Magazine.
 At the Tomb of a Poet : Mary A. P. Stansbury : Scribner's.
 Bird Music : Simeon Pease Cheney : Century Magazine.
 Can the Emperor Forget? : Louise Morgan Smith : Century.
 Decoration Day : Langdon Elwyn Mitchell : Century Magazine.
 Illusions : Mary Bradley : Scribner's Magazine.
 Litairène : A Poem : Harper's Magazine.
 My Muse : A. D. Hanks : Century Magazine.
 Neighbors : R. T. W. Duke, Jr. : Century Magazine.
 On St. Bartholemew : Rev. Alfred Young : Catholic World.
 Quince : Winthrop Mackworth Praed : Harper's.

Reflections : J. A. Macon : Century Magazine.

Sappho to Phaon : Margaret Crosby : Scribner's Magazine.

Second Song : A Poem : A. B. Ward : Harper's.

Self : Augusta Learned : Scribner's Magazine.

Shortest and Longest : George Birdseye : Century Magazine.

Spring in Winter : Edith M. Thomas : Scribner's Magazine.

The Boy and the World : Inigo Deane : Cosmopolitan.

The Ruined City : Charles Lotin Hildreth : Belford's.

The Song of the Wind : J. P. Ritter : Belford's Magazine.

The War Cry of Clan Grant : Walter Mitchell : Atlantic.

The Water Seeker : Edith M. Thomas : Century Magazine.

To a Rose in June : Maurice Francis Egan : Catholic World.

Two Songs : Harriet Prescott Spofford : Harper's.

Vespers : Ellen Burroughs : Scribner's Magazine.

Political Science :

- Corrupt Political Methods : George F. Edmunds : Forum.
 Relations of United States and Canada : C. H. Lugin : Cent.
 Representative Government in Japan : W. E. Griffiths : Forum.
 The Drift Toward Canadian Annexation : W. B. Harte : Forum.
 The Ethics of Politics : W. S. Lilly : The Forum.
 The United States Senate : John F. Hume : Belford's.

Religious and Philosophical :

- Agnosticism : A Rejoinder : Prof. Huxley : Pop. Sci. Monthly.
 Can there Be a Miracle? : F. S. Chatard : Catholic World.
 Cowardly Agnosticism : W. H. Mallock : Popular Sci. Monthly.
 Das Ewige Weiblich : Rev. Edw. McSweeney : Catholic World.
 Is Christian Science a "Craze" : J. F. Bailey : Pop. Sci. Mo.
 The Problems of Psychic Research : J. Jastrow : Harper's.
 What is the Missionary Doing? : T. T. Munger : Forum.

Scientific and Industrial :

- An American Amateur Astronomer : John Fraser : Century.
 Diabolism and Hysteria. II. : A. D. White : Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Electricity in the Service of Man : C. F. Brackett : Scribner's.
 Fabulous Astronomy : Prof. J. C. Houzeau : Popular Sci. Mon.
 On the Seventh Level : Gayley and Browne : Cosmopolitan.
 Practical Applications of Electricity : S. E. Tillman : Cosmop.
 Saturn's Rings : George Howard Darwin : Harper's Magazine.
 The Production of Beet-Sugar : A. H. Almy : Pop. Sci. Mo.
 The Survival of the Fittest : James W. Steele : Belford's.
 Trusts : James F. Minturn : Belford's Magazine.

Sociologic and Sanitary :

- A City of Refuge : William Burnett Wright : Atlantic.
 Brevet Martyrs : E. T. Johnson : Atlantic Monthly.
 Building and Loan Associations : W. A. Linn : Scribner's.
 Dialogue on the Saloon : Joseph V. Tracy : Catholic World.
 Mischief-makers in Milk : Alice B. Tweedy : Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Past, Present and Future : P. G. Hamerton : Scribner's Mag.
 Preventable Causes of Poverty : Henry D. Chapin : Forum.
 Reducing the Cost of Insurance : Adelbert Hamilton : Forum.
 Slavery in Africa : Henry Drummond : Scribner's Magazine.
 Social Problems : Edward Everett Hale : Cosmopolitan.
 The Animal World of Well-Waters : Dr. O. Zacharias : Pop. Sci.
 The Children of the Poor : Emma F. Cary : Catholic World.
 The Moloch of Monopolies : Rev. Dr. Wm. Barry : Forum.
 Woman's Work for Woman : Helen Campbell : Century.

Sporting and Recreation :

- Camp Outfits and Equipments : A. Balch : Outing.
 Cricket in Australia : G. H. D. Gossip : Outing.
 June Days in the Saddle : C. H. Crandall : Outing.
 Lawn Tennis : A. B. Starey : Cosmopolitan.
 Sports and Pastimes on the Cam. : Chas. Turner : Outing.
 Striped Bass Fishing : A. Foster Higgins : Scribner's Magazine.
 The Care of Dogs : D. Boulton Herral : Outing.
 The Pleasures of Fly-Fishing : W. Holberton : Outing.

Travel and Adventure :

- Castrogiovanni : A. F. Jacassy : Scribner's Magazine.
 Cruise of the Sybaris and Shaw Shaw : Outing.
 Glaciers on the Pacific Coast : G. Fred. Wright : Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Montreal : C. H. Farnham : Harper's Magazine.
 Peasant Life in Roumania : Carmen Sylva : Forum.
 Reflections after a Wandering Life : Josiah Royce : Atlantic
 Social Life in Russia : Eugene M. De Voglie : Harper's.
 The Convict Mines of Kara : George Kerman : Century.
 The Highest Structure in the World : W. A. Eddy : Atlantic.
 Yacht Voyages to Australia : F. C. Sumichrast : Outing.

BRIEF COMMENT—DOINGS OF THE LITERARY WORLD

Mrs. J. Wells Champney, author of the *Vassar Girls Stories*, is a slender, dark-eyed, dark-haired woman, whose face is attractive, but too grave till she lights it with a smile.—Mrs. Campbell Praed, the English novelist, has brought a libel suit against a London weekly called *The Gentleman*.—Amélie Rives-Chanler, who is at present in Paris, has just passed her 26th birthday.—Miss Rhoda Broughton says that she was inspired to novel writing by reading Miss Thackeray's *Story of Elizabeth*, and learning that it was written by a woman as young as herself.—Zola's new novel will have five murders in it.—John G. Whittier dedicated his poem *Miriam* to his lifelong friend, the late President Barnard, of Columbia College.—William Hunter Birkhead has written a volume of poems entitled *Changing Moods* which has been warmly commended by Edmund Clarence Stedman.—Miss M. F. Cusack, widely known as *The Nun of Kenmare*, is living in Washington Square, New York, and devoting herself to literary work.—Prof. Arminius Vambery has obtained permission to search for historical Hungarian documents in the Sultan's library.—Tennyson's health has so far improved that he can take out-door exercise.—John Boyle O'Reilly is to read a poem at the dedication of the Pilgrim National monument on August 1st.—A little Episcopal Chapel, built in memory of Paul H. Hayne, has just been dedicated in Georgia within sight of the cottage wherein the poet spent his last years.—Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's papers on the Inauguration of Washington in 1789 have been made into an illustrated volume.—Mr. Austin Dobson's *Old World Idyls* is soon to enter upon its ninth edition.—The largest circulation on record is that attained by the volume *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*; twenty million copies have been sold in the eighteen years of its existence.

Dr. Albert Zabriskie Gray, until recently the head of Racine College and author of *Works of Travel and Religious Thought*, died two weeks ago.—Octave Thanet draws all her characters from real life.—Col. F. Grant, who wrote on *The Royal Academy* in *Harper's* for May, is not our new Minister to Austria, but the son of the late Sir Francis Grant, Sir Frederick Leighton's predecessor as President of the Academy.—Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the distinguished Egyptologist, will give her first lecture in America on Nov. 8th, at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn.—George Bancroft has advertised the sale of his riding horse, as he has become too feeble to take further equestrian exercise.—Miss Irene Farrar, whose novel *On the Rock* is now ready, is one of Atlanta's promising young writers.—M. Edouard Rod has been awarded the Jouy prize by the French Academy for his recent volume, *Le Sens de la Vie*.—Punch of London says of Froude's latest novel: "His fiction's full of history, his history's full of fiction."—Mrs. Croly (Jenny June) made an address at the funeral service over the body of her husband, David Goodman Croly.—F. C. Phillips, author of *As in a Looking-Glass*, was recently brought into court for non-payment of rent, and it was shown that he was almost entirely destitute of means.—Miss Julie Lippmann, of Brooklyn, has just finished a novelette, her first piece of prose work of importance.—The French book trade has just lost its oldest member in M. J. Baptiste Gaume, publisher, and Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.—A young

Bostonian who attended a Browning reading recently declined to go a second time, as he said "he hated dialect poems."—The cottage at Fordham, in which Edgar Allan Poe lived from 1846 till shortly before his death, in 1849, and in which his wife Virginia died, January 30, 1847, has been sold for \$3,487.50 to William Fearing Gill, who will preserve it as a memorial.—John Codman Ropes, widely known as a writer and lecturer on military topics, is a very successful lawyer of the older generation, very popular with the young men.—Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, the clever New York amateur author, is writing an international novel.—Dr. Samuel Smiles, author of *Self-Help* and other inspiring books, has spent the past winter in Italy, where he received more attention than any other visiting Englishman, with the exception of Gladstone.

The attempt to raise a fund for the benefit of the impoverished sisters of the late John Leech has been a failure.—Gertrude Franklin Atherton's two successful novels, *What Dreams May Come* and *Hermia Suydam*, will be published by Routledge by arrangement and payment to the author.—A new book by Amelia B. Edwards, entitled *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys*, is nearly ready.—Franciscus Cornelius Donders, a well-known Dutch scientist and a leader in the line of physiology and ophthalmology, died recently.—William Black says that, on the whole, he prefers *Madcap Violet* to any of his other novels.—Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood recently said, "I have to write and re-write everything; I began *The Story of Tonti* just this morning, and this part has been written five times already."—Andrée Hope, author of the powerful tale *A Terrible Night*, is writing a longer story of Russian life called *Princess Ariane Karasonmoff*.—The salary of Lord Tennyson as poet-laureate is £72 a year.—A new novel written by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop, based somewhat upon their play, *A Gold Mine*, is under way for early publication.—An illustrated monthly magazine, devoted to literature and music, is to be started in Savannah, with the title *The Old Homestead*.—The literary critic of *The New York Sun* accuses Edgar Saltus of trying to debase the English language with the strange words he uses and those that he invents.—John Strange Winter does all her literary work in a little room, at the top of her high house at Putney, furnished with Spartan simplicity.—Of Mrs. Rives-Chanler the *Saturday Review* says: "She is superior to the minor American novelists in the same way that a nigger minstrel is superior as an artist to a school girl, singing a drawing-room ballad."—Gen. Lew Wallace says that there are two things of which he is immoderately fond, horse-racing and baseball.—M. de Vogüé, the latest and youngest of the Academicians, is to be received on June 20th.—Marie Fougère, a recent French novel, is a reply to Daudet's *L'Immortel*.

M. Coquelin's lecture on Molière, delivered recently before the Nineteenth Century Club, will be published in the *Century*.—S. R. Smith, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., is the editor of the *Wyoming Magazine*.—Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the English novelist, whose literary earnings average £500 a year, lives in a pretty house in Kensington, not far from the town house of the Duke of Argyll on Camden Hill.—Prof. Winchell has entered upon his duties as Brooks Lecturer on the Relations of Religion and Science, at Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y.—Miss

Alice Hyneman Rhine is the clever editor of the *Graver and Palette*, a journal for art students.—Mark Twain is preparing a new book, *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*.—Alphonse Daudet is still obliged to remain idle, owing to a return of his rheumatic and neuralgic pains.—Don Jose Zorilla, the newly crowned poet-laureate of Spain, is said to be a decidedly different person from his namesake, Ruiz Zorilla, the revolutionist.—The *Cup of Youth*, a second collection of poems by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, is just ready.—Comyns Carr, who has achieved a reputation as a writer on English colonial subjects and as a lawyer, is private secretary to Lord Dunraven.—A volume of stories and sketches by Henry Guy Carleton is to be published in New York by George Munro.—The late Louis Ulbach was the means of introducing to the world the pleasant pretty book of the *Queen of Roumania*, the *Pensées d'une Reine*.—Mrs. Florine Thayer McCray, of Hartford, author of the temperance novel *Environment*, is an enthusiastic tricyclist and has ridden over a good deal of Europe and America in company with her brother.—John Ruskin is rapidly regaining health and with it renewed interest in literary work.—Miss Kate Hilliard has made a translation of Dante's *Il Convito*, which is a mystical commentary in prose on some of his odes.—Rider Haggard has gone to Asia Minor and Persia to study local color for a new story in which *Queen Esther* will figure prominently.—It is recalled that John Bright, while not generally known as an author, contributed in 1854 to Morton's *Cyclopedia of Agriculture* a vigorous essay on *Game and the Game Laws*.—*Living Leaders of the World* is a large illustrated work, soon to be published by Hubbard Bros.—Francis Parkman, the historian, is a refined-looking man of about sixty, stout and genial, but so much of an invalid, that for months past he has been unable to do mental work.

Olive Schriener, author of *Story of an African Farm*, has just returned to England.—Under the title *More Blarney Ballads*, C. L. Graves will shortly put forth a companion volume to his collection of political squibs.—The smallest newspaper in the world is the *Telegram*, published weekly in Guadalupe, Mexico, and consisting of a single sheet, 5 by 4 inches, divided in three columns.—William Black is just finishing a new novel dealing with theatrical and literary life in London, and describing deer-shooting and salmon-fishing in the Highlands.—Miss Blanche Willis Howard, who is now in Germany, is to translate her books into the language of that country.—Wilfred Scawen Blunt, the poet, has returned to London for a time from Egypt where he has a small property, managed in his absence by a native steward.—Rev. F. E. Clark, the able and popular president of the Christian Endeavor Society, has a new book in the press entitled *The Mossback Correspondence*.—Sir John Lubbock, in his second series of *The Pleasures of Life*, quotes from sixty authors.—Mrs. W. D. Howells is a sister of the sculptor, Larkin G. Mead, and she was herself an art student abroad at the time of her marriage to the novelist.—The *Riverside Library for Young People* is a new enterprise intended especially for boys and girls who are laying the foundation for private libraries.—An English friend of the late Laurence Oliphant says that there never was a man so indifferent about money.—Pratapa Chandra Roy, the Bengalee of *Baboo*, has exhausted his fortune in translating the poem, *Mahabharat* into English and his task is only half accomplished.—John Bigelow calls Bryant's poem, *The Twenty-second of February*, "the noblest, probably, that was ever written by any man

who had passed the eightieth year of his age."—Fuller Maitland, author of *Life of Robert Schumann*, has been appointed to the post of musical critic to the *London Times*, rendered vacant by the death of Dr. Hueffer.

Anna Katharine Green is busily engaged upon a new novel, said to be entirely unlike anything else she has written.—Barrett Wendell, the Boston writer, author of *The Duchess Amelia*, is 35 years of age and at present assistant professor of English literature at Harvard; he lives in fashionable state on Marlboro St., Boston, where he and his wife entertain handsomely.—T. C. Crawford, the well-known newspaper correspondent, is said to have permanently quit the field of newspaper work, and settled down in London for life as a writer of fiction.—Mrs. Fraser, widow of the late Bishop of Manchester, is assisting in compiling a life of her famous husband, which is designed for the working men and women of Lancashire.—At George Eber's house in Tutzing, books are in almost every room and in the chamber where the invalid novelist passes his days he lies hemmed in with library shelves filled with books in all languages.—The *Knights of the Lion* is the title of a romance edited by the Marquis of Lorne, to shortly appear in London.—Mrs. J. R. Green, the widow of the historian and herself an historical writer of ability, lives in Kensington Square, London, in a neighborhood rich in literary associations.—Gail Hamilton practises great economy in writing paper, as she always writes on scraps of paper and the backs of old envelopes.—Douglas Sladen will spend the summer in Nova Scotia, and in September will go to Scotland to address the Royal Scottish Society of Literature and Art.—F. Marion Crawford informs a friend that he has just turned the half-way post of a new novel.—Hall Caine's new book is to be an Icelandic romance, not a story of the English colonies as reported.—W. E. A. Axon, the poet, has resigned the editorship of *The Manchester Quarterly*, which will in future be edited by W. R. Credland.

Jas. A. Froude, the English historian and man of letters, is the latest convert to home rule in Ireland.—"If the persistent reader of new books," says the *New York Tribune*, "were to examine himself on the question, 'Am I not a little tired of the Andrew Lang essay?' there is a strong possibility that himself would answer 'ay.'"—Sir Charles Russell has been offered \$10,000 to deliver fifty lectures in the United States next season.—J. T. Trowbridge, the author of *Roger and I* and many popular juvenile stories, is described as about sixty years old, tall, fresh-looking, with long gray hair, with manners somewhat crude, and a taste for spiritualism.—Louisa M. Alcott's biography is definitely promised for next September.—Mrs. Helen Campbell, whose literary labors are strong pleas for the children of poverty, resides on one of the finest slopes of the Orange mountains, where she does most of her literary work.—Ik Marvel, Donald G. Mitchell, has taken up writing again.—The literary editor of the *Pittsburg Bulletin* says, "Mrs. Chanler's genius seems like a noble palm tree, screened and injured by a rank tropic growth of unwholesome plants."—Edward Bellamy, the author of *Looking Backward*, is a man of quiet manners, caring little for gayety and excitement; he has given up his law work for literature and vibrates between Boston and Chicopee Falls, Mass.—Herman Melville, once famed for his sailor stories, is still in the land of the living, though he writes no more; it is said he dwells in New York near the University Club, and is a handsome, vigorous, and elderly man.—Mrs. Burnett

has been invited by a real live Lord Fauntleroy, whose situation as well as name she unconsciously plagiarized in her story, to pay him a visit in his ancestral home, and see for herself the Fauntleroy estate.—Dr. George Steindorff, of the Berlin Museum, has translated Maspero's Egyptian Archæology into German, making a version said to be more convenient for study than the French original.—Prof. Tyndall, the scientist, is an Irishman, but an intense anti-home ruler; his family was originally English and the Professor traces his ancestry to the great Tyndall who translated the Bible.

Rabbi David Philipson has written *The Jew in English Fiction*, an interesting study with references to the works of Shakspeare, Scott, Cumberland, Dickens, George Eliot and Disraeli.—William Bell Scott, the Briton to whom Swinburne and W. J. Linton have dedicated their new volumes of verse, is both poet and painter.—A well-known publisher in New York has offered Ward McAllister a handsome sum to write a volume of social reminiscences.—The study of Paul Bourget is very small, indeed almost cell-like in its dimensions; the walls are adorned with a few original paintings and with photographs of famous works of art.—E. B. L. Dickens, son of Chas. Dickens the elder, is now turning his attention to politics and desires to become a member of the parliament of New South Wales.—J. Fred. Stinson, the popular magazine writer, better known as J. S. o' Dale, is a good-looking Bostonian of about forty, a club-man, a society favorite, and a lawyer of some success.—Prof. Delius, who died recently, bequeathed his fine collection of books, principally Shakspearean, to the city of Bremen.—The portrait of Edmund Yates, painted by Cecil Round and to be exhibited shortly in London, is said to be a strong likeness, unflattered and very characteristic.—The library of the late General Gordon has just been presented to the Southampton Free Library by Miss Gordon.—It is said that Mr. Howell is desirous of writing a novel which will take in all kinds of characters to be found in New York, an idea based upon Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*.

A. Barnett Smith, biographer of Gladstone, is slowly recovering from an illness of several months, caused by over-work and worry.—Hermia Suydam, by Gertrude Franklin Atherton, has been translated into French and will appear as a feuilleton in *La Liberté*.—Lafcadio Hearn is a small, dark man with a face marred by the loss of an eye, but brilliant and interesting, full of fire and expression.—Amélie Rives is to have a volume of her published and unpublished verses brought out in September.—Arminius Vambéry, the great Hungarian traveller, scholar, and linguist, recently the guest of the Sultan and later of the Prince of Wales, is a charming and brilliant talker whose wit dazzles at the dinner-table.—Roberts Bros. are to publish a posthumous work by Eleanor Putnam, wife of Arlo Bates, called *A Woodland Wooing*.—J. Whitcomb Riley says of Lizette Woodworth Reese, "When she can seize upon the beautiful in nature and give it form and ideality in verse, make us hear the moaning of the winds, the wild roar of the ocean, or see the mountain dells and the pastures green, of what use is criticism?"—Mrs. Langtry thinks of having Edgar Saltus's *Eden* dramatized as an addition to her next season's repertory.—M. Louis Ulbach, the well-known writer, who died recently at the age of sixty-seven, was in early life a journalist and the immediate predecessor of Francisque Sarcey as dramatic critic of *Le Temps*.—The successful *American Notes and Queries* is enlarged

and improved in many ways in the third volume just begun.—The Rev. James Frederick Schön, for many years a missionary in Africa, the author of a journal of his Niger expedition in 1842, and the translator of portions of the Bible into the Hausa and Mende languages, died recently.—London Truth says that Ary Eclaw, the brilliant writer, is really Mme. de Kalomine, the ill-treated second wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse.—Miss Emily Faithfull now gets a pension of \$250 a year from the English Government.—J. T. Grein, the London correspondent of one of the French papers, who was recently congratulated on his work by Gladstone, is a good-looking young Dutchman of twenty-eight years of age, dark, and of average height; he writes with equal facility in English, French, German, and Dutch.—Mrs. Langtry, it is said, is bargaining with English publishers for a novel she is writing on the model of Disraeli's *Endymion*.

The memoir of Richard H. Dana, which Chas. Francis Adams has undertaken at the request of the Historical Society of New England, will be enriched by material in the way of letters and papers that has been supplied by the family.—Rose Terry Cooke began to keep a diary when she was ten years old.—A posthumous volume of Paul de Saint-Victor's dramatic criticisms which has just appeared contains the articles he wrote about Emile Augier and Alexandre Dumas the younger.—Mrs. Humphry Ward is alleged to be earnestly opposed to the political enfranchisement of women.—As evidence of the wide interest which has been taken during the past year in *The Forum* is cited the fact that, in that period, more than three thousand editorial articles suggested by them were printed in American and English papers.—Rev. Edward D. Neill, of St. Paul, Minn., is the author of Neill's *History of Minnesota* and other historical works of value.—M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, the new French Procureur-Général, has won distinction as a novelist under the pseudonym Jules de Glouvet.—A new weekly, to be begun in New York, is *The Woman's Illustrated World*, to be edited by Ruth E. Avery and managed by Amelia Scott.—The ex-King Milan of Serbia is going to write his autobiography with the intention of presenting the volume to his son, the present King, when the youth reaches his majority.—Lady Randolph Churchill is about to make her debut in literature, it is said, with an article in Longman's *New Review* on her experience in Russian society life.—The Rev. Dr. Broadus, of Louisville, Ky., has been chosen president of the Kentucky Alumni Association of the University of Virginia.—Prof. W. H. Winchell, of the University of Minnesota, is managing editor of *The Geologist*, a monthly publication.—Frederick Greenwood, the Amateur Casual and recent editor of the *St. James Gazette*, is to start a morning paper in London.—Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk, author of *The Story of Margaret Kent* and *A Daughter of Eve*, is the wife of John Foster Kirk, the historian, and the daughter of Jesse Olney, the geographer.—George Kennan, the noted Siberian traveller, was once a telegraph operator.

The usual rate of payment for articles in most of the English magazines is £1 a page.—Dr. Horace Howard Furness said recently, "I can do you, in your Shakspearean studies, no greater benefit than thoroughly to emancipate your minds from what I think is a delusion: that Shakspeare, the man, is to be detected or discovered in his works."—A new street in Los Angeles has been named after the poet Whittier.—Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh, whose religious poems and hymns are widely known, now in his 81st year, has become such

a confirmed invalid that he is unable to conduct his own correspondence.—Ralph Waldo Emerson's private and domestic life has been described by his son, Edward W. Emerson, in *Emerson in Concord*.—The Wednesday Club, a society of bright literary women in New York, met recently to discuss Political Economy: the speaker at the start was somehow switched off on another topic and at the close of the meeting it was discovered that Political Economy had not been even mentioned.

The Matthew Arnold fund amounts to £7,000, one seventh of which came from America; six hundred guineas will procure a bust for Westminster Abbey, and the remainder will be given to Mrs. Arnold.—The American Workman is a new illustrated weekly magazine of theory and practice issued by the Cassells.—A brilliant but dissipated English writer gave this excuse for yielding to liquid temptations: "Well, the truth of the matter is, that I have to stupefy myself to a certain extent before I can fully enjoy an ordinary conversation."—Homer Greene, author of *What My Lover Said*, has written a serial story for the *Youth's Companion*, called *The Riverpark Rebellion*.—The veteran philanthropist, George Jacob Holyoake, has just begun in London an occasional magazine advocating the amity of nations, called the *Universal Republic*.—Mrs. J. H. Walworth's story *Baldy's Point* is published in Cassell's *Sunshine Series*.—When applied to for his autograph, Carlyle once forwarded a card with the single word *Don't*, followed by his name and address.—Miss May Morris, daughter of the author of *The Earthly Paradise*, is patron and manager of a series of lectures on Social Evolution, to be delivered in London this summer by Prince Krapotkin, the Nihilist.—The paper with the longest name is published in Greenland, and is called *Arrangagliotio Nalinginnavnik Sysaraminas Sinik*.—Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, has had a mountain in the Arctic regions named after her.—The illustrated edition of Thackeray's works, promised by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will consist of twenty-two crown octavo volumes printed in large type.

Sarah C. Woolsey, known better as Susan Coolidge, will publish, in the autumn, a new volume of poems.—F. S. Smith, the author of *My Country*, 'tis of Thee, is still living, at the age of eighty-seven, at Newton Centre, a suburb of Boston: the song was written in 1852 within the space of a half-hour.—There are six newspapers published in Iceland, the latest, *Lytur*, being but a few weeks old.—Arlo Bates, editor of the *Boston Courier* and a clever novelist, essayist and verse-writer, is a club-man, of slender build, thirty-five years old, and wears glasses.—It is said in England that Col. Goring, the hero of Froude's novel, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, was meant in some sort to represent Gen. Gordon.—Several friends of the late Dr. F. A. Paley have purchased his classical library and presented it to Cavendish College, Cambridge.—Walter Besant says it is necessary to practise writing verses before prose style is mastered.

Geo. Augustus Sala says that the Maori tribes are great in oratory and that he was welcomed to one of the towns with the words "May your boots be lovely on the hills," in which he dimly recognized a revised version of "how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."—John Fiske has in preparation a volume on *The War of Independence*, made up mainly from his noticeable articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*.—Mme. Alphonse Daudet, who would scorn the title of a Blue Stocking, and who is a charming and amiable

woman, has published a new book called *Children and Mothers*.—Robert Buchanan says of George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man*, "Its self-exposure amounts to the sublime."—Five American writers on jurisprudence, Drs. Cooley, Hitchcock, Biddle, Chamberlain, and Charles A. Kent, have prepared a work, entitled *The Constitutional History of the United States, as seen in the Development of American Law*.—Kneass' *Philadelphia Magazine for the Blind* is a semi-monthly periodical, containing twelve large pages, printed in embossed letters.—Austin Dobson, the poet, is 48 years of age, has the sturdy frame, ruddy skin and blonde hair of the Saxon and a pair of honest eyes which meet another's squarely.—Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, now 64 years old, has written 100 books.—Mrs. Susan Wallace, wife of the author of *Ben Hur*, was born in Indiana close to her present home; she has published several works and is the author of the well-known poem, *The Patter of Little Feet*.—A Polish writer of stories has lately received an envelope containing \$10,000 "from an admiring reader."—Fergus Hume, the author of the *Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, the successful shilling shocker, has dramatized the novel *In Love and War*.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that, in the hands of another Froude, Arnold's letters, the appearance of which is awaited with interest in London, might be found to rival even Carlyle's in frank criticism of his contemporaries.—Those interested in the historical mystery of Louis XVII. will find curious details of his escape from the Temple and his identity with Naundorff, in a new volume *The Last Legitimate King of France*.—Prof. Noiré, best known out of Germany by his *Historical Introduction to Kant's Critique of Pure Reason*, died recently at Mayence.—Dr. T. W. Parsons, the well-known translator of Dante, is said to be the Chesterfield of the book-making set of Boston, and takes delight in turning off sonnets to pretty women.—Two of Dr. Edw. Eggleston's daughters, Allegra and Blanche, have recently entered the ranks of magazine writers.—Edmund Yates, speaking of *An Author's Love*, a new book purporting to contain the replies of Prosper Merimée's *Inconnue*, says they are cleverly written and attributes them to an American woman.—George Forbes Kelly, the enthusiastic editor and proprietor of the *Art Review*, has issued *The American Art Folio*, containing thirty of the choicest photogravures from the *Review*.

Of Louis Ulbach's almost painful carefulness of style, it was once sarcastically said "he would split a hair in four."—A newly projected London periodical is a shilling illustrated weekly in which some of the cleverest black-and-white draughtsmen of the day in England are interested.—A collection of stories by Louise Chandler Moulton will be published in Boston this season under the title *Miss Eyre from Boston, and Other Stories*.—A translation into English prose of Omar Khayyám's well-known lines has been made by Justin Huntley McCarthy.—Tennyson derives from his works between \$25,000 and \$35,000 a year, Browning and Swinburne \$5,000.—Oscar Fay Adams, the poet and litterateur, is slight in frame, near-sighted, gray-haired and absent-minded.—Eben E. Rexford, the poet, has lost his position as postmaster of Shiocton, Wis.—Edward Eggleston is said to wear his hair longer than any man in Christendom, and Henry Ward Beecher, forgetting his name for a moment, once called to him in prayer meeting, "Come up here, you shaggy man."—The Misses Hodgkin, two young English ladies, have started *The Santa Lucia*, a new monthly magazine for the blind, in Braille type.

Current Literature

BOOK LIST—WHAT TO READ, WHERE TO FIND IT

Biographic and Reminiscent:

An Author's Love: The Unpublished Letters of Prosper Merimée's Inconnue: Macmillan, 8vo.....	\$1 50
Emerson in Concord: Edward Waldo Emerson: With a new portrait: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo....	1 75
My Autobiography and Reminiscences: W. P. Frith: Vol. II.: Harpers, 12mo, cloth	1 50
The Story of Theodore Parker: Frances E. Cooke: With bibliography: Cupples & Hurd, 12mo.....	1 00

Educational Training:

An Hour With Delsarte: Anna Morgan: Lee & Shepard: Illustrated: cloth, square 8vo.....	2 00
Delsarte Society Gymnastics and Voice-Culture: Genevieve Stebbins: Edgar S. Werner.....	1 00

Fiction of the Month:

A London Life and other Stories: Henry James: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth extra.....	1 50
Far in the Forest: A Story: S. Weir Mitchell: Lippincott Co., 12mo, cloth.....	1 25
Grandison Mather: Sidney Lusk (Harry Harland): Cassell & Co., 12mo, cloth extra.....	1 25
John Charaxes: A Tale of the Civil War in America: Peter Boylston: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth.....	1 25
Laramie, or The Queen of Bedlam: Capt. Charles King: Lippincott Co., 12mo, cloth.....	1 00
Margery: A Tale of Old Nuremberg: George Ebers: W. S. Gottsberger & Co., 2 vols.....	1 50
Neighbors on the Green: Mrs. Marg. O. W. Oliphant: Macmillan & Co.....	1 00
The Story of Patsy: Kate Douglas Wiggin: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: With illustrations.....	60
Vagabond Tales: Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen: D. Lothrop Co., 12mo.....	1 25

Historical and National:

History of the People of Israel: Ernest Renan: Vol. II.: Roberts, 8vo, cloth.....	2 50
Manual of Historical Literature: Pres. C. K. Adams, of Cornell: Revised edit.: Harper, cloth, 8vo....	2 50
Prince, Princess, and People: Social Progress of our own Times: Henry C. Burdett: Longmans, 8vo....	6 00
The Crusade of Richard I., 1189-92: Selected and arranged by T. A. Archer: Putnams.....	1 25
The Popes and the Hohenstaufen: Ugo Balzani: A. D. F. Randolph, cloth.....	80
The Swiss Confederation: Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams and C. D. Cunningham: Macmillan.....	4 00

Literary Criticism:

Jewish Portraits: Lady Magnus: Studies in Jewish Literature: Cupples & Hurd, cloth.....	1 50
The Brotherhood of Letters: J. Rogers Rees: Lockwood & Coombes, 12mo, cloth.....	1 25

Miscellaneous Essays:

Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist: Selected and edited, C. Kent: Cavendish Library: Warne, 8vo, cloth.	1 50
The Paradox Club: Edward Garnett: Frontispiece: Scribner and Welford, 12mo, cloth.....	1 50
Tales of Psychical Phenomena: Weird, Strange and Remarkable: Scribner & Welford, 3 vols.....	4 50

Poetry of the Month:

Days and Nights: Arthur Symons: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth extra.....	1 75
Echoes from Mist Land: or the Nibelungen Lied Revealed: Auber Forestier: Griggs.....	1 25
The Amaranth and the Beryl: An Elegy: C. E. Barns: W. Fracker & Co.....	50
The Bird-Bride: A Volume of Ballads and Sonnets: Graham R. Tomson: Longmans, 12mo, cloth.....	1 75

Political Discussion:

Darwinism and Politics: David G. Ritchie: Scribner & Welford, 12mo, cloth.....	1 00
Speeches: Right Hon. Lord Randolph Churchill: With review and notes: 2 vols., 8vo.....	7 00

Religious and Philosophical:

A Plain Argument for God: George Stuart Fullerton: J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, cloth.....	1 00
Ethical Religion: William Macintire Salter: Roberts Bros.....	1 50
On Truth: A Systematic Inquiry: St. George Mivart: Scribner & Welford, cloth.....	6 00
The English Church in the Middle Ages: Rev. W. Hunt: A. D. F. Randolph & Co., cloth.....	80
The Philosophy of Mysticism: Carl Du Prel: Scribner & Welford, 2 vols., cloth extra.....	10 00
The Principles of Empirical or Inductive Logic: John Venn: Macmillan & Co.....	4 00

Scientific and Speculative:

Psychology applied to the Solution of Occult Psychic Phenomena: C. G. Raue: Porter & Coates.....	3 50
The Primitive Family in its Origin and Development: C. N. Starke: Appleton.....	1 75

Sociologic Questions:

Marriage and Divorce in the U. S.: As they are and as they ought to be: D. Convers: Lippincott Co....	1 50
The Geography of Marriage: A Consideration of the Legal Complexities: W. L. Snyder: Putnams, cloth	1 50
The Tramp at Home: Lee Meriwether, Special agent of the U. S. Dep. of Labor: Harper, 12mo, cloth.	1 25
The Scientific Spirit of the Age, and Other Pleas and Discussions: Frances P. Cobbe: G. H. Ellis.....	1 00

Travel and Adventure:

Indian Life, Religious and Social: I. Campbell Oman: Gebbie & Co., 8vo, cloth gilt.....	1 75
Picturesque Alaska: A. J. Woodman: With an intro. by J. G. Whittier: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo.	1 00
Pleasant Hours in Sunny Lands: I. N. Lewis: Cupples & Hurd, cloth.....	1 25
The United States: Facts and figures on geography and resources: J. D. Whitney: Houghton, Mifflin..	3 00

THE SALON-PRIZE PARAGRAPHS AND EDITORIALS

Fate: Narasota (Tex.) Tablet.

You may hivy the stars in a nail keg, hang the ocean on a rail fence to dry, put the sky to sleep in a gourd, unbuckle the belly band of eternity and let the sun and moon out, but don't think you can escape the other side of purgatory if you don't pay for your paper.

A Fraud: The Arizona Howler.

Some chump of a tenderfoot in the East is writing paragraphs which he credits to The Arizona Kicker, and a few editors out this way whose brains are in their mucilage pots are saying that this stuff is better than anything we can do. We denounce The Kicker as a myth and if the galoot who invented it will show himself we will convince him that our brains and our biceps are in the right place. The Howler represents genuine Arizona journalism, and now is the time to subscribe.

Who we Are: Eagle (Mich.) War Whoop.

Our readers are, no doubt, well acquainted with the Widow Plodger, who keeps the boarding-house just around the corner from this office—good, clean beds and a square meal for fifty cents. There in that mansion it was that the shot from Cupid's bow was shot clean through our two tender hearts. Yes; there we saw the Widow Plodger, and it was there we wooed and won and wedded her. It was a moonlight night she approached us with a board-bill in her hand, but, all undaunted, we fell at her feet and poured forth the tale of affection that filled our bosom. Need we say that the moon looked down with watery eyes through the dark swaying boughs of the oak? Need we say that the fair head nestled upon our editorial shoulders, and she said she would be ours? No; but such was the case, and to-night we are a married man. The ceremony! Who can tell about it? There was the parson—we promised him two dollars—there was the bride, all white flubduds, and veils, and flowers, and ribbons, and smiles; and there was we.

The whole is summed up in the confession that we hereby breathe forth, in all confidence, to the brethren of the press—we are no longer we—we are us.

Some Other Eve: The Arizona Kicker.

We have received several communications from leading citizens asking the Kicker to go for Judge of Probate Smith, who has been too befuddled with bad whisky for the last month to attend to business. There is no doubt that the judge ought to be raked fore and aft, but we can't do it just now. We are his creditor for about \$20, and if we opened on him he'd tell us to whistle for our loan. As soon as we get our money back we promise to make the fur fly, not only in the case of the judge himself, but from the coat of his brother Bill, who is also daily steeped in liquor and rendering himself a public nuisance. Have patience, gentlemen.

Bad Manners: Dover (Vt.) Reporter.

They chawed wax; we counted 13; and several others were at it that we did not see, for we could hear the creaking of their jaws. It was at the play the other night; and the smack-smack-smack of their lips broke the painful stillness of the pauses, like the whispering of tree-toads on a sultry summer evening. If we could have photographed the expressions of the dear damsels as they munched, munched, munched at their cuds; or could have set before each a mirror, so that they could have seen themselves as others saw them, they would at least leave their wax at home the next time. Unless women are the same everywhere, the Woosterites must have thought that they had struck a handsome calf pasture.

That Little Bill: Gloucester Advertiser.

A man who is owing us a little bill said he would call last week and pay us if he was alive. He still appears on the street, but as he did not call, it is naturally supposed that he is dead and is walking around to save funeral expenses. "Please omit flowers."

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—Judge.

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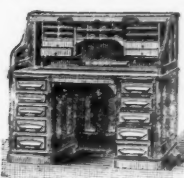
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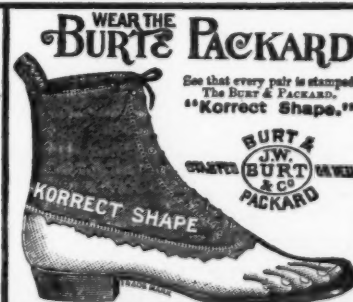
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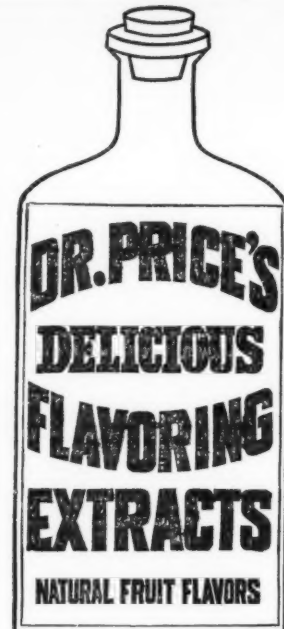
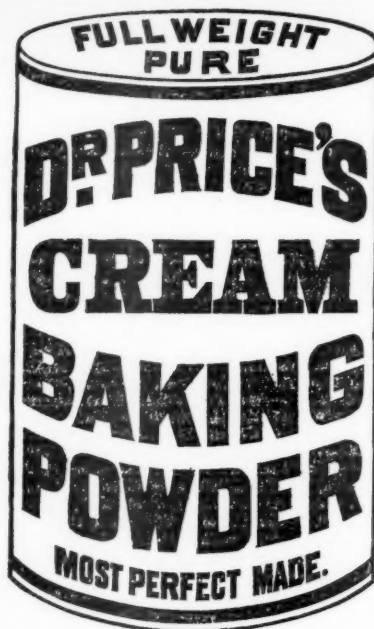
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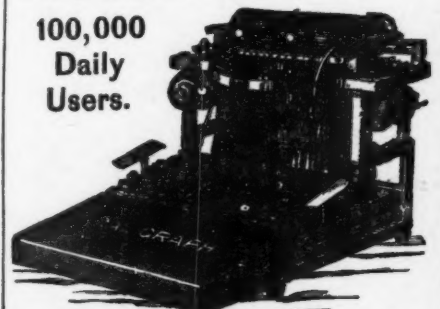
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